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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

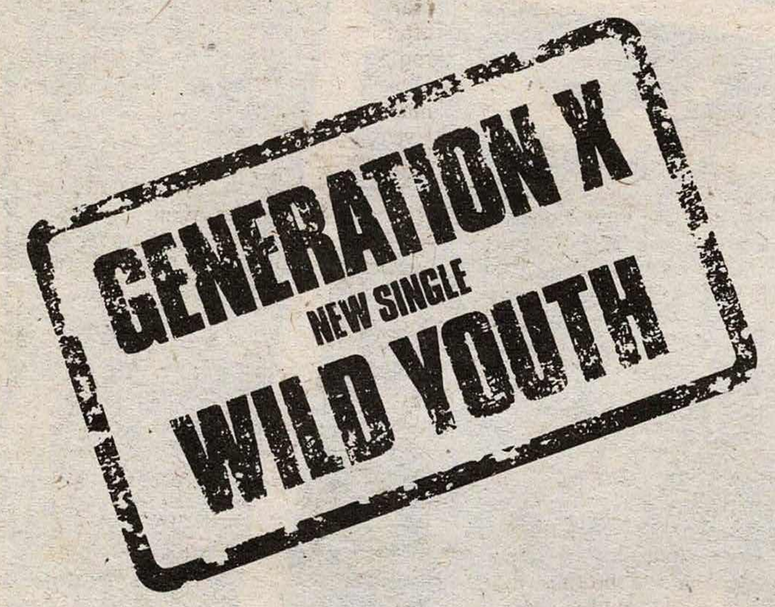
PISTOLS COURT REPORT PLUS *NME EXCLUSIVE* EXTRACTS FROM 'OFFICIAL' BIOG

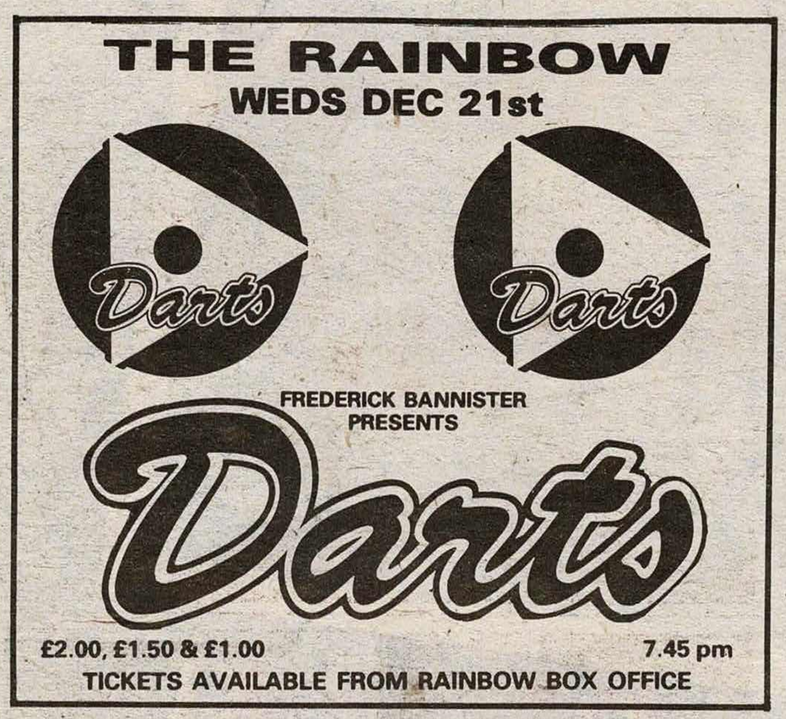
Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

BUZZCOCKS

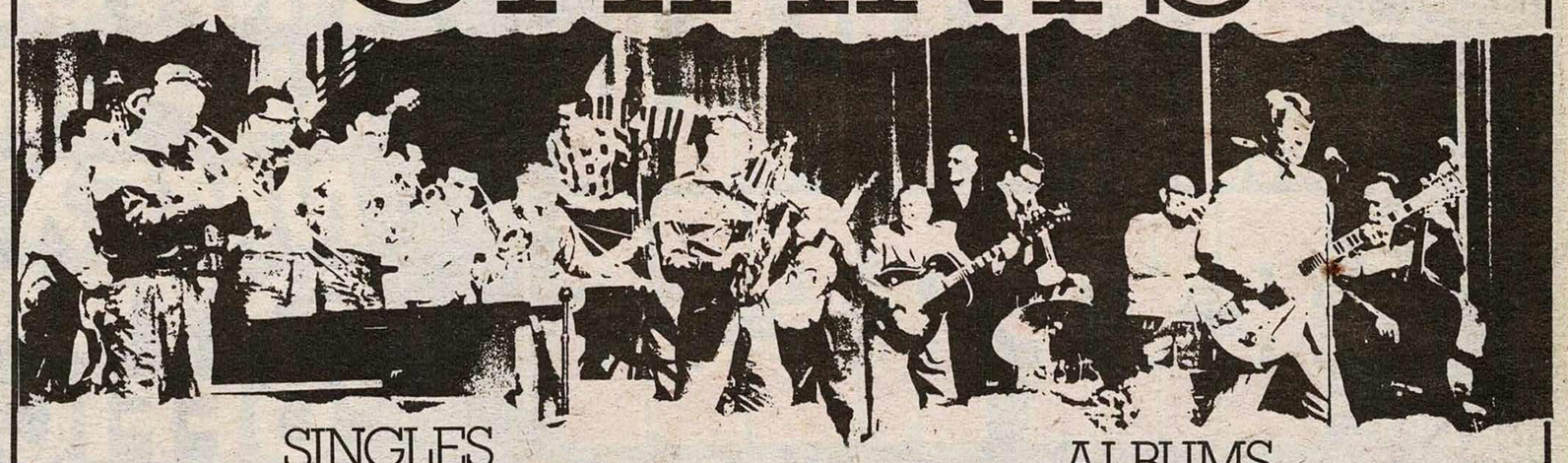
Another music kitchen from a different

Pages 35 & 36





NME CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending December 3, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(11)	**MULL OF KINTYRE**	Wings (Parlophone)	3	1
2	(3)	**WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS**	Queen (EMI)	6	2
3	(7)	**HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE**	Bee Gees (RSO)	5	3
4	(2)	**NAME OF THE GAME**	Abba (CBS)	7	1
5	(1)	**ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	8	1
6	(10)	**DADDY COOL**	Darts (Magnet)	3	6
7	(17)	**FLORAL DANCE**	Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	3	7
8	(6)	**DANCIN' PARTY**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	6
9	(12)	**SHE'S NOT THERE**	Santana (CBS)	5	9
10	(9)	**LIVE IN TROUBLE**	Barron Knights (Epic)	5	9
11	(15)	**EGYPTIAN REGGAE**	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	5	11
12	(16)	**I WILL**	Ruby Winters (Creole)	4	12
13	(14)	**2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY**	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	7	4
14	(5)	**YOU'RE IN MY HEART**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	8	1
15	(23)	**BELFAST**	Boney M (Atlantic)	4	15
16	(22)	**MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	16
17	(8)	**YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE**	Baccara (RCA)	10	1
18	(19)	**WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVE**	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	4	18
19	(24)	**TURN TO STONE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	18
19	(—)	**PUT YOUR LOVE IN ME**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	1	19
21	(27)	**WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE**	Tubes (A&M)	2	21
22	(13)	**NEEDLES & PINS**	Smokie (Rak)	7	9
23	(29)	**DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE**	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	3	22
24	(14)	**CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT**	Carpenters (A & M)	8	8
25	(—)	**LOVE OF MY LIFE**	Dooleys (GTO)	1	25
26	(—)	**GETTIN' READY FOR LOVE**	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	26
27	(—)	**WONDROUS STORIES**	Yes (Atlantic)	9	8
28	(—)	**REALLY FREE**	John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett (Polydor)	1	28
29	(—)	**DANCE, DANCE, DANCE**	Chic (Atlantic)	1	29
30	(—)	**CAPTAIN KREMMEN**	Kenny Everett/Mike Vickers (DJM)	2	27

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ITS A HEARTACHE — Bonnie Tyler (RCA); GEORGINA BAILEY — Noosha Fox (GTO); GOIN' PLACES — Jacksons (Epic); ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE — Billy Paul (Philadelphia).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 3, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE**	Crystal Gayle
2	(3)	**HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE**	Bee Gees
3	(1)	**YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE**	Debby Boone
4	(4)	**BOOGIE NIGHTS**	Heatwave
5	(6)	**HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR**	Paul Nicholas
6	(7)	**BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE**	Chicago
7	(8)	**WE'RE ALL ALONE**	Rita Coolidge
8	(10)	**BLUE BAYOU**	Linda Ronstadt
9	(9)	**JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU**	Firefall
10	(12)	**ISN'T IT TIME**	The Babys
11	(16)	**YOU MAKE LOVIN' FUN**	Fleetwood Mac
12	(14)	**IT'S SO EASY**	Linda Ronstadt
13	(5)	**NOBODY DOES IT BETTER**	Carly Simon
14	(18)	**YOUR SMILING FACE**	James Taylor
15	(24)	**SENTIMENTAL LADY**	Bob Welch
16	(20)	**SWINGTOWN**	Steve Miller
17	(19)	**GONE TOO FAR**	England Dan & John Ford Coley
18	(23)	**BABY COME BACK**	Player
19	(15)	**WE JUST DISAGREE**	Dave Mason
20	(27)	**COME SAIL AWAY**	Styx
21	(28)	**(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN**	L.T.D.
22	(29)	**SHE'S NOT THERE**	Santana
23	(—)	**YOU'RE IN MY HEART**	Rod Stewart
24	(—)	**HERE YOU COME AGAIN**	Dolly Parton
25	(26)	**I GO CRAZY**	Paul Davis
26	(30)	**CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT**	Carpenters
27	(—)	**SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY**	Paul Simon
28	(—)	**WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS**	Queen
29	(11)	**STAR WARS THEME**	Meco
30	(—)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN**	Kansas

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending December 3, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	**SOUND OF BREAD**	Bread (WEA)	5	1
2	(3)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	2
3	(2)	**NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	2
4	(15)	**ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	4
5	(4)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD**	Queen (EMI)	5	4
6	(13)	**DISCO FEVER**	Various (K-Tel)	2	6
7	(5)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	5
8	(6)	**MOONFLOWER**	Santana (CBS)	4	6
9	(8)	**FEELINGS**	Various (K-Tel)	4	5
10	(9)	**40 GOLDEN GREATS**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	2
11	(14)	**30 GREATEST HITS**	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	4	11
12	(11)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	13	1
13	(7)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	41	3
13	(16)	**GET STONED**	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	3	13
15	(24)	**30 GOLDEN HITS**	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	3	15
16	(12)	**NO MORE HEROES**	Stranglers (United Artists)	10	2
17	(20)	**ELVIS IN CONCERT**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	17
18	(20)	**GREATEST HITS VOL 2**	Elton John (DJM)	7	11
19	(10)	**SECONDS OUT**	Genesis (Charisma)	7	8
20	(19)	**ABBA'S GREATEST HITS**	Abba (Epic)	75	1
21	(18)	**HEROES**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	5
22	(—)	**ECHOES OF THE 60's**	Phil Spector (Phil Spector)	2	22
23	(—)	**WORKS VOL 2**	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	1	23
24	(26)	**GOING FOR THE ONE**	Yes (WEA)	20	1
25	(—)	**HOME ON THE RANGE**	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	8	4
26	(—)	**SOUL CITY**	Various Artists (K-Tel)	1	26
27	(23)	**PASSAGE**	Carpenters (A&M)	9	6
28	(20)	**THUNDER IN MY HEART**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8	8
29	(22)	**ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	2	22
30	(28)	**LET THERE BE ROCK**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	28

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
100 GOLDEN GREATS — Frankie Vaughan (Ronco); SLOW HAND — Eric Clapton (RSO); NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff); BEST OF BING — Bing Crosby (MCA).

Week ending December 3, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**SIMPLE DREAMS**	Linda Rondstadt
2	(2)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	**AJA**	Steely Dan
4	(5)	**ELVIS IN CONCERT**	Elvis Presley
5	(6)	**SHAUN CASSIDY**	Shaun Cassidy
6	(8)	**ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II**	Elton John
7	(12)	**STREET SURVIVORS**	Lynyrd Skynyrd
8	(10)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN**	Kansas
9	(9)	**STAR WARS**	Original Soundtrack
10	(7)	**FOREIGNER**	Foreigner
11	(13)	**LET'S GET SMALL**	Steve Martin
12	(16)	**YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE**	Debbie Boone
13	(11)	**BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE**	
14	(26)	**FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE**	Rod Stewart
15	(4)	**CHICAGO XI**	Chicago
16	(20)	**MOONFLOWER**	Santana
17	(29)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra
18	(19)	**FRENCH KISS**	Bob Welch
19	(—)	**ALL IS ALL**	Earth Wind & Fire
20	(—)	**LIVE!**	Commodores
21	(14)	**ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE**	Rita Coolidge
22	(23)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
23	(24)	**LOVE SONGS**	The Beatles
24	(28)	**WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC**	Crystal Gayle
25	(17)	**IN FULL BLOOM**	Rose Royce
26	(15)	**TOO HOT TO HANDLE**	Heatwave
27	(22)	**FOGHAT LIVE**	Foghat
28	(—)	**LITTLE CRIMINALS**	Randy Newman
29	(30)	**BOOK OF DREAMS**	Steve Miller Band
30	(—)	**BORN LATE**	Shaun Cassidy

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 5, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	MY DING-A-LING	Chuck Berry (Chess)
3	2	GUDBUY T'JANE	Slade (Polydor)
2	3	CRAZY HORSES	Osmonds (MGM)
7	4	WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS/ANGEL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
6	5	CROCODILE ROCK	Elton John (DJM)
4	6	WHY	Donny Osmond (MGM)
10	7	LOOKIN' THROUGH THE WINDOWS	Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
14	8	LAY DOWN	Strawbs (A & M)
13	9	BEN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
8	10	I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU	Stylistics (Avco)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending December 6, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	HELLO GOODBYE	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN	Long John Baldry (Pye)
2	3	EVERYBODY KNOWS	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
8	4	SOMETHING'S GOTTEN HOLD OF MY HEART	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
6	5	IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN'	Val Doonican (Pye)
11	6	CARELESS HANDS	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
12	7	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
9	8	ALL MY LOVE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	9	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
14	10	WORLD	Bee Gees (Polydor)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 7, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	2	RETURN TO SENDER	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	3	LET'S DANCE	Chris Montez (London)
8	4	GUITAR MAN	Duane Eddy (RCA)
3	5	SWISS MAID	Del Shannon (London)
8	5	SUN ARISE	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
4	7	BOBBY'S GIRL	Susan Maughan (Philips)
6	8	DEVIL WOMAN	Marty Robbins (CBS)
8	9	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)
—	10	THE NEXT TIME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TINA DUE IN

TINA TURNER is coming to Britain early in the New Year, and she is bringing along her entire Las Vegas revue, which has received unanimous rave reviews from the U.S. critics. The full show comprises 17 singers, dancers and musicians. Arguably the world's most exciting female soul artist, Tina will be visiting this country for the first time she split from Ike Turner.

She was this week confirmed for a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on February 11, and promoter Arthur Howes has still to set a leading provincial venue for the following night. Tina and the revue are also expected to star in a TV special during their visit, which comes as part of a 20-date European tour. A new album will be issued to coincide with her arrival in this country, with a single from the LP released simultaneously.

and Millie Jackson

ANOTHER TOP soul artist, Millie Jackson, has been confirmed for her first-ever British tour in the New Year. It is, in fact, a mini-tour comprising just four dates — but they will be particularly welcome, because her two previous projected visits were cancelled. She plays Manchester Ardwick Apollo (January 26), Birmingham Odeon (27) and London Hammersmith Odeon (28 and 29).

Tickets are now on sale from box-offices and usual agents priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Manchester and Birmingham); and £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 (London). Millie is bringing her own nine-piece backing band, and will be including material from her latest Polydor album "Feelin' Bitchy" and her "Caught Up" trilogy.

Rich Kids' live debut

THE RICH KIDS — the band launched by former Sex Pistols bassist Glenn Matlock, whose line-up includes ex-Slik lead guitarist and vocalist Midge Ure — play their debut dates later this month. They headline seven gigs shortly before Christmas, as the prelude to a full tour in the New Year.

They visit Wolverhampton Lafayette (December 14), Coventry Mr. George's (15), Birmingham Barbarella's (16), Liverpool Eric's (17), Manchester Electric Circus (18), Dewsbury Mr. Pickwick's (19) and Huddersfield Ivanhoe's (20). Admission is being pegged to a maximum of £1 and, in fact, in some cases it will be as low as 50p.

The Kids are at present playing a series of club dates in Europe, and they return next week to record their first single for EMI, with whom they recently signed. Promoters of their British dates are the Cowbell Agency.

CLASH IN EXTRA RAINBOW SHOW

THE CLASH have added a third night at London Rainbow to their two gigs announced last week. A spokesman said there has been an enormous ticket demand for their December 13 and 14 shows at the Rainbow and, as a result, both dates are now virtually sold out. So the band this week confirmed an extra performance there on Thursday, December 15 — and tickets are now available priced £2.50, £2.25, £2 and £1.75.

It's understood that The Clash have had to agree to "considerably increased" security measures at the Rainbow, despite their agreement with the theatre that security would be "light weight". Nevertheless it's still hoped that audiences will be able to move around freely, with the security men staying in the background and acting as a deterrent to rioting. We shall see!

TELEVISION RETURN IN SPRING TO TOUR U.K.

TELEVISION, whose debut U.K. tour early this year was such a success, will be back in Britain next spring. Negotiations are nearing completion for them to headline another string of major dates here, and all that remains to be fixed is the exact period of their visit, though it's expected to be in either April or May. Meanwhile, the band are currently in New York working on their second Elektra album, which will be issued here to coincide with their visit. It's being co-produced by the band's Tom Verlaine and John Jansen, who has worked on a couple of Supertramp's albums.

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

Christmas specials by Rods and Elkie

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS are headlining two special Christmas Party concerts at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse — on Friday, December 23, and Christmas Eve (both at 7.30 pm). Support acts on both nights are The Only Ones and The Stukas. Tickets are on sale now at £2 each, and the gigs are promoted by John Curd of Straight Music.

For The Rods, who return from their highly successful U.S. tour next week, this marks the culmination of a string of major London appearances this year — including two at the Rainbow and a five-night Marquee season. Their new Island album "Life On The Line" has just been released and is already a chart contender.

ELKIE BROOKS is to headline a special Christmas charity show at London Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, December 20. The date follows the sell-out success of her two autumn tours,and is in aid of London's old folk. Promoter is Andrew Miller in association with Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4, £3, £2 and £1.

Elkie is backed by her regular band — Pete Gage (guitar), Tim Hinkley (keyboards), Steve York (bass), Trevor Morais (drums), Ken Freeman (synthesiser) and Frank Ince (congas) — plus a three-piece brass section and three back-up singers. Support acts are Richard Digance and, making their London debut, the Brighouse and Rastick Band who are currently climbing the charts with their version of "Floral Dance".

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are putting on a special "Christmas thrash" at Banbury Winter Gardens on Wednesday, December 21, as the final date of their current autumn tour. Also taking part are Glen Cardier, Earl Okin and the Albion Morris Men, plus several surprise guest artists. Tickets are £1.50 and are available in advance from Philippa Clare, 3D Hyde Park Mansions, Transept Street, London, N.W.1, making cheques and POs payable to "Fairport Music". Fairport have now left the Evolution agency, and are being handled solely by Ms. Clare (01-262 3666).

LONDON'S Roxy Theatre in Harlesden finally opens its doors, after a year-long delay while GLC requirements were fulfilled, on December 19 with a six-day Christmas show (running until Christmas Eve) featuring Dana, Guys and Dolls, ex-Drifters singer Butch Leak and compere David Hamilton. Roxy chief Terry Collins will now present his series of nostalgia concerts by stars of the sixties, early in the New Year.

● Despite the cancellation of originally-planned shows by the SAHB and ELP, London is reasonably well served for Christmas gigs this year. Besides those listed above, previously-reported Christmas concerts include Joan Baez at Hammersmith (19—20), David Essex at the Dominion (19—24), Osibisa at Hammersmith (22), The Kinks at the Rainbow (23) and Elvis Costello at the Nashville (22—24). Costello's three gigs have now sold out, having attracted three times as many applications as there were tickets available.

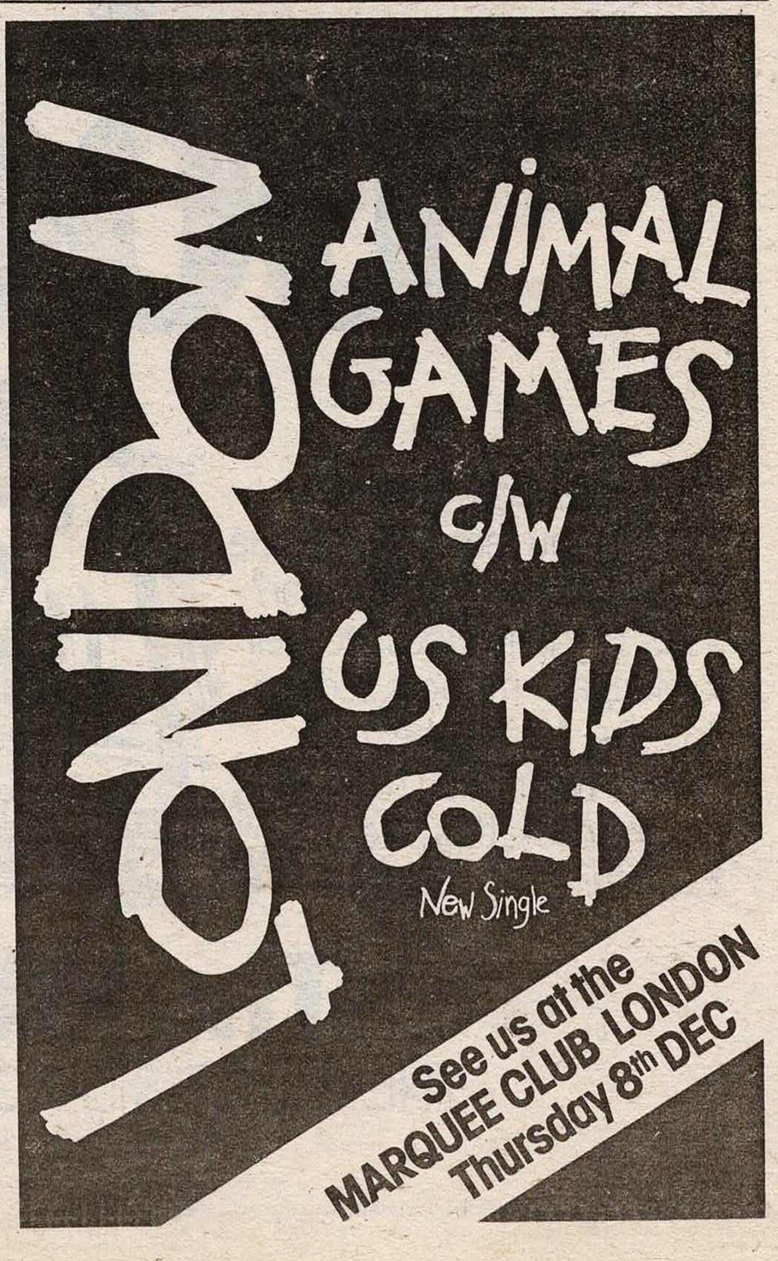
STEELEYE'S 27 CONCERTS

STEELEYE SPAN are the first major act to announce a full-scale British concert tour for the New Year. It's their first nationwide outing with their new line-up, which sees Martin Carthy and John Kirkpatrick coming into the band to join Maddy Prior, Nigel Pegrum and Tim Hart. Their confirmed itinerary takes in 27 leading venues, and dates are:

Harrogate Royal Hall (February 4), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (5), Chester ABC (6), Manchester Free Trade Hall (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Oxford New Theatre (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Cardiff Capitol (14), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (15), Coventry Theatre (19), Canterbury Kent University (20), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Brighton Dome (22), Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Usher Hall (25), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), Middlesbrough Town Hall (March 1), Bradford St. George's Hall (2), Peterborough ABC (4), Southampton Gaumont (6), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9), Stockport Davenport Theatre (10) and Ipswich Gaumont (12).

Steeleye, who are already set to headline a one-off Christmas concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 17, will also be playing a prestige London show during the tour.

The band are taking part in a special Christmas charity campaign, in association with Virgin Records. Anyone going into one of Virgin's shops in the London area, and handing over a toy for a sick child, will be given £1 off the retail price of Steeleye's new album "Storm Force Ten" — plus a free copy of their new single.



BRIXTON'S BONUS

Merger in London's only Xmas Day gig

MERGER — the new band featuring Barry Ford and Winston Bennett (both guitar and vocals), Ivor Steadman (bass and vocals), Tony Ossei (keyboards) and Mike Ossei (drums) — headline what is possibly the only gig in London on Christmas Day, at Brixton Clouds.

It's part of their "Exile Ina Babylon" tour to tie in with their new album, and other confirmed gigs are Manchester Rafters (tomorrow, Friday), London Stratford Rex Cinema (Saturday), London City University (December 5), London School of African & Oriental Studies (9), Loughborough Agricultural College (15), London Camden Dingwalls (16), London Deptford Albany Empire (19), London Wardour St. Vortex (20), Birmingham Handsworth Rialto (23), London N.16 Phoebe's (24) and Nottingham Katie's (31).

Wanna stage a festival?

A DISUSED airfield, about 30 miles from London, is being offered as a site for open-air concerts and festivals. The un-named owners say the 350-acre site has many advantages — its vast size, road and rail facilities, its closeness to London yet a comparatively small population nearby, and a network of runaways ideal for transport access. The site can be made available by the day, the week or the month. Promoters interested should contact the agent, James Holloway of Edward Symmons & Partners, 56—62 Wilton Road, London S.W.1 (01-834 8454).

. . . or manage the Poodles?

FABULOUS POODLES are looking for a manager and invite offers from anyone interested. At least, we think that's what they mean from their statement issued this week, which says: "Four Fabulous Pedigree Poodles (homeless, destitute and into bondage) are seeking tough masculine trainer to rescue them from the Battersea Dogs Home and music business moguls. Must be able to manage difficult business and handle regular concert performances." Applications care of Lorna at CBS Records (01-734 8181 Ext. 312).

Meanwhile, the Poodles can be seen gigging this month at London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (tomorrow, Friday), Sheffield Polytechnic (Saturday), Keele University (7), Nottingham Katie's (8), London Royal College of Art (14), London Kensington Nashville (16 and 17), London Marquee (29) and Birmingham Barbarella's (30 and 31).

Alessi arrive to join Essex

AND OWN LONDON CONCERT

ALESSI, who cancelled their short British tour because of problems with their backing band, have now sorted out these difficulties — and last week they arrived in Britain at short notice to guest on most of the dates in the current David Essex tour.

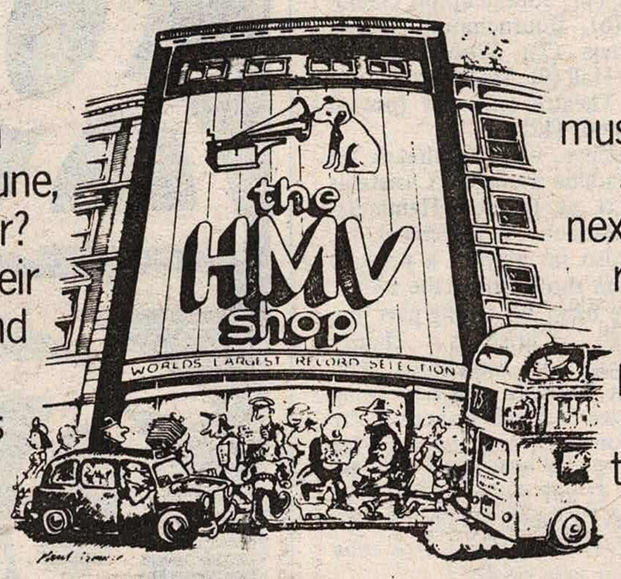
They will not, however, be appearing in his week-long London season at the Dominion Theatre (19—24) — and this is mainly because they are headlining their own concert at London Rainbow on Friday, December 16.

Tickets for this gig, promoted by Barry Dickins of MAM, are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Boby and Billy Alessi's new album "All For A Reason" is issued this week by A & M, with the title track as their new single.

MAHOGANY ADD TWO

MAHOGANY RUSH, who kick off their debut series of British concerts this weekend, have added another two dates to their mini-tour — making a total of six gigs in all. The extra shows are at Leeds Polytechnic (December 9) and Derby Kings Hall (10) and, as on their other dates, the special guest act is Lone Star. Promoters are again Straight Music.

a wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom?



Ever been in a situation where you remember a tune, but not the title, or the singer? HMV can help. Because their knowledge of music is second to none. It has to be. They sell over two million records and cassettes a year. Everything from Classical music to New Wave.

So why not come to HMV next time you need a record or cassette?

Incidentally, if you're still puzzled about "A wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom," it's the opening line of Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti."

The HMV Shop

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD STORE

363 Oxford Street. (Next to Bond St. tube.)

Tutti Frutti © Sonet/Venice

RECORD NEWS

Pakt album in shops on day of recording!

WARSAW PAKT made recording history last weekend, when they started work on their debut album just after midnight on Sunday morning, and had the first copies of the LP in the shops later the same day! The idea came from the band themselves, with a view to eliminating the superstar syndrome of spending months in the studio. They played two one-take 17-minute sets, the master tapes were rushed to the Island factory, and first pressings were in London's Sunday-opening shops by 6 pm.

Emmylou LP

● **Emmylou Harris'** new album, for January 13 release by Warner Brothers, has the intriguing title "Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town".

● **Little Feat's** double live album, now officially titled "Waiting For Columbus", has been put back from December to mid-February. It will be followed in March by a new **Neil Young** LP, which he's currently recording in Nashville.

● **Jackson Browne's** next elpee, originally planned as a double live set, will now be a single album called "Runnin' On Empty" comprising both studio and live cuts. Because of this change, release by Asylum has been delayed until February.

● Coventry-based band **The Flys** have their first record, a five-track EP titled "A Bunch Of Fives" (retailing at 95p), out on Zama this weekend. It's available through Lightening Records and all Virgin outlets.

● After a month-long delay, the album "The Greatest Hits Of **Donna Summer**" is released by GTO Records on December 12. Casablanca Records, with whom Donna recently signed, were granted an injunction preventing the LP's release as it was in direct competition with her new double set "Once Upon A Time". But GTO have now reached a settlement with Casablanca, and the album — featuring cuts from her last four elpees — is now coming out.

● Out this week on the Sonet label are an album by Irish rock band **Spud** called "Smoking On The Bog", and a single by London band **Sounder** titled "Get Down On Your Knees".

● Liverpool new-wave band **Marseilles** have signed a worldwide deal with Mountain Records. Their debut single is due early in the New Year, followed soon afterwards by their first album. The band recently won the national talent search which climaxed at Wembley Pool, and they are currently supporting Nazareth on their U.K. mini-tour.

● **Glen Campbell** sings Bobbie Gentry's "Dreams Of The Everyday Housewife" on his new Capitol single, issued this weekend.

● **999** have almost finished work on their debut album, for release by United Artists in January. Tentatively titled "Emergency", it features 12 tracks including several new numbers.

● **Art Attacks,** currently on the road with the "Streets" package tour, are also finding time to record their debut single for Albatross. It will feature three titles drawn from "I Am A Dalek", "Monkeys In Cars", "Mutant Madonna" and "Neutron Bomb". They are also contributing two tracks to the upcoming live album recorded at London Vortex Club recently.

● Newcastle band **Arbre,** now signed to DJM Records, go into the studios this week with producer Sandy Roberton to record a new album and single. New Year release is planned.

● **The Eagles** have been awarded a Platinum Disc for British sales of their "Hotel California" album, now exceeding £1 million. The presentation was made at a special event in Los Angeles last month, when the band collected no less than 85 platinum, gold and silver awards, reflecting sales in various countries around the world.

● January 20 albums from CBS include "Draw The Line" by **Aerosmith** and "Watermark" by **Art Garfunkel.** Out the same day on Epic are new elpees by **Boston** and the **Isley Brothers,** both as yet untitled. February albums include "V.2" by **The Vibrators** (CBS) and "Live Gonzo Express" by **Ted Nugent** (Epic), plus a still untitled LP by **Muddy Waters** on the Blue Sky label.

● A new American label called Dip Records, devoted exclusively to new-wave music, makes its bow in the New Year with distribution through Phonogram. First releases in January will be albums by **Pere Ubu** and **Suicide Commandos.**

●**The Dictator's** first album "Go Girl Crazy", recorded before they joined WEA, is reissued by Epic on December 9.

NEWCASTLE BANS RATS

NEWCASTLE City Hall — one of the top venues on the concert circuit, visited regularly by virtually all the major tours — has banned the Boomtown Rats from appearing there on Tuesday, December 13. The gig was to have been part of the Rats' prestige British tour, opening this weekend.

The hall is owned by the local council, who have decided to ban new-wave acts from the venue in future, because of alleged "trouble" at punk concerts there during the past few weeks. Promoter Ian Wright of MAM is now trying to find an alternative non-council venue in the city the same night.

Punks pooped

JOEY RAMONE was this week suffering from second degree burns, after a kettle boiled over in his New York home, splashing his hand with scalding water. Although he is currently heavily bandaged, a spokesman said that the incident will not affect The Ramones' British tour later this month, details of which were exclusively revealed by NME last week.

THE PLEASERS — whose first Arista release, an EP titled "Thames Beat", has just come out — nearly had their promising career curtailed when two of their members were involved in a serious car crash. Steve McNerney and Nick Powell were in the car which skidded on an oil patch, hit a lamp post, a telegraph pole and finally a tree, ending up as a complete write-off. They were treated in hospital for sprains and bruises, but the band were able to continue gigging, despite Powell wearing a surgical collar and McNerney carrying his arm in a sling. For The Pleasers' upcoming dates, see On The Road.

THE STUKAS missed a couple of gigs last week, after two of the band — Paul Brown and John Mackie — were involved in a motorbike accident on the way to their London Roundhouse show. Neither was seriously injured, but they were detained in hospital for 48 hours as a precautionary measure. The band are now back on the road.

SHAM 69 were forced to cancel two gigs last week — in Nottingham and Barnstaple — after singer Jimmy Pursey chipped a bone in his elbow. The incident happened during the encore of the band's show in Guildford, when his ape antics led to his downfall. No other dates were affected, and the band leave on schedule for their string of dates in Rome in mid-December. These tie in with the screening there of an hour-long TV documentary, filmed during the past few weeks by an Italian camera crew who have been on the road with Sham 69. Their new Polydor single, due early in the New Year, is expected to be their stage hit "Borstal Break Out".

THE CORTINAS have had to call off their projected five-day stint at Paris Gibus Club, because of a 1933 Act preventing young persons from performing abroad without a special licence — and they are all under 18. They only learned about the licence requirement, and all the accompanying red tape, a week before they were due to leave for Paris — which did not leave them sufficient time to make the necessary application.

PETE SHELLEY fronting The Buzzcocks at London Marquee

Major dates by Buzzcocks

THE BUZZCOCKS have now confirmed most of the dates and venues for their "Tour Number 2", plans for which were revealed by NME last week. The tour now kicks off at Shrewsbury Tiffany's on December 4, and not (as originally planned) two days earlier at Brighton New Regent, which is now switched to December 16.

Other gigs are Plymouth Penthouse (6), Torquay Town Hall (7), Penzance The Garden (8), Wolverhampton Lafayette (9), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (11), Dewsbury Pickwicks (12), Derby Kings Hall (14), Coventry Locarno (15), Manchester Elizabethan Ballroom (18) and Keighley Nikkers Club (20).

PAT TRAVERS IN PRE-XMAS TOUR

PAT TRAVERS BAND have been lined up for a short pre-Christmas tour, including a London Rainbow concert. This has been arranged at short notice following the success of their recent round-Britain trek, and they'll be promoting their new Polydor album "Putting It Straight". The seven dates are Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (December 12), Colwyn Bay Pier (13), Newport Stowaway Club (14), Derby Kings Hall (15), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19) and London Rainbow (20). Tickets for the London gig are on sale now priced £2, £1.50 and £1.

Tony McPhee takes off with Terraplane

TONY McPHEE's new band Terraplane, who have been playing selected warm-up gigs during the autumn, are unveiled officially by way of three pre-Christmas concerts in the Midlands plus a 90-minute special in Beacon Radio. McPhee — who disbanded the Groundhogs because of "apathy, disenchantment, disillusion and bad vibes from the Press" — is currently negotiating a major record deal for the band, who are already recording their debut album and single.

McPhee's Terraplane play Coventry Tiffany's (December 19), Birmingham Haden Hill Leisure Centre (21) and Bridgnorth Leisure Centre (22). More dates are being lined up to follow the holiday period. Joining McPhee (guitar and vocals) in the band are Alan Fish (bass and vocals) and former Rory Gallagher sideman Wilgar Campbell (drums and vocals).

It's Son of Blondel!

JOHN DAVID GLADWIN, co-founder of Amazing Blondel in 1969, has formed a new group — which, he says, has been purpose built "to take up where the original Blondel left off". Called John David Gladwin And Englishe Musicke, it will feature favourites from the early Blondel repertoire, as well as new material in similar vein.

Besides Gladwin (lute, guitar, vocals), the line-up features Paul Empson (guitar, vocals) and another musician who had a close affinity with Blondel, Adrian Hopkins (woodwind, percussion, harpsichord and vocals). They are currently at work in the recording studios, and dates will follow early in the New Year.

Stones plan tour, IF . . .

THE ROLLING STONES' plans for 1978 could well be decided this weekend, when the outcome of drug trafficking charges against Keith Richard should be known. The band are hoping that the Toronto court will show leniency, in the light of Richard's much-publisised efforts to kick the habit. And keeping their fingers crossed as they await the verdict, the Stones have tentatively planned a British tour for April.

It's understood that the Stones have already invited Virgin artist Peter Tosh to support them on their British dates. But everything hinges on the court's decision, which could result in one of four alternatives: (1) the tour goes ahead as planned; (2) it's delayed until later in the year; (3) the tour takes place with another guitarist replacing Richard; or (4) it's postponed indefinitely.

Richard flew back to Canada at the weekend to face the music. And a Stones spokesman commented: "We hope there won't be another adjournment. Everyone, including Keith wants to get it over and done with."

WINGS FOR THE HOPE?

LONDON's Hope and Anchor in Islington, flushed with the success of their current "Front Row Festival" season, are now hoping to attract even bigger names — and they're starting with an approach to Paul McCartney and Wings! Venue manager John Eichler has contacted them "in view of McCartney's recent comments in the Press expressing the wish to play pubs and clubs again" — and apparently the idea has not been dismissed!

NEW BESERKLEY STAR FLYING IN

GREG KIHN, relatively unknown in Britain but hailed by one leading U.S. critic as "the finest new performer rock has seen in years", arrives here this weekend for a few selected debut gigs tied in with his appearance in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (6). He plays Liverpool Eric's (tomorrow, Friday), London Camden Dingwalls (December 5) and London Marquee (7). The San Francisco singer-composer hails from San Francisco and records for Beserkley, who have just released his second album

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ON THE ROAD

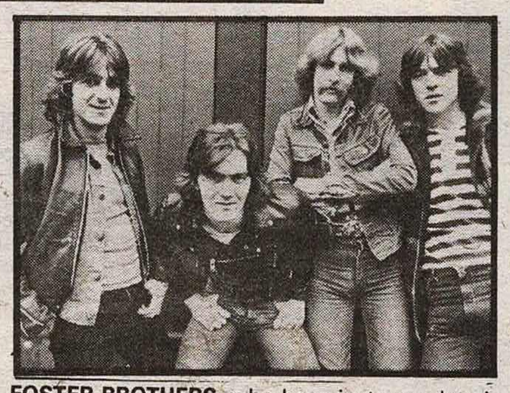
THE PIRATES, whose "Out Of Their Skulls" tour has proved so successful, have been booked for a further string of dates through December — climaxing in the Christmas Party at **London Camden** Dingwalls on December 23. Other confirmed gigs are **London** Central Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Chelsea** College (Saturday), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (9), **Doncaster** Bircotes Sports Centre (10), **Loughborough** Town Hall (12), **Manchester** Elizabethan Ballroom (13), **Swansea** West Glamorgan Institute (14), **London** Marquee (15), **Sheffield** Top Rank (18), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (19), **Liverpool** Eric's (21) and **Stafford** King Edward VI High School (22).

WIRE, whose single "Mannequin" and album "Pink Flag" have just been issued by Harvest, have gigs at **London Kensington** Nashville (December 5 and 12), **London Hammersmith** Odeon with The Tubes (6 and 7), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (8), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (9), **London** Marquee (10), **Manchester** Rafters (15), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff College (16), **Swindon** The Affair (19) and **Wellington** Town House (22). More are being added.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE has a few selected dates this month, between writing material for his forthcoming album. He plays **Stockport** Lexicon Club (December 10), **Blackburn** Lodestar (14), **Liverpool** Eric's with Magazine (16), **Stretford** Civic Hall (23) and **Keighley** Nikkers Club (27).

CHRIS SPEDDING BAND, whose debut tour extension into December was announced last week, have added a further two dates to their itinerary this month. They are at **Sheffield** University (tomorrow, Friday) and **Huddersfield** Ivanhoe's (13). And their gig at **London Islington** Hope & Anchor will now be this Sunday instead of December 6.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have added a further two dates to their current extensive tour — at **Newcastle** University (December 9) and **Manchester** University (10).



FOSTER BROTHERS, who have just completed a British tour with China, headline a string of dates in their own right this month. They include a special charity gig in aid of Bethnal Green Hospital on December 8 at **London E.2** York Hall. Other dates are **London** Marquee (tomorrow, Friday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (7), **Kingston** Gypsy Hill College (10), **London Finchley** Torrington (11), **London Camden** Music Machine (13) and **London S.W.18** Whitelands College (16).

GARY GLITTER's concert at **Glasgow** Apollo tonight (Thursday) has been cancelled, as the direct result of the High Court writ he has issued against Double M Concerts Ltd., for non-payment of fees in respect of certain gigs during his long autumn tour. The Glasgow show and one at **Ipswich** Gaumont (cancelled on Tuesday this week) are being re-arranged for the New Year. His **London** Rainbow concert this Saturday is unaffected.

THE ROCKABILLY PACKAGE — featuring Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels, Mac Curtis & His Band and Rollin' Colin Winski — have added **Southend** Minerva (December 24) to their British tour itinerary, reported four weeks ago. And their gig on December 19 is switched from **Luton** Sands to **Dunstable** Queensway Hall.

THE PLEASERS gig this month at **London** Southbank Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Winchester** King Alfred College (7), **Great Missenden** Memorial Hall (8), **Guildford** Surrey University (9), **Bracknell** South Hill Park (11), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (13), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (15), **Aylesbury** Grammar School (16), **London Kensington** Nashville (18) and **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (21).

STEEL PULSE are on the road this month with gigs at **Winchester** College of Art (tomorrow, Friday), **London Hackney** All Nations Club (Saturday), **Dewsbury** Pickwicks (Sunday), **Huddersfield** Ivanhoe's (6), **Rotherham** Windmill (8), **Manchester** Rafters (9), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (10), **Nottingham** Katie's (11), **Doncaster** Outlook (15) and **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (22).

JOHN OTWAY has added a major **London** date to his current gig series, on which he is being backed by Scratch. It's at the Victoria Palace on Friday, December 16, with Advertising as support. Tickets go on sale this Saturday priced £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1.

LINDISFARNE have now added a fourth reunion concert at **Newcastle** City Hall on Christmas Eve, having sold out their other gigs at the venue on the previous three nights. The success of these shows has increased speculation that the band may re-form permanently in the New Year.

GENERATION X's headlining appearance at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse — with The Saints, The Lurkers and The Valves supporting — is this Sunday (4) and not December 11, as announced last week.

XTC have made several changes to their December itinerary, adding five dates and cancelling three. New bookings are at **Manchester** Elizabethan Ballroom (December 6), **London Southall** Community Centre (9), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (10), **London Camden** Music Machine (14) and **London Camden** Dingwells (21). And **Croydon** Greyhound (18), **Milford Haven** College of Education (20) and **Barnstaple** Chequers (22) are postponed until the New Year.

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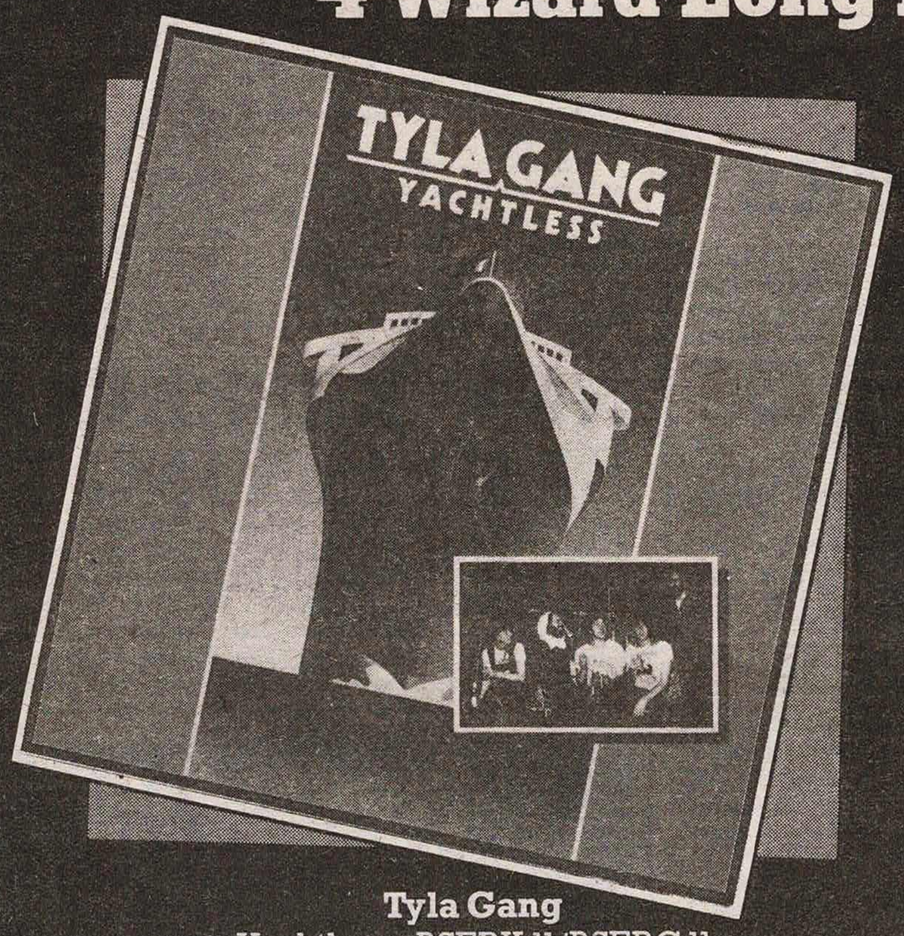

Tyla Gang
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Tyla Gang's 1st album
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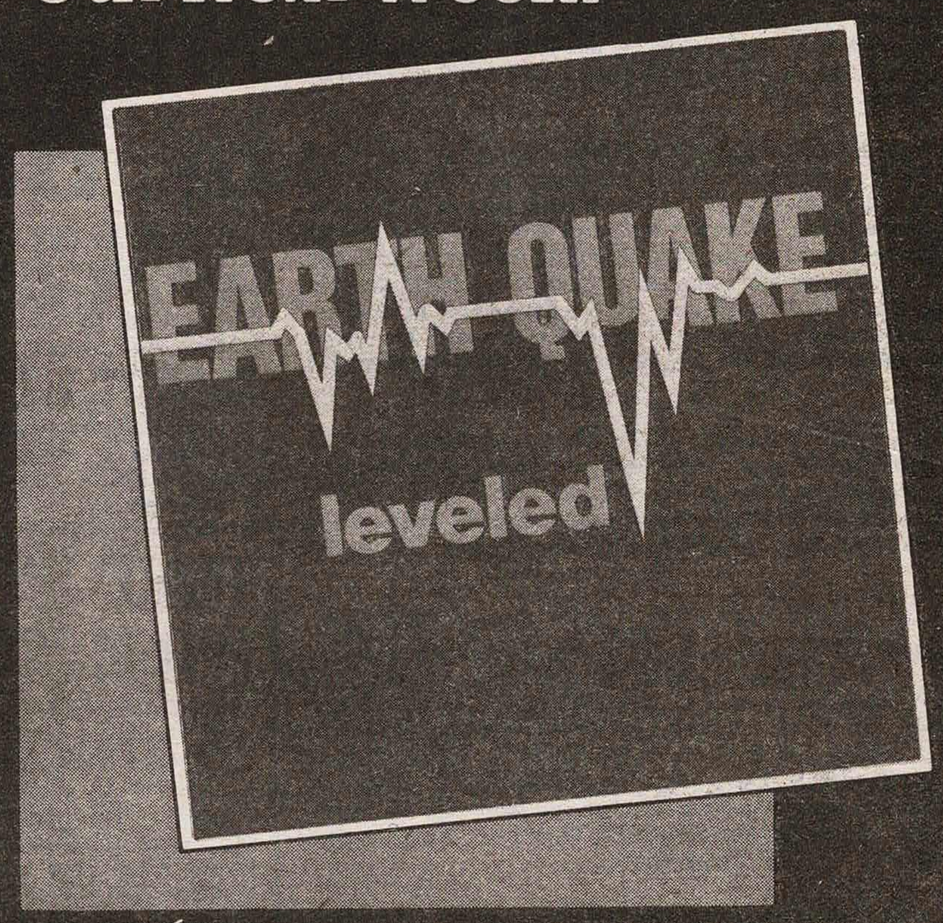

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Leveled–BSERK 7/BSERC 7
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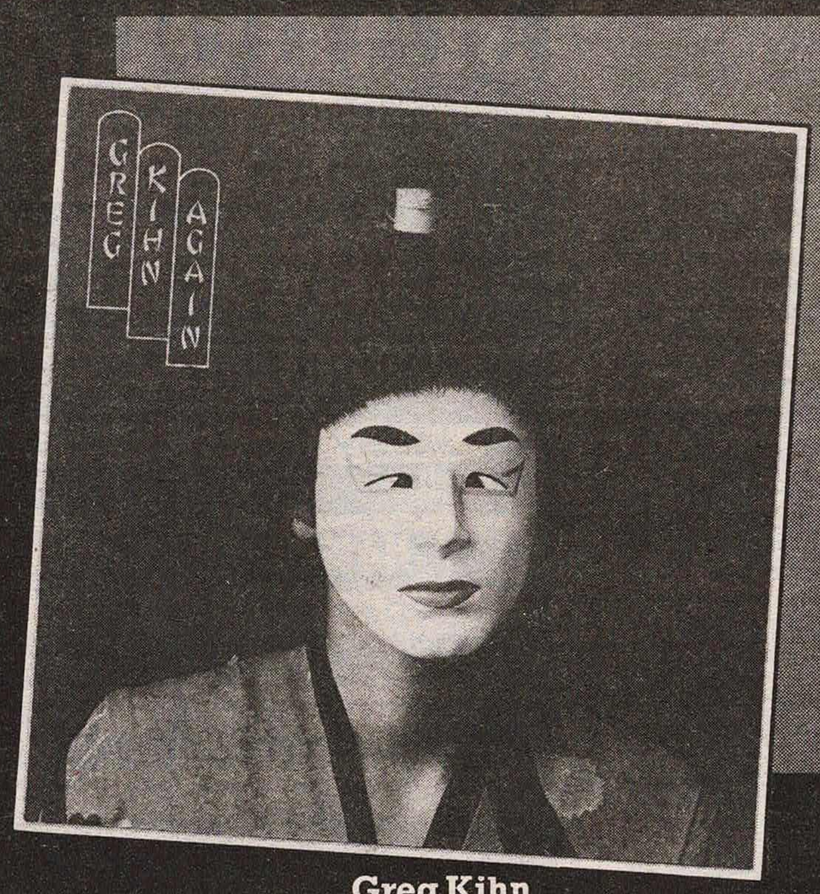
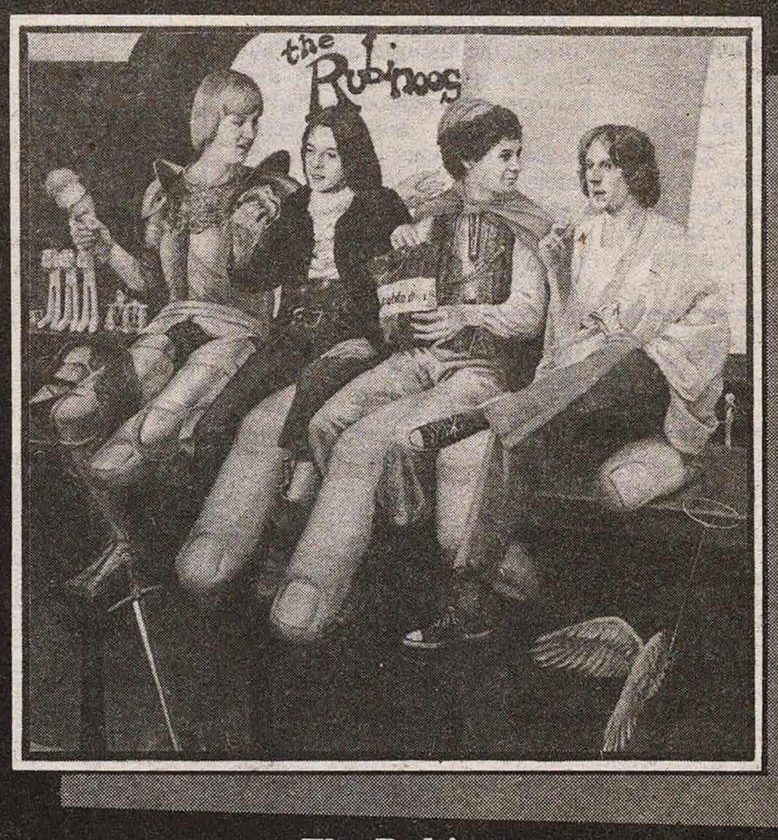


Greg Kihn
Greg Kihn Again–BSERK 8/ BSERC 8
Featuring his Classic Single 'For You'–BZZ4
"Life is like the second side of Rubber Soul" Greg Kihn



The Rubinoos
The Rubinoos–BSERK 10/BSERC 10
Features 'I Think We're Alone Now'–BZZ3
And their up-coming Smash Single 'Hard To Get'–BZZ6
"... the best pop album of the decade" Gene Sculatti NEW YORK ROCKER

"Them (The Pleasers) and The Shutes and Amazorblades and Dwight Twilley and Tom Petty and Greg Kihn – and on the recorded evidence, at least only Kihn with any depth to his music, and heart to back up his style. His new single, 'For You' towers over the rest like 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' next to some turkey Merseybeat population."
Phil McNeill N.M.E.

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Monday 5th. December

SEX PISTOLS SPECIAL

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

INSIDE INFORMATION

Certain Sunday Times readers on the NME have been complaining that nobody reads this Inside Information column, so this week we're gonna do it all suave and patronising just like in the S. Times Colour Supp. Do not adjust your brain.

Yes, it's naughty Sex Pistols time in this week's Bollocks, with extensive coverage of the trial of B + ?%£cks and yet another great Thrills Bollocks exclusive — this time on the Pistols' official biography. What next, we ask — Madame Tussaud's?!!

So what else we gotcha? Well, it's hard to say for definite, as the bleedin' pages keep changing all the time — but last time we looked there was these geezers Warsaw Pakt with their overnight album, Southside Johnny with his overnight flit, The Prefects and Steel Pulse heading outta Birmingham, The Clash heading for Jamaica, Ozzy Osbourne recalling his boozing days, Charles Shaar Murray down his local boozer *(Cont. page 94) . .*

THE BOLLOCKS ART & CULTURE ON TRIAL

By ROSS STAPLETON

AFTER A late night dash to Nottingham and several hours of a steady diet of booze, reggae and traditional Irish music served up by an Australian band calling themselves The Bushwhackers, Johnny Rotten sat back for a moment in his uncomfortable chair looking uncharacteristically placid.

Several hours of serious degeneracy, with and the odd hilarious interruption from room service as the next shipment of Carlsberg was wheeled in, had taken its toll on the party.

We had already died laughing once when our man from room service, an unusually friendly 60-year-old geezer (you try being friendly to a bunch of partying drunken sods in the wee small hours), discovered that one of these sods was a member of the notorious Sex Pistols, whose thoroughly indecent album had for a time been offending countless Nottingham shoppers everyday, and, who was now — but a few hours and a half mile away from our grotty hotel — to be taken to the local magistrates' court.

Our man with the drinks, after talking with Rotten and scoring an autograph for his 14-year-old daughter, turned to me and proudly proclaimed before dancing out the door to an Irish reel: "He's such a nice lad you wouldn't think he was Johnny Rotten, would you?"

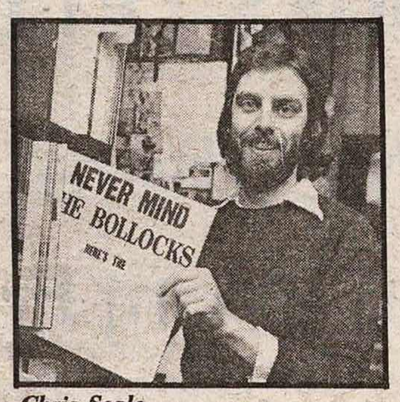
But there was no escaping the fact — and Rotten quickly confirmed that there was still life in his corpse when I decided to make one desperate try before crashing to get his perspective on the ensuing bollocks-is-indecent courtroom confrontation.

So what was this "nice lad's" response?

"All journalists are cunts and you're the biggest of them all, " said the pale 21-year-old sitting opposite, his red hair streaked with what looked like black boot polish. I should have said bollocks to his challenge but I couldn't be bothered — and anyway it wasn't legal then, was it?

So there we were sitting around room number 715 of the Albany Hotel perched high over the city centre of Nottingham at 4.30 in the morning. It was cold outside but not as cold as the stare that Rotten fixed on me . . .

THE REASON we were all in Nottingham was to see justice take its course. Because up for grabs last Thursday was the question of whether the word bollocks is indecent or not



Chris Seale

(when associatied with The Sex Pistols, one should add).

Rotten wasn't required to give evidence so his presence was really a question of moral support more than anything else. The rest of The Sex Pistols were due to arrive from London that morning. Rotten was taken to Nottingham the night before the case to ensure he actually made it. Predictably enough, the others didn't.

Perhaps it didn't seem as important to them to fly the flag in court, but J R himself was keenly aware of what was at stake. It wasn't really an Anglo-Saxon word that would be on trial in Nottingham, it really was The Sex Pistols and the foulness and evil they seem to represent in the eyes of the authorities.

And when the Crown went to work on the Pistols' album "Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols" the Crown would no doubt have the silent support of a goodly number of concerned authorities.

"Never Mind The Bollocks" was released on Friday, October 28, the most eagerly-awaited album this year or any other year you care to mention since the hey-day of The Beatles.

Release day saw *The Sun* splashing its arrival with bold headlines proclaiming— SEX PISTOLS IN A NEW FOUR LETTER WORD STORM. The story was really a storm in a tea-cup, but Tory shadow education Minister Norman St John Stevas felt sufficiently incensed to pontificate to *The Sun* that the album "has been produced deliberately to offend" (clever isn't he?). "It is the kind of music that is a symptom of the way society is declining. It could have a shocking effect on young people."

He was, of course, talking about "Bodies".

But St John Stevas seemed to back the wrong horse, because in the debacle to follow it wasn't "Bodies" which came in for the bollocking, but the album title.

After the album's release events moved quickly. However, at the beginning it was all good news for the Pistols. The set clocked in at number one first week in the charts, based on just one day's sales.

The Pistols were on top of the pile. It was two fingers firmly up the left, right or both nostrils to, among others, Woolworths, Boots and W.H. Smith who all refused to stock the album either because it included "God Save The Queen" or they were none too happy about the title.

Whatever their motivations, it was hurting them like crazy to see all these thousands of sales going to independent record retailers across the country. For the major chains it would have been easy money but they couldn't touch it . . . not without seeming even more foolish than they were.

So while the album zoomed straight to the top, *The Sun* feared an outbreak of abortions or some such thing, and the big three record retailers watched the kids walk by with their Pistols albums, other forces were mustering their reserves.

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68119/ U.4731

Dear Sir,

Our attention has been drawn to a record issued recently for sale by your Company by the 'Sex Pistols' under reference number V2086. You have used the letters "EMI" on the reverse side of the outer sleeve in which the record is contained and on the label for Side Two of that record.

As you are aware, EMI Limited is the proprietor in the United Kingdom of Trade Marks which consist of the letters "EMI" and Marks of which those letters form a substantial part. In particular, we would wish to refer to the following registration numbers:- 864561, 809580, 880958l and pending application number 1039376. These Trade Mark registrations cover the use of the letters "EMI" on or in connection with, 'inter alia', records and tapes. Your use of "EMI" on the cover and label of the above-mentioned record appears to constitute an infringement of our rights in these Trade Marks under the Trade Marks Act, 1938.

Having hereby notified you of the ownership of the "EMI" Trade Marks, we wish to reserve our rights to take whatever action we may consider to be necessary for the further protection of our Trade Marks, whether in respect of the above-mentioned record or any other record which may be issued by you.

Yours faithfully,

D.C.C. Pick
Group Trade Marks Executive

CAPITAL Radio started the ball rolling when it banned the Pistols' current single, "Holidays In The Sun", on the basis that the song likens Belsen to a holiday camp. The ban was imposed despite the fact that it had already been played intermittently, had actually made the Capital hit-line, and that they had accepted 10 advertising spots for it.

EMI also got their bar in. Mr D. C. C. Pick, the group's trade marks executive, dispatched a letter (shown on this page) to Virgin Records chairman, Richard Branson, on November 2, warning that the company considered the track "EMI" to be a possible breach of their trade mark copyright.

Bearing in mind the Pistols' previous involvement with EMI, the letter smacks more than a bit of spoilsports. In fact, *Thrills* understands that EMI are presently seeking information from their overseas licencees on the release of the album in other countries, in preparation for possible legal action against Virgin Records. Such a threat has clearly been made in the third and final paragraph of Mr Pick's letter.

Anyway, as the album continued to demolish almost every other album in the charts, still more meanies were ready to descend to try and nip the Pistols in the bud.

By November 4 radio advertising had been banned. The Independent Broadcasting Authority endorsed a decision by the Association of Independent Radio Contractors to ban a commercial which had already run on Capital Radio (until then Capital's logic had been that it wouldn't play "Holidays In The Sun" but would flog the album it was on while if paid to do so). Radio Firth, Radio Clyde and Radio City had also run the commercials until then.

According to the November 4 issue of *Campaign* these BMS stations first objected to the commercial on the grounds that the first line (which Steve Jones did by the way) said "never mind television, never mind the news" — and therefore knocked other media.

Virgin were planning a £40,000 advertising campaign on ITV — but then television also pulled out the plug. Mr John Jackson of the Independent Television Companies Association said it was "not the wording or the forms of the ads but the product itself we object to. The decision was unanimous. But this is not a ban for all time. If there is another Pistols album, we would consider it on its merits."

By now, of course, the police had also started to stick their nose into a matter which didn't concern them.

On November 5, in Nottingham, policewoman Julie Dawn Storey looked in the window of a Virgin Record shop in King Street and saw the album sleeve "with the word bollocks not obscured in any way". She spoke to shop manager Christopher Seale, told him she thought the word bollocks contravened the Indecent Advertising Act, and informed him he might be prosecuted.

■ *Continues over page*

'One wonders what the world is to think about a judicial system which has to spend its time to consider a word used to describe a load of nonsense" — Mr John Mortimer, Q.C.

■ *From previous page*

Nottingham Magistrates Court was told last week, when Seale faced four charges under the Indecency Act, that Seale replied to policewoman Storey: "Is that all? What about free speech?"

What about it indeed? At Seale's trial his Q.C., Mr John Mortimer — who recently scored a triumph over the Tory controlled GLC when they tried to close down several Soho porn cinemas — made it very clear that the four charges relating to displaying the bollocks album sleeve were very much a question of free speech, and he in fact went so far as to say what other Pistols supporters have been saying about various incidents for months — that the whole thing was aimed squarely at The Sex Pistols themselves.

According to Richard Branson, before last week's trial, police had visited ten shops throughout the country, and warned them that they faced prosecution.

The Obscenity Squad from Scotland Yard also interviewed Branson in relation to charges laid against Seale in Nottingham, and it was made clear that all pending record shop prosecutions would be set aside while the Crown pressed home the charges in Nottingham.

Nottingham would be the test case.

Branson says he was left in no doubt that if Virgin, who were meeting all Seale's legal costs, lost their case, the remaining prosecutions would be launched. And, no doubt, any record shop that tried to display the album from then on would be busted.

All this just to get at The Sex Pistols? It was difficult to believe that a humble rock group (well, not so humble) could excite so much fuss and activity from the boys in blue with the simple inclusion of the word bollocks on an album cover.

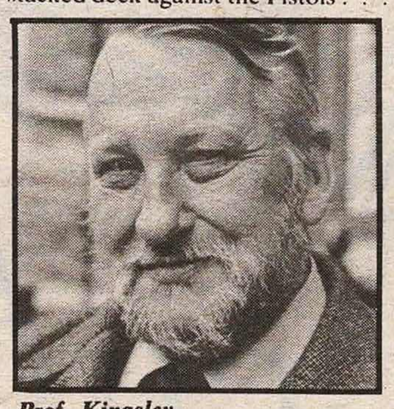
It was if the police had been doing an intensive study course on the Pistols Fleet Street press clippings, and deciding they were something less than human and a threat to Queen and country and Yorkshire pudding.

CHRISTOPHER SEALE's day in court came last Thursday. And when he stepped forward to answer Not Guilty to the four charges of indecent advertising, the battle lines had been firmly drawn. Neither the police nor Virgin Record were under any misconception that this was anything other than a straight out knock 'em down affair.

Court 12 of Nottingham Magistrate's Court looked a warmer, lighter court than most, hardly the scene for the learned legal eagles to flex their arguments and try and beat each other verbally into bloody pulp.

Johnny Rotten had been expected to be there when the opening salvos were fired, but he was still sleeping soundly half a mile away at the Albany Hotel. He finally managed to crawl into court mid-way through proceedings and no doubt by his appearance struck terror into the hearts of grown policemen, confirming for them that all those horrible stories about this sub-human cretin were indeed true and not just something they lay on you at police training school.

The court rose while the magistrates took their seats. There were three — one man (the chairman), aged between 65 and 70, and two women who looked about 60 and 55. On the face of it, it looked a stacked deck against the Pistols . . .



Prof. Kingsley

Appearing for the Crown was Mr David Ritchie, who proved later that he at least had a sense of humour when he crossed words with journalist Caroline Coon while she was giving evidence.

Mr Ritchie's preamble set out the circumstances under which police had made four visits to Virgin's Nottingham shop, and each time Seale as manager had been warned he might face prosecution under the Indecent Advertising Act of 1889. On the fourth occasion the warning was actually carried out and Seale was arrested and placed in the Nottingham lock-up for five hours.

(Virgin are now taking legal advice as to whether there are grounds for bringing a charge of unlawful arrest against the police — which, if it happens, can only add a little more fuel to the fire of discontent between the feuding parties.)

The last straw for the police was a Virgin display measuring 9 ft by 6 ft with sleeves fitted around three large posters with the word bollocks screaming at passers by in letters four inches high from the shop window. This was too much for the police and Seale was pinched and charged on counts of Indecent Advertising.

Mr Ritchie finally got around to the meat of the matter when he asked the Magistrates not to decide that 'bollocks' was indecent by itself, but to consider the printed material as a whole which had been confiscated and submitted as evidence in court. This was puzzling, because if bollocks was removed from the display, what was there to complain about that was indecent?

Sgt. Raymond George Stone, who arrested Seale, was cross-examined by Mr Mortimer who raised the interesting point that two newspapers, the *Evening Standard* and *The Guardian*, had seen fit to use the album title in front page stories and that *The Guardian* had actually ran a photo of the offending sleeve with its story.

If the sleeve upset the police, he asked, why did they not perform similar arrests with Nottingham newsagents who displayed *The Guardian?*

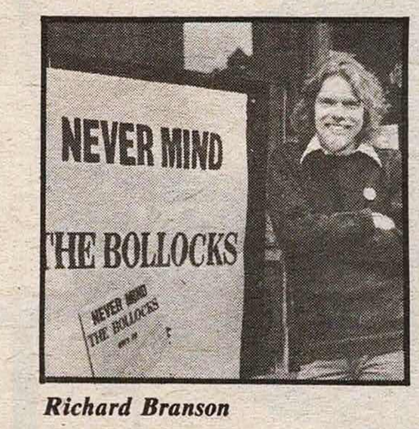
The chairman of the Magistrates, Mr Douglas Betts, failed to see what the newsagents had to do with the case. Mr Mortimer said he was trying to establish the motives behind the police prosecution of Seale.

This was an interesting development. What Mortimer was saying was that there appeared to be one set of rules for record shops who sell Sex Pistols albums and another for newsagents. Bollocks was an indecent word on the sleeve of the Pistols album, but not on the front page of *The Guardian*.

Mortimer's meaning was not lost on the Crown, who called it an "astonishing suggestion", and proceeded to question the defence's motives in introducing such suggestions.

However, if there was any doubt as to what Mortimer was trying to get at, he made it clear towards the end of the hearing when, during his summing up, he said: "One wonders why a word which had been dignified by writers from the Middle Ages in the translation of the Bible to the works of George Orwell and Dylan Thomas, and which you may find in the dictionary, should be singled out as criminal because it is on a record sleeve by The Sex Pistols.

"It was because it was The Sex Pistols and not Donald Duck or Katherine Ferrier that this prosecution has been brought."



Richard Branson

The defence case was really won with the introduction of Professor James Kingsley, head of English Studies at Nottingham University — an accepted expert on the derivations of the word bollocks . . . and also a former Anglican priest. Touche!

Prof. Kingsley told the court that bollocks had been used in records (the written kind . . .) from the year 1000, and that in Anglo Saxon times it mean a small ball. It also appeared in Medieval bibles and veterinary books. In the bible it was used to describe small things of an appropriate shape. It had also appeared in place names without proving difficult for local residents.

"Much as those who now live in Maidenhead?" Mr Mortimer chimed in.

The Professor also raised a laugh when he said that bollocks was used to denote a clergyman in the last century.

"The word has been used as a nickname for clergymen. Clergymen are known to talk a great deal of rubbish, and so the word later developed the meaning of nonsense. They became known for talking a great deal of bollocks, just as 'old balls' or 'baloney' also come to mean testicles, so it has its twin uses in the dictionary. I would take the album title to mean 'Never Mind The Nonsense Here's The Sex Pistols'."

THE CROWN seemed taken aback by the evidence of this unexpected star witness, and tried to wreck his credibility by asking him if he was just an expert on the word bollocks (apparently the professor had had his language students working the previous day delving into the derivations of the word).

And Mr Ritchie tried an even more daring ploy. During his testimony Prof. Kingsley had quoted from *The Dictionary Of Slang*, published in 1961, and Ritchie asked him if the words fuck, cunt and shit also appeared in this dictionary.

Kingsley: "If the word fuck does not appear in the dictionary, it should."

The case warmed up once again when journalist Caroline Coon was called.

She said there had been much written about The Sex Pistols in the national press on sensational aspects which had nothing to do with the band's music. She thought the music papers urged fans to ignore the nonsense written about the band in the national papers and just to listen to the music.

It was at this point that Ritchie revealed that he was a bit of a lad, and there commenced a battle of wits — he trying to crucify The Sex Pistols for using the word fuck in one song on the album, Ms Coon doing her level best not to admit anything which would make the magistrates mindful of that fact that not only did this disgusting punk band splash bollocks on their album sleeve but they actually used THAT word in a song.

But unbelievably, Ms Coon — for all her familiarity with The Sex Pistols — seemed strangely unfamiliar with the band's lyrics or, more particularly, the existence of "Bodies" on the album.

No doubt Mr Ritchie was lacking in his homework too, because he was fishing with "a song on the album" but did not have the suss to say it was "Bodies" he was talking about. So they both floundered around — he trying to get her to tell him if there was such a song with such a word, she trying to get *him* to tell *her* if there was such a song with such a word.

■ *Continues over page*

"White Punks on Dope"

"Don't Touch Me There"

"What Do You Want From Life"

The three-track smash single

AVAILABLE NOW

A&M RECORDS

WIRE

THEIR ALBUM

PINK FLAG

21 TRACKS INCLUDING

12XU

OUT NOW

"They're good. Recommended even. A great Christmas present."-NME.

HARVEST

...EXPECT NO MERCY

the new album from

Nazareth

Believe your ears from November 25th.

Believe your eyes...

Nov. 30th - Apollo, Manchester.
Dec. 2nd - Apollo, Glasgow.
Dec. 3rd - New Theatre, Coventry.
Dec. 4th - Rainbow, London.

distributed by phonogram

tops 115

MOUNTAIN RECORDS

INSIDE STORY ON THE PISTOLS' INSIDE STORY

THE SEX PISTOLS — The Inside Story. That's the title of the "official biography" of the world's most outrageous group, which is to be published by Star Books in January 1978. The mind boggles at the entire concept of an official Pistols story, but serialisation rights have already been sold to *The Sun*(!) for what Star editor Piers Dudgeon describes as "a healthy five figure advance".

The book came about after Star Books were approached by authors Fred and Judy Vermerol, Dudgeon told *Thrills* earlier this week. The Vermerols are old friends of Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren, and reckon to have the real inside dope on the band. How much of that you'll get in the book, however, seems dubious after a perusal of the contents page — which reads not unlike a typical rock star biography.

Dudgeon describes the book as "a mass market format, with a picture section in the middle. It'll be 224 pages and retail for 75 pence.

"It's a compilation of original interviews with the band and generally anyone who's ever had anything to do with them."

He also assures us it's "untouched editorially".

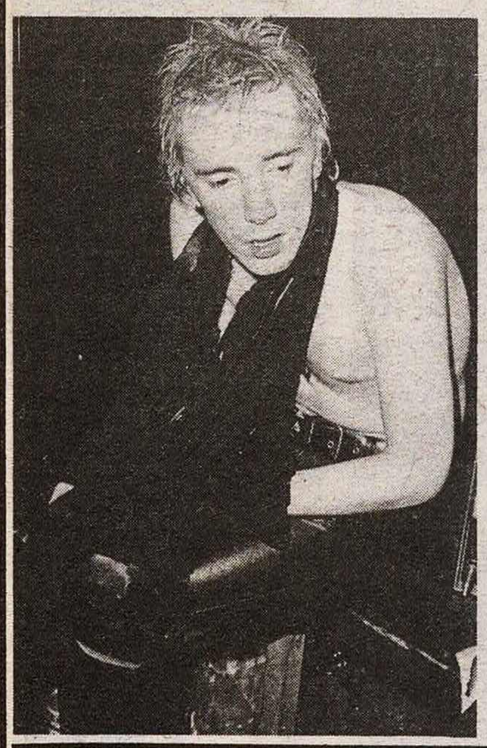
Certainly it should be good for a laugh. The hard-sell frontispiece describes the book's subjects as "a nightmare of British culture . . . They shot to the top despising success . . . Were they a Marxist plot or the voice of a new *secret majority?*

"Johnny Rotten: read Keats! . . . Glen Matlock: too posh for the Pistols! . . . No bullshit."

***Thrills* has obtained (for free, Mr Murdoch) the first exclusive extract from *The Sex Pistols — The Inside Story*, which we reproduce on the right. This is the "checklist" of people interviewed and/or appearing in the book, which the Vermerols are slotting in at the beginning of their biography, like those cast lists that appear at the start of enormous Russian novels.**

Strangely enough, *Thrills* had been considering running a little check-out on the Pistols' enclave ourselves of late. Thanks to this fascinating document we needn't bother. So don't waste your chance, now — *you* could impress *your* friends tomorrow with your encyclopedic knowledge of the band that was "more than a pop group"!

JAMIE MANDELKAU
PHIL McNEILL
BOLLOCKS



AND THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE DOPES INSIDE

ALAN EDWARDS: age: 23; publicist for punk rock bands; ex-freelance music journalist.

BERNARD BROOK-PARTRIDGE: Chairman of Arts Committee, GLC; Deputy Leader, Recreation and Community Services Policy Committee; Tory member for Havering-Romford; age: 49; married with children; lives in London; father: journalist, mother: housewife; grammar school; read for Bar at Univ. London; for last 20 years has worked in professional organisations and business. Refused permission for Sex Pistols to perform in the Greater London area *(Untrue — Ed.)*; said he felt "unclean" for 48 hours after seeing Johnny Rotten.

BERNIE RHODES: Designed and printed T-shirts for Malcolm and Vivienne. Helped with management of the Pistols in early stages. Now manages The Clash.

BOOGIE (John Tiberi): Pistols' Tour Manager; age: 27; father: antique dealer, mother: ex-school teacher; grammar school; left school at 16; worked in photography for 4 years; worked with 101ers and Clash; took over from Nils Stevenson as Pistols' roadie.

DAVE GOODMAN: Producer of early Sex Pistols tracks and sound man on early tours; age: 26; father: toolmaker, mother: matron; left school at 16; bass guitarist in band; started PA company; first contact with Pistols through hiring them equipment. Now manages Eater and is director of The Label label.

DEBBIE: age: 17; comprehensive school, left at 16; works at Seditionaries; has followed Pistols from the early days.

DEREK GREEN: Managing Director of A&M Records; age: 32; brought up in East End of London; now lives in South London suburb; family man.

FRED (Fred Vermorel): Old friend of Malcolm; age: 31; father: dry cleaner and then French diplomat, died in 1963, mother: ex-air hostess; RC Sec. Mod.; art college; polytechnic; university; failed entrepreneur; SS claimant; researcher and writer.

GLEN MATLOCK: b. 27/8/56; parents live in semi-detached in Greenford, Mddx.; father: coach builder, mother: accounts clerk, Gas Board; grammar school; art college; had Saturday job in Malcolm's shop; left Pistols to form Rich Kids.

JACK LEWIS: age: 60; *Daily Mirror* show business reporter; first journalist to interview Sid Vicious.

JAMIE (Jamie MacGregor): Artistic Director for Sex Pistols; lives with Sophie; age: 30; brought up in Croydon; father: journalist, mother: housewife; grammar school; art college; semi-professional footballer; demolition worker; landscape gardener; edited *Suburban Press*.

JOHN PEEL (John Robert Parker Ravenscroft): age: 38; lives Suffolk; father: Liverpool cotton broker; Shrewsbury public school; 1960-67: worked in radio in U.S.; 10 years with BBC Radio; first enthusiast of punk on radio.

JOHNNY ROTTEN (John Joseph Lydon): b. 31/1/56; 3 younger brothers; father: mini-cab / lorry driver, mother: barmaid; RC Comprehensive; FE College.

JUDY (Judy Vermorel): age: 28; brought up in Muswell Hill; father: educational adviser; mother: teacher; grammar school; polytechnic; MRO (ILEA); secretary, Decca Records; ILEA employee.

LAURIE HALL: Business Affairs Manager, EMI Records Ltd; age: 32; lives in Herts; grammar school; London University (Law Degree); solicitor; EMI Records.

LESLIE HILL: Managing Director, EMI Records Ltd; age: 41; lives in Buckinghamshire; married with one son; grammar school; chartered accountant; worked in publishing and music before being appointed Managing Director of EMI Records.

MALCOLM (Malcolm McLaren): age: 32; brought up in North London; father: ran away from home; mother and step father: clothing wholesalers; in and out of various art schools for about 8 years, was generally considered to be a brilliant but volatile and erratic student; during this time also worked at stage designing and organised a memorable happening at the (now defunct) Kingly Street Gallery; while a student at Goldsmiths College of Art was main organiser of a subversive arts festival which ended in tumult; started a shop with Vivienne Westwood at 430 Kings Road which specialised in 1950s and teddy boy objects and clothes; he then suddenly switched to fetishistic clothing, suitably altering the shop's decor, and its name to 'Sex'; he managed the New York Dolls for a while in the USA and on returning to GB became involved with the Sex Pistols.

MARCUS LIPTON, CBE: Labour MP Lambeth Central; grammar school; MA Oxford; known for his denunciations of punk.

MARK P (Mark Perry): ex-bank clerk; ex-editor *Sniffin' Glue* fanzine; well-known punk spokesman; Dir. Step Forward Records; vocalist in Alternative TV.

MICHAEL HOUSEGO: Studio Producer, Thames Television; age: 33; lives in Lancaster Gate; father: local government officer, mother: Post Office worker; public school, left school at 15 with 13 O levels; local and freelance journalism; Fleet Street; Thames TV.

PAT COLLIER: age: 26; grammar school; university; labourer, sound engineer, Decca; ex-bass guitarist, Vibrators; left to run own studios and to form new group, the Boyfriends. Supplied us with valuable background on punk.

PAUL COOK: b. 20/7/56; brought up in Hammersmith area; 2 sisters; father: carpenter and joiner, mother: casual work; comprehensive school; qualified electrician.

RON WATTS: 100 Club promoter; lives High Wycombe; 'the godfather of punk'.

SID VICIOUS (John Beverley): b. 10/5/57; brought up in East London; comprehensive school, FE college; bass guitarist for Siouxsie and the Banshees; took over from Glen Matlock as bass player for Pistols.

SOPHIE (Sophie Richmond): Secretary and Office Manager to Malcolm McLaren and Sex Pistols; age: 26; lives with Jamie; father: diplomat; educated abroad; RC convent school; University; printing and publishing; *Surburban Press* with Jamie.

STEVE JONES: b. 3/9/55; brought up Shepherds Bush and Hammersmith, family later moved to Battersea; only child; father: professional boxer, step-father: makes gaskets for electric cookers, mother: hairdresser; comprehensive school; remand centre.

TERRY SLATER: Creative Director, EMI Music Ltd; age: 35; Londoner living in Surrey; left school at 14; played in rock'n'roll band; worked in U.S. as performer and song writer; returned to England 1970; first to sign Pistols.

TONY BULLEY: television director for Thames TV; age: 33; lives Teddington; father: retired marine engineer; grammar school, college of art; deck hand; school teacher; television graphic designer; television director.

TRACIE: one of the first Pistols fans; age: 18; father: former bus driver, now minds his children at home, mother left home; grammar school; London College of Fashion; shop assistant; SS claimant; now works in 'Seditionaries'.

VIV (Vivienne Westwood): age: 36; parents: retired shopkeepers; grammar school; teacher training college; Viv met Malcolm about 10 years ago and left her husband for him; she has two boys, one by Malcolm; was a primary school teacher until she began working full time in the shop, which she now runs alone.

■ *From previous page*

"Does the word fuck appear in a song on the album?"

"I don't think so but before I could give an absolute answer I would need to listen to the album."

"Surely if you have listened to the album you would know whether the word fuck appears on a song or not?"

"Well it's not always easy to make out some of the lyrics and unless I had a copy of the lyrics to the album I could not give an answer with certainty, but as far as I can recollect the word does not appear . . ."

She refuted his suggestion that the album had only sold in large numbers because of the salacious material.

"Would you defend the album, Miss Coon, if the word fuck was in the title?"

Miss Coon replied that she thought no record company or recording artist in their right mind would be prepared to do that, realising full well the likely consequences.

"Are you familiar with the word fuck Miss Coon?"

"I'm a grown woman. I'm over 30 and I would like to think I know what it means."

"I find that hard to believe," Ritchie replied, quickly adding — "that you are over 30, that is."

IT WAS then left to Mortimer to deliver his summing up for the defence, and he attacked the whole case as a judicial fiasco, stating that it didn't just raise sinister suggestions of possible police conspiracy against the Sex Pistols, but the whole question of free speech.

"One wonders what the world is to think about a judicial system which has to spend its time to consider a word that is used to describe a load of nonsense, balderdash," he told the court. "There are many words which

He went on to quote the 1968 case of a man, who, in reciting an Allen one can use which are rude and vulgar. Bollocks may be impolite or vulgar, but to say something is a load of bollocks and suffer a criminal prosecution for it? . . ."

PUNK ROCK king
a brief appearance
today to see a city
cleared of a charge
Advertisements Act
trates retired to
lit a cigarette and
court.
Rotten, leader of
The Sex Pistols, was
the Guildhall magis
cover of the group's
was indecent.
Manager of the Virg
King Street, Chris
guilty to exhibiting
indecent printed mater
Pistol's album "Never
Here is the Sex Pistols.
Arrest
Clearing Seale, chai
Mr. D. W. Botts
wholly deplore the va
the worst instances
Johnny Rotten

J.R. makin' it in the Nottingham Post

Ginsberg poem before 2,200 people, was busted for indecency. The line transpired to be "go fuck yourself with an atom bomb".

That charge was dismissed. Mortimer said that the Lord Chief Justice, ruling on the use of the word fuck in another case, had said it was a word commonly used in the divisional court. If the word fuck could be adjudged not indecent then so surely must bollocks be.

He finished by suggesting that while bollocks might be immodest it would require a giant leap for it to be indecent.

Mr Ritchie, for the Crown, told the bench that there could be no such separation. Immodest was indecent and bollocks was indecent.

The magistrates retired to consider their verdict and returned after 20 minutes.

The Chairman: "Much as my colleagues and I wholeheartedly deplore the vulgar exploitation of the worst instincts of human nature for the purchase of commercial profits by both you (Seale) and your company, we must reluctantly find you not guilty on each of the four charges."

Choke!

It was a happy bunch of stiffs who made their way through the streets of Nottingham after the case, with TV crews running alongside filming Johnny Rotten decked out in a ridiculous hat. Rotten was in high spirits and even said a few words to one TV journalist who stuck a microphone in his face.

In the small hours of that morning we'd talked about the next Pistols single and if, as expected, it's "Belsen Is A Gas" then get ready for another battle royal because that will really see the bollocks hit the fan.

BOLLOCKS

Boz Scaggs
a silk degree further on

It's funny to think that less than a year ago we took space for Boz Scagg's classic 'Silk Degrees' album and spent most of it explaining just who he was. Then he was known to a handful of British fans who'd stuck by him through many long years of dues-paying.

The outstanding success of that album, the three hit singles it contained and two sold out shows at the Rainbow Theatre in London make such exercises redundant.

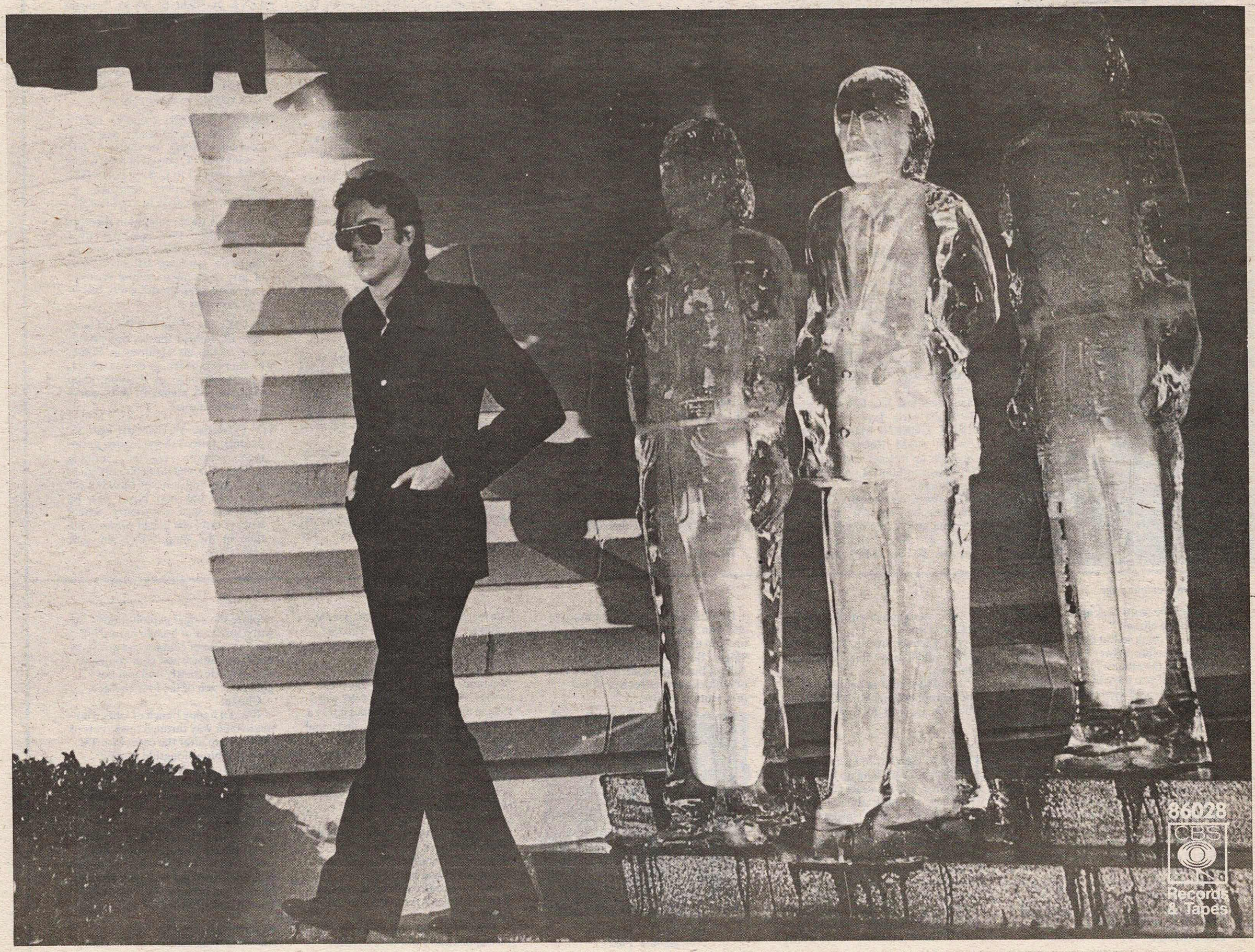
So what this ad contains is simple information.

Boz Scagg's new album 'Down Two Then Left' is now on release. Ten new tracks including his new single 'Hollywood' produced by Joe Wissert. Great songs, great arrangements, great productions.

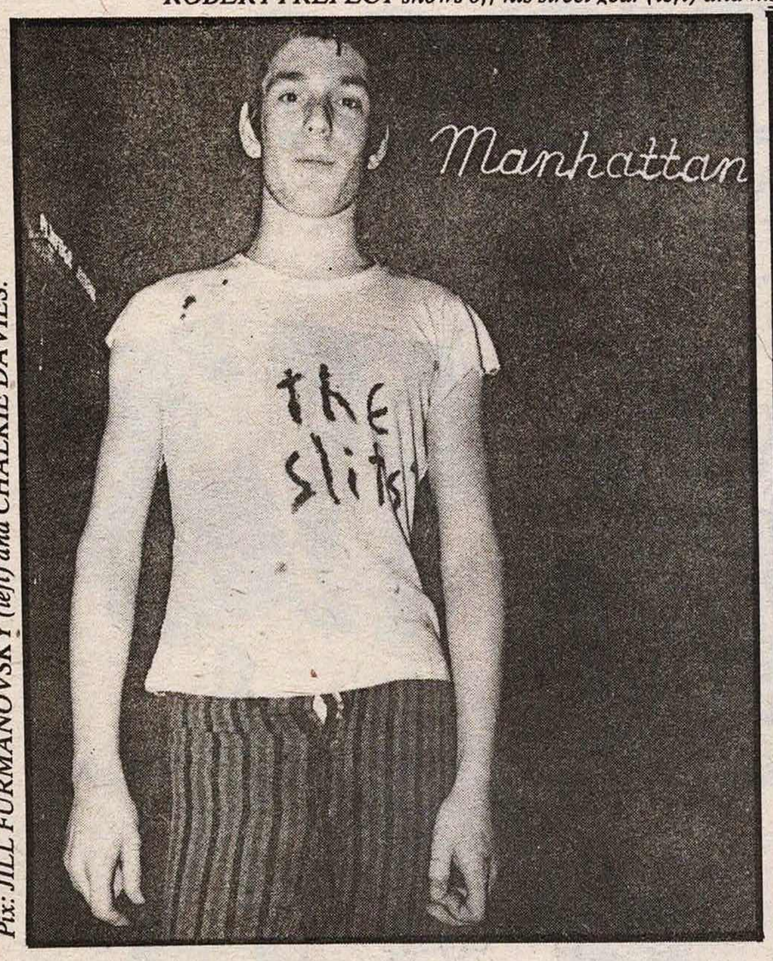
What else do you really need to know?

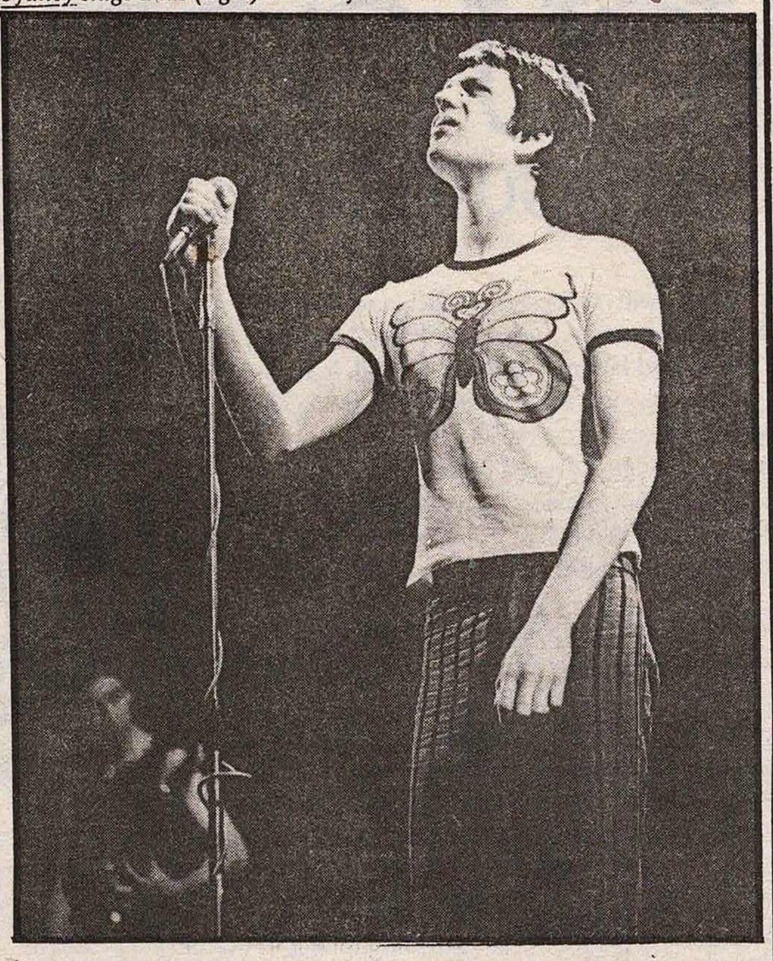
Album: 'Down Two Then Left'
Single: 'Hollywood'

Down two then left



ROBERT PREFECT shows off his street gear (left) and his fancy stage duds (right) on loan from Jon Anderson.





Pix: JILL FURMANOVSKY (left) and CHALKIE DAVIES.

SCHOOL LEAVERS SURVEY FINDS PREFECTS JOBLESS

PUNK/ETC AS A SUB-CULTURE had split into unequal parts even before any sort of nationwide net dropped.

The vast part got soaked by the establishment (both old and new) — big fish, little fish, Xerox copies. What a mess. It's easy to be bitter about the rapid abandonment of early principles, but don't be. This initial chaotic evolution, in the long run, is necessary.

What was quaintly termed "New Wave" in 1977 is just the start. The hard core alternatives are a lot stronger than they were this time last year — it's just that they're camouflaged by the amount of dross that fed greedily off *last* year's hard core.

Wire, Sham 69, The Fall, Worst, Manicured Noise, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Subway Sect, Prefects, Slits — they are strong bands, especially in their attitudes. The Pistols/Clash are the dinosaurs they're reacting against . . .

The Prefects have been together since March this year. Ted on bass, Roots on lead guitar, Paul on drums, Rob on vocals. From Birmingham. Wary animals.

They've been shoved under the carpet. From where, muffled but intent, they giggle and accuse.

Our first meeting was cold and taut, the group unable to believe that I liked them, gradually accepting — just.

"It's just that even people behind us, like you, ask all these dim questions, like 'What is The Prefects about?' Nobody asked Elvis what his songs were about!"

Okay, so I admit it, in vain attempts to set some indignant ball of conversation rolling I asked the dumb one. What kind of group are The Prefects?

"You tell us. You've seen us. We're just it. I think we're good. You tell us. You're the writer."

But don't you think *you* should tell people what you're about?

"People should come and see for themselves and make up their own mind!"

Roots and Paul are brothers, and into "fast rock". Pink Fairies, T Rex, Motorhead. Roots has absorbed reggae over the last few months too. Rob and Paul have a taste for the avant-garde limb of rock. Beefheart, Faust. It's a curious mixture that causes a certain amount of dispute within the band, but also a pulling tension.

A lot of what they play is free-form, improvised; they play to suit themselves. The most telling result of this attitude is a vindictive, powerful piece of music, "Going Through The Motions", born to plug a ten-minute gap in a set. It's overpowering, and a little frightening.

"If people think we're just another punk band to clock on the calendar then who gives a shit about them? We were never really into the 'punk scene' anyway. That sounds hypocritical, because we wear straightleg trousers and have short hair, but there are very few new bands who have impressed any of us, Full Stop!"

They epitomise sublime-to-the-ridiculous. Some songs are seconds long, they have been known to do a "Leader Of The Pack" routine *("Are you really going out with him?" — "What's it to you?")* and a bizarre "Bohemian Rhapsody" — genuine cartoonery.

"Yeah, we sing serious songs, but that doesn't mean you've got to get upset about it. We just throw 'Rhapsody' in for a laugh."

A laugh . . . but there's more to it than that. "The Bristol Road Leads To Dachau" is another strong piece, challenging and tragic.

"In Birmingham we had some really heavy pub bombings," Rob explains. "There was this pub where I used to meet this girl regularly, and once I didn't turn up. The pub got bombed and she was fucked up . . . so I wrote this song. Bristol Road is a big street in Birmingham — *'The Bristol Road leads to Dachau, don't ever believe that you're safe'."*

The Prefects' motto is play it by ear. They have to, Real outsiders — no manager, no agent, too outspoken/set in their ways to keep either.

Few people care. Richard Boon, king sax honker, shrewd observer of the pop scene and manager of Buzzcocks, does. He's given the Prefects more gigs than anyone, and unwittingly helped keep the band together when they supported Buzzcocks on four Scottish dates recently. The reaction there was fulsome enough to halt The Prefects' gloomy plans to split.

"People have offered to make a record with us, but they just want a quick cash-in. Anyway, we're not ready to make a record. We haven't got a stable set — we've got about five songs, and the rest are made up or changed!"

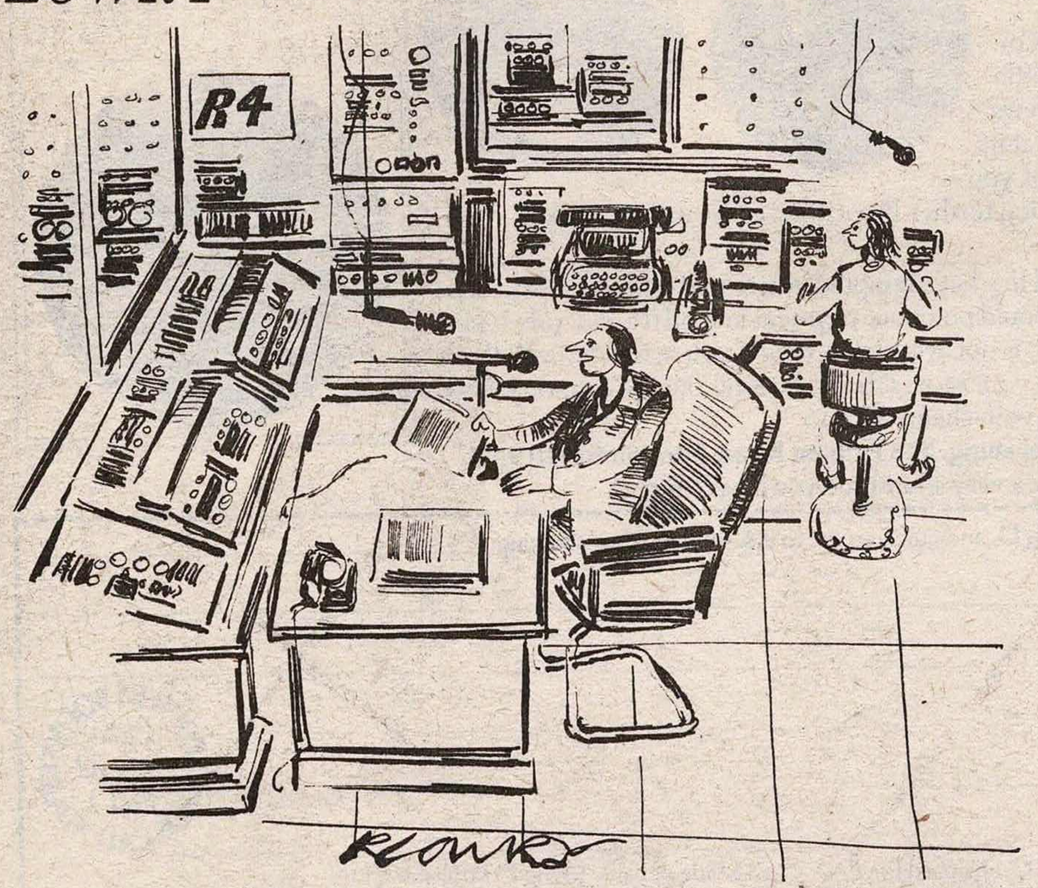
The Prefects are a very suspicious bunch. They'll hate this piece. They're worth keeping an eye on, not so much for what they are now, but for what they could be in a few years' time.

"We're trying to express ourselves, but to laugh about it — not cry."

PAUL MORLEY

BOLLOCKS

LOWRY



"We'd like to apologise to listeners in the Birmingham area for a loss of transmission earlier, and to everybody else for the boringly patronising, middle class tone of our programmes."

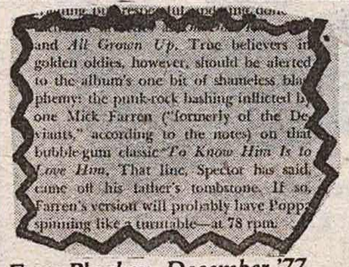
Get going for a song

Choirmaster of Ilkeston's Ebenezer Methodist Church, Len Slaney, who works in the mould boring shop at Stanton, is anxious to hear from singers who would be prepared to augment the choir for a performance of "The Messiah" planned for November 26.

Rehearsals have just begun and all you need do to enjoy a jolly good classical type sing is give him a ring on Ilkeston 321201. Tenor, baritone or bass, all are welcome as also are ladies who would like to get their tonsils round Handel's masterpiece.

So Handel lives — and is into oral sex!

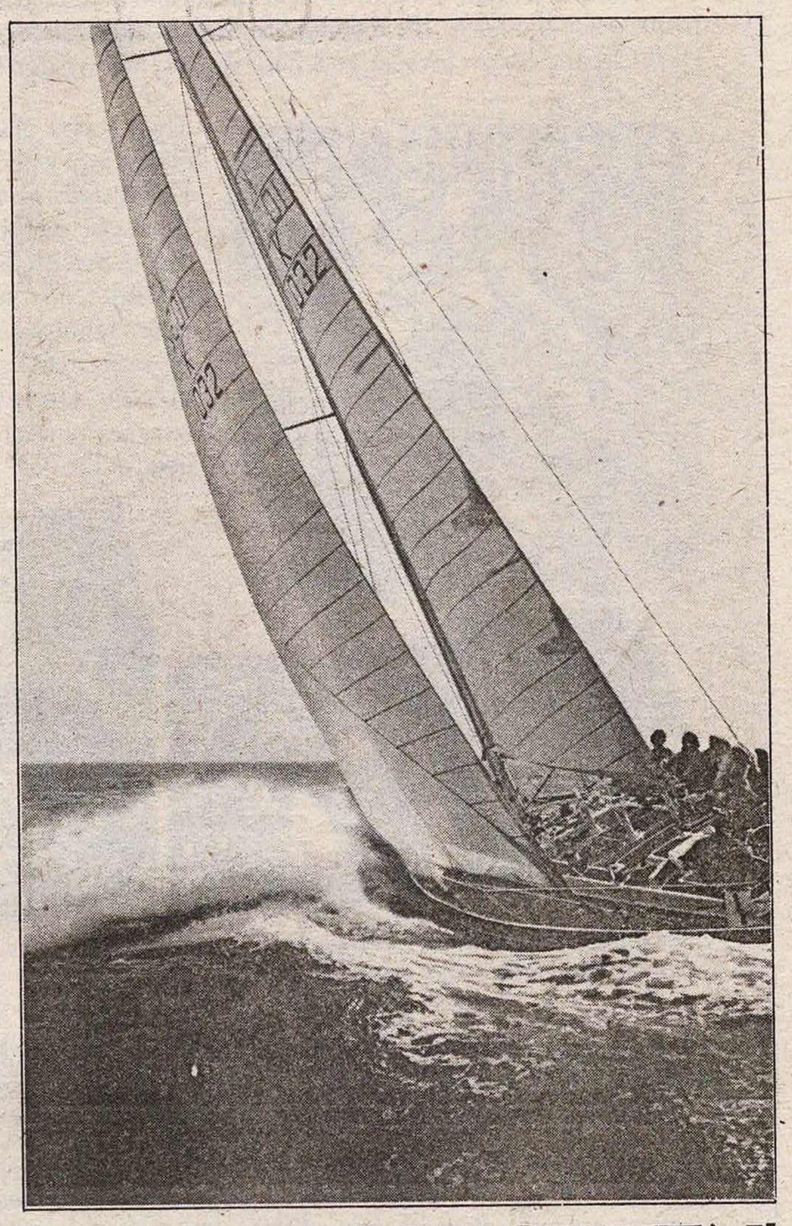
From Steel News, 27·10·77, sent by Dave Mosley of Chesterfield.



and *Ain't Grown Up*. True believers in golden oldies, however, should be alerted to the album's one bit of shameless blasphemy: the punk-rock bashing inflicted by one Mick Farren ("formerly of the Deviants," according to the notes) on that bubble-gum classic *To Know Him Is To Love Him*. That line, Spector has said, came off his father's tombstone. If so, Farren's version will probably have Pop spinning like a turntable—at 78 rpm.

From Playboy, December '77. Micky is unavailable for comment.

STEELEYE SPAN.
THE NEW ALBUM.



'STORM FORCE TEN' IS TEMPESTUOUS

Steeleye's new album 'Storm Force Ten' is out now. And so is their new single, which you won't find on the album, a track called 'Boar's Head Carol', backed with 'Gaudete'/'Some Rival'.

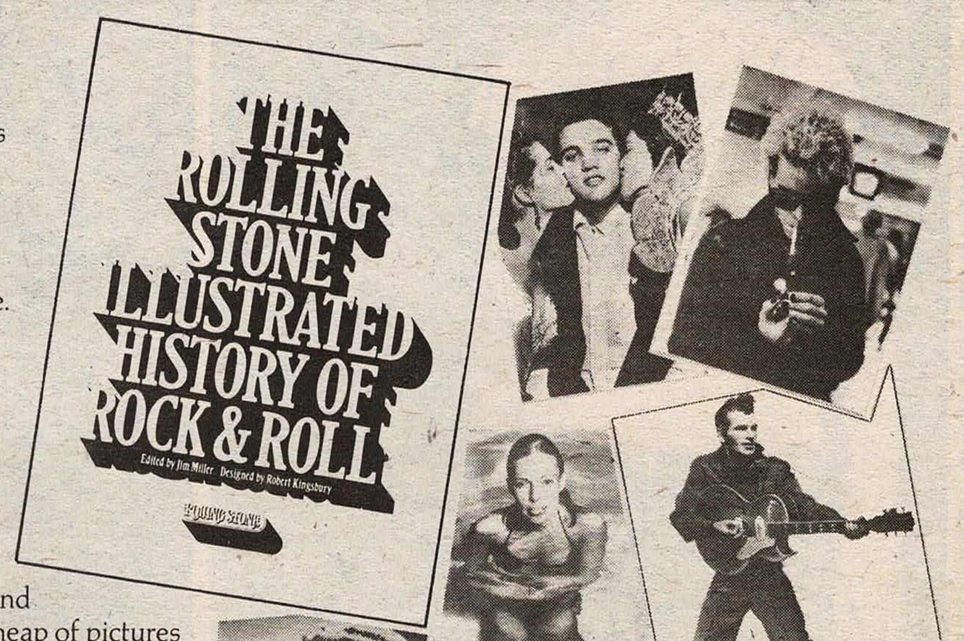
What's more, don't miss Steeleye Span at the Hammersmith Odeon, Dec. 17th.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

HAVE YOU GOT BIG O?

A BUYER'S GUIDE TO GETTING IT

When you're done reading this grimy rag maybe you'll feel like coping with something a little meatier. No, we're talking about books–**Big O** books. Take a look and see if anything catches your eye. If you're strictly a music person, then you can't go wrong with the **Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll.** If anything's meaty it's this. As the venerable CSM Himself said: *The scourge of the massive ultra-heavy-duty-ultimo-serioso rock book. This one makes the others look like mere teenage trash... This is heavy, Jack; the stuff of which doctoral theses are made...the entire faculty of the Kulcher Department at Rock Central University is here, greased and ready to kick ass!* Getting on for 400 monstrously large pages and drenched in well over 800 pictures, many previously unseen, from past and present, the **Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll** has had great reviews everywhere. Well, OK, the *London Evening News* hated it, but then we don't think much of them either.



Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll £4.95

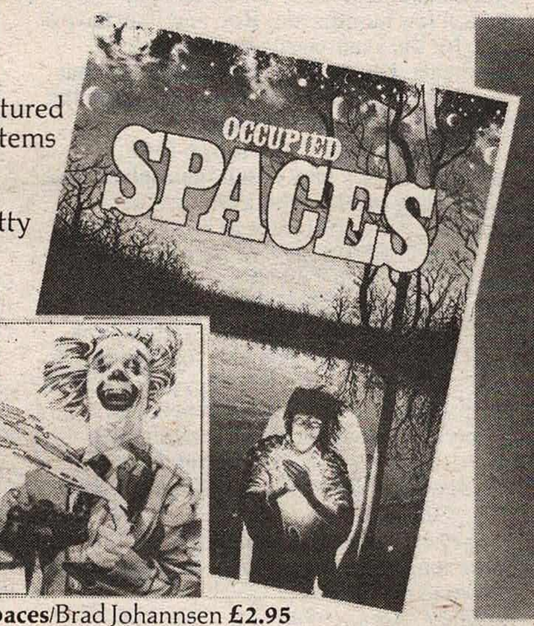
There's a pic of Jerry Lee in the *Rolling Stone* book that's so good it makes you want to start tapping your feet to *Great Balls of Fire.* Really that's just a lousy link to tell you about another book we think you might like to get your mits on. Subtitled **A History of Sex in Science Fiction Illustration, Great Balls of Fire** is hot off the presses. Underline hot. It's a fiercely colourful tale taking in rocket man's fantasies, sex queens of outer space, muscled heroes, boots and bondage, fetishes, sword, sorcery and sexual symbolism. A whole heap of pictures in colour. **Great Balls of Fire** is great to look at but good to read – for anyone who likes sex or science fiction (if you don't like either, most magazines have a problem page at the back somewhere).

Great Balls of Fire/Harry Harrison **£3.95**
Great Balls of Fire is published by *Pierrot Publishing Ltd.*

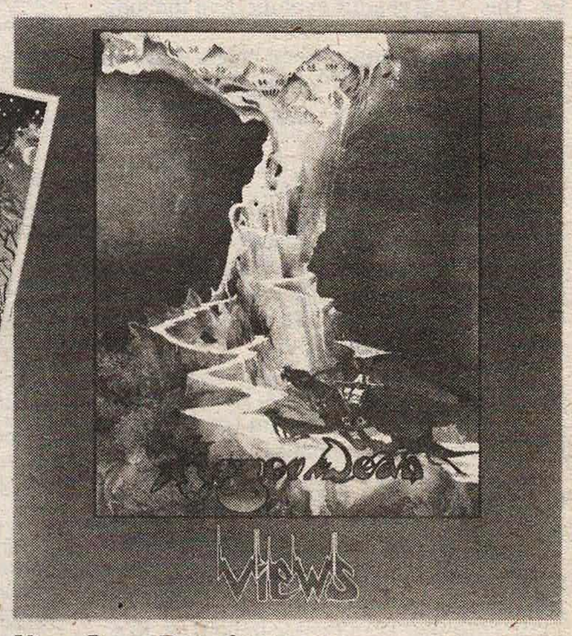
OK, where do we go from here. Let's take a look at what's going for those of you who like immersing yourselves in art and disappearing into Fantasy Land. **Roger Dean** became widely known most of all because of his album sleeves for *Yes.* His best-seller **Views** is now in its second edition. If you haven't seen it you really are missing out. Not only does it demonstrate the substantial part he's played in revolutionising the art of record sleeve design, showing us such things as series of rough sketches that lead up to the factory fresh article in your local browser but also other aspects of his genius such as environmental, architectural and furniture design. **Views** is crammed with full colour illustrations, diagrams – the whole works, plus a really good analysis of the concepts, techniques and methods that make up Roger's unique contribution to contemporary art.

While we're on the subject of art, three other books you might like to know about. And if you're an uncultured roughneck maybe one of your more classy friends would be eternally grateful to receive one of the said items in his or her stocking–who said anything about Christmas?

Occupied Spaces is described in the blurb as a *kaleidoscope of sensuality and portraiture.* And that's really a pretty good description. Overall, it's a shocking visual drama of the drug-orientated culture. Illustrating the paintings are excerpts from many different sources–songs by *Joni Mitchell* and *Jefferson Airplane*, poems by *Arthur Rimbaud*, words from *Garma Chang*, and so on...



Occupied Spaces/Brad Johannsen **£2.95**

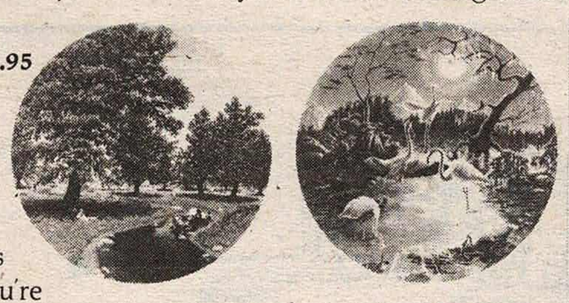


Views/Roger Dean **£4.75**

God Jokes/Abdul Mati Klarwein **£2.95**

God Jokes in full colour throughout displays the art of **Abdul Mati Klarwein,** known widely through his painting *Annunciation*, used as *Santana's Abraxas* album cover. To describe his work it's simpler to quote the artist himself –*Ecstasy is my frame of reference.*

As if all that wasn't too much to take in, **Visions** has to be seen to be believed. The artists displaying their wares in this book came out of San Francisco in the Sixties. Their art was one totally separate from the mainstream. Full colour throughout, no description comes anywhere near to being satisfactory.



Visions/Bay Area Artists **£3.95**

So much for **Big O** books. Are you still with us–right. Old Father Time's soon going to be struggling out of retirement to introduce 1978 to us–and the way things have been going so far we're all going to need a little **Wizardry & Wild Romance** in the coming year. A better way of marking time there isn't. **Rodney Matthews'** vividly compelling illustrations inspired by **Michael Moorcock's** incredible imagery result in *Fantastic Art* at its very best. Not so much a calendar more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. If you're familiar with **Rodney Matthews'** art or **Michael Moorcock's** multi-writings then you won't need convincing further. If not, then all we can say is, skip throwing darts at your *Little Jimmy Osmond* calendar and try this one instead next year.

Wizardry & Wild Romance
1978 Calendar **£3.95**

Should all this have tempted you to part with actual money, and we should point out payment in kind (i.e. old cuban heel boots, etc.) is not acceptable, then if you're too darned idle to loaf off to your nearest bookshop, fill out the coupon below, sending it with cheque/P.O. to
Big O Publishing, 228 Fulham Road, London SW10 9NB,
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POSTERS BOOKS CARDS CALENDARS Hello, we've got Big O

2 NME

WARSAW PAKT (L-R): Lucas Fox, Andy Colquhoun, Chris Underhill, John Walker, Jimmy Coull.

MANKIND TAKES ANOTHER GREAT LEAP FORWARD WITH . . .

THE INSTANT ALBUM

IF THIS IS TRULY THE AGE of Andy Warhol's "Everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes" edict, it was inevitable that someone would come up with a recording process to match. After all, were you to spend, say, six months making your record, you could well find that by the time you'd finished it your fifteen minutes had come and gone while you weren't paying attention.

Warsaw Pakt neatly surmounted this problem — and at the same time made history — by recording their first album just after midnight on Sunday morning and having the initial press-run of 5,000 copies in the shops *by Monday morning,* courtesy of a fabulous new recording technique.

Normally, music is recorded on tape, then edited, dubbed, etc, until the required sound is achieved. From the finished tape a master disc is cut. This is then used to make the stampers, which in turn produce the final vinyl delight. A long process.

It is possible, however, to bypass the tape and record, via the mixing desk, and to record straight on to the master disc. This gives an exceptionally loud and bright sound, but leaves no room for mistakes; if you get it wrong you simply have to stop and start again.

Which is why, despite its benefits in terms of sound quality, this process has so far only been used commercially by a small U.S. MOR company catering for hi-fi buffs.

Obviously, though, for a modern beat group eschewing studio indulgence for a raw and raunchy sound it is an ideal method. It's quick, it's cheap (because so little studio time is involved) — and, on this occasion at least, it's also pretty nerve-wracking.

This was because it was the first time the process had been tried by Trident Studios (in fact, the first time ever in Europe) and though the theory was sound, there was still the imminent possibility of a £4,000 cutting head going up in smoke due to high sound levels.

It was also nerve-wracking because Warsaw Pakt had to play each side of their album straight through *as it was cut on to the master,* with the nagging knowledge that any mistakes were irretrievable. This they finally did to the satisfaction of all concerned after three weeks' solid rehearsal, copious amounts of dutch courage, and a couple of dry runs at the twelve tracks they'd chosen.

As the shrill air of the recording studio grows flaccid once more, *Thrills* extrapolates . . .

Trident had had the technique and the hardware for some time and had been looking for a group willing to try it out. Warsaw Pakt were interested.

So they've now proved it can be done. They recorded their album in one evening and, thanks to a pressing plant on overtime, the initial orders really were in the shops within a day.

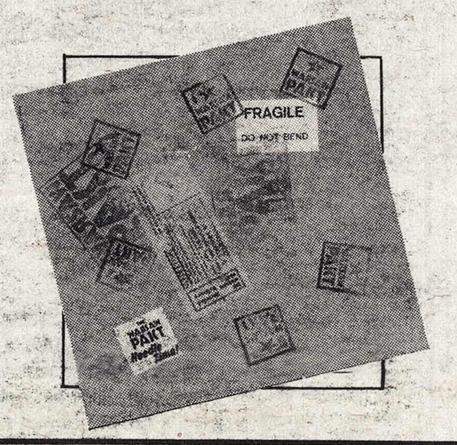
So could this be the dawn of an era of instant records?

Certainly. For bands who want a loud, live sound and can do it without overdubs or editing it seems a great way to record — if not for albums, then at least for singles. It's also relatively cheap.

To add a little perspective, though, whilst all this was going on, more recording history was being made elsewhere at Trident. By linking two 24-track machines together they also achieved the distinction of being the first 48-track studio in Europe.

PAUL RAMBALI

BOLLOCKS



The finished artefact — cut on Sunday, reached NME Monday, reviewed Tuesday (see page 43).

SOUTHSIDE DOES A BUNK

SEEMS YOU CAN'T trust no one these days — specially musicians! I mean, after all the trouble that had gone into making a secret Nashville gig possible for them on Monday, Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes were the last people you'd expect to do a moonlight without telling a soul.

Nevertheless, that's exactly what happened — and the hundreds who ankled along to the West London watering hole expecting the Jukes to appear were in for a bitter disappointment.

Precisely why the Jukes slipped out of Britain on Saturday morning — blowing out a show at Strathclyde University the same night — has still to be clarified.

"Contracts had been exchanged for the Nashville," insists Bron agency booker Steve Hedges. "I can't find an understandable reason for them to blow out the date — though it was rumoured that two members of the band were taken ill on Friday in Cardiff."

CBS press officer Jonathan Morrish was unable to fill in the missing pieces, though he suggested that they were suffering from battle fatigue.

The original plan to play the Nashville came together after the Jukes' first visit to Britain. The band had hung-out at the Nashville on that trip, and played an impromptu jam there with Clover and Graham Parker. Thus inspired, they expressed a desire to play the establishment on their next return visit.

So a date was secured, the band already booked for that night (The Stukas) gracefully agreed to step down, and the Jukes were advertised under the thinly disguised pseudonym of The Sugar Miami Band.

On his regular Sunday BBC Radio London show *Honky Tonk,* Charlie Gillett — after airing a pre-recorded interview with Mr Southside — informed his listeners that the band would be playing a surprise gig on Monday and dropped large hints about the venue.

***Thrills* broke the no-show bad news to Gillett just hours before the Jukes were scheduled to take the stage. To use the vernacular, Gillett was sick as a parrot.**

"All day long," he remarked, "I've been inundated with phone calls asking where the gig would take place. I guess, now that they've pulled out, I've caused more trouble than it's worth.

"However," he concluded philosophically, "whoever *does* play the Nashville this evening is guaranteed a full house!"

At presstime, the jukes could not be contacted in America for a suitable explanation, or to confirm / deny if they will return to tour with Aretha Franklin.

Musicians — who needs 'em anyway!

ROY CARR

BOLLOCKS

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Tue	6	Kirk Levington Country Club – Cleveland
Thu	8	Tiffanies–Bournmouth
Fri	9	Birmingham University – Edgbaston – Birmingham
Sat	10	Brighton Poly Students Union – Brighton
Tue	13	Teeside Poly Students Union – Teeside
Wed	14	Clouds Nightspot – Preston
Thu	15	Essex University Students Union – Colchester
Fri	16	Alsager College Students Union – Alsager – Cheshire – Stoke on Trent
Sat	17	Bolton Institute of Technology Students Union – Bolton

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NEW HEARTS

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'JUST ANOTHER TEENAGE ANTHEM'

It comes in a special 2 colour bag-
In fact you're looking at it now!

Get the single-
see them on tour
We think you'll agree
THEYRE REALLY
QUITE EXTREME!

5800 CBS Records Produced by Kenny Laguna

On tour with The Jam

CLASH TOURISTS IN MORE IRISH TROUBLES

"I DON'T RESPECT journalists and I don't care about students!"

Bernard Rhodes lashes the cowering journalist as she holds the phone away from her ear in horror. What can have brought about the Clash manager's ire?

One simple question. Did you or did you not fix up a December tour of Northern Ireland to replace last month's aborted Ulster Hall gig, and have you or have you not now blown out that tour?

Rhodes is reluctant to comment either way.

***Thrills* had cause to telephone Bernard after Frank McHenry, Social Secretary of the New University of Ulster at Coleraine, contacted us to complain about The Clash pulling out of a gig he'd booked for them in December.**

The extraordinary reason he'd heard for the band's withdrawal was that they were on holiday in Jamaica.

Initially this seemed somewhat far-fetched. After all, Mick Jones had been seen at the Marquee earlier in the week. We put it to CBS Records, but drew a blank. They knew nothing of either a tour or a Jamaican holiday.

So we turned to Bernard Rhodes.

Eventually, after acquainting us with his lack of interest in "bookworms", and with the fact that "the kids in the street don't read *NME* — the kids in the street don't *read,"* he addressed himself to the Northern Ireland problem.

"Until we have confirmation that everything is organised over there, we won't be going there again. I can't believe that everything has changed in four weeks."

So you didn't fix up a tour?

"I didn't arrange any dates over there myself."

This may be so, but *someone* has been setting up Clash gigs in Ulster. Not only was Coleraine booked, but it now transpires that the band were pencilled in for an appearance at Queens University, Belfast, on Deeember 16. This was subsequently cancelled — the story again being that the band were going on holiday.

Queens are still negotiating for a Clash gig this side of Christmas.

So *are* the band in Jamaica?

Yes, it seems they really are. Joe Strummer and Mick Jones have flown out to see Lee Perry, who invited them over there after he helped Micky Foote produce The Clash's brilliant "Complete Control" single in London over the summer.

Meanwhile reports from Belfast indicate that things have shaped up surprisingly quickly since the Ulster Hall debacle. A Students' Union referendum after the Clash visit came out in favour of punks appearing at Queens, and the S.U. assure us there are no insurance problems, as they take care of those matters themselves.

On top of that, Belfast City Council are considering providing their own insurance cover for events at the city's main venue, the Ulster Hall — scene of the recent cancellations of both the Clash and Stranglers shows.

● A MAJOR QUESTION MARK also seems to hang over the London Rainbow gigs which The Clash announced last week. The question mark is Mick Jones, who told *Thrills* at the Marquee that he is determined *not* to do the Rainbow.

"I hate the place," Jones said. "I think the way they treat the kids there is disgusting. There's no way I'm gonna play there."

Mick's hatred for the Rainbow stems from the gig the band played there earlier this year. The volatile Clash audience did not mix well with the Rainbow's muscle-bound "security" staff, and carnage resulted.

Apart from Jones' concern for kids getting hurt, he's also aware that the media backlash after the last debacle was largely contributory to the paranoia of venues now in booking The Clash.

So why don't The Clash play the Roundhouse? Well, it seems there's an old feud between Roundhouse promoter John Curd and Clash manager Bernie Rhodes, dating back to the time when the band were advertised for weeks as support to John Cale. When the gig finally rolled around it was Generation X, not The Clash, who showed up, and Mick Jones' best friend, Gen X bassist Tony James, sported a T-shirt claiming that "The Clash were never booked".

Relations were not helped any when The Clash were all thrown out of the Roundhouse prior to The Ramones' visitation this year, either.

But that was then. "John Curd and Bernie should patch up the differences they've had in the past," asserts Mick Jones. "This is much more important."

AMY PROSSER
TONY PARSONS
COLIN McCLELLAND

BOLLOCKS

£5000 OF HI-FI PRIZES TO BE WON!

IN THE SPECTACULAR

STARSPANGLED NAMEDROPPER Competition

Here are 40 top artists who can be found on the Warner Brothers, Elektra/Asylum, Atlantic and associated labels.

GEORGE BENSON · BONEY M · DOORS · JACKSON BROWNE · AMERICA · RY COODER · ALICE COOPER DOOBIE BROS · CSN+NEIL YOUNG · DAVE EDMUNDS EAGLES · ELP · FLEETWOOD MAC · FOREIGNER · FOUR SEASONS · DAVID GATES + BREAD · ANDREW GOLD EMMYLOU HARRIS · LED ZEPPELIN · LITTLE FEAT · YES MANHATTAN TRANSFER · TRAMMPS · RALPH McTELL JONI MITCHELL · VAN MORRISON · CANDI STATON ROD STEWART · SMALL FACES · LINDA RONSTADT TODD RUNDGREN · FRANK SINATRA · ZAPPA + MOTHERS · JESSE WINCHESTER · ROLLING STONES CARLY SIMON · BONNIE RAITT · AWB · ROSE ROYCE DETROIT SPINNERS.

All you have to do is to use your skill and judgement to select the three artists that you believe we have chosen as having the strongest AMERICAN connection, bearing in mind that the names of these artists have another very strong link . . .

The three starspangled names are being held in a sealed envelope under lock and key.

All the correct entries will be put into a grand draw on 25th January 1978.

The first three correct entries picked out will each receive a Hi-Fi system comprising:

Wharfedale Airedale SP Loudspeakers – Akai GXC 730D Cassette Deck – Rotel RX 803 Receiver – Akai APO03 Turntable.

The next two correct entries picked out will each receive a Hi-Fi system comprising:

Wharfedale Glendale 3XP Loudspeakers – Akai CS702D Cassette Deck – Rotel RX 402 Receiver – Akai's APO01 Turntable.

ROTEL AKAI WHARFEDALE

We then have 10 pairs of Akai ASE7 Headphones and 10 pairs of Rotel RH640 Headphones – one pair to be given to each of the 20 runners up! Winners will be notified by 31/1/78.

How to enter

When you buy the new Rod Stewart album or perhaps the Stones 'Love You live' or **any** LP, cassette or 8 track by one of the 40 artists listed here, your record dealer will stamp and give you your free Starspangled entry form.

Remember, your dealer must stamp, or mark the entry form in some other way, to confirm your purchase.

Fill in the form, send it off and await the call! Alternatively, provide proof of your purchase, write the three names on a card mentioning the other connection and send this to:

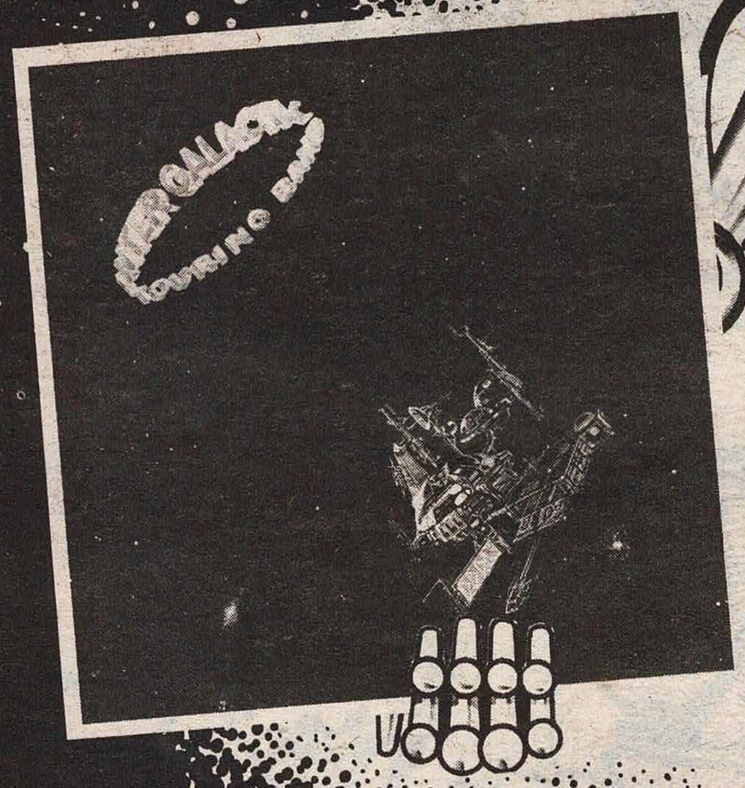
Starspangled Namedropper Competition, P.O.Box 358, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 2BJ.

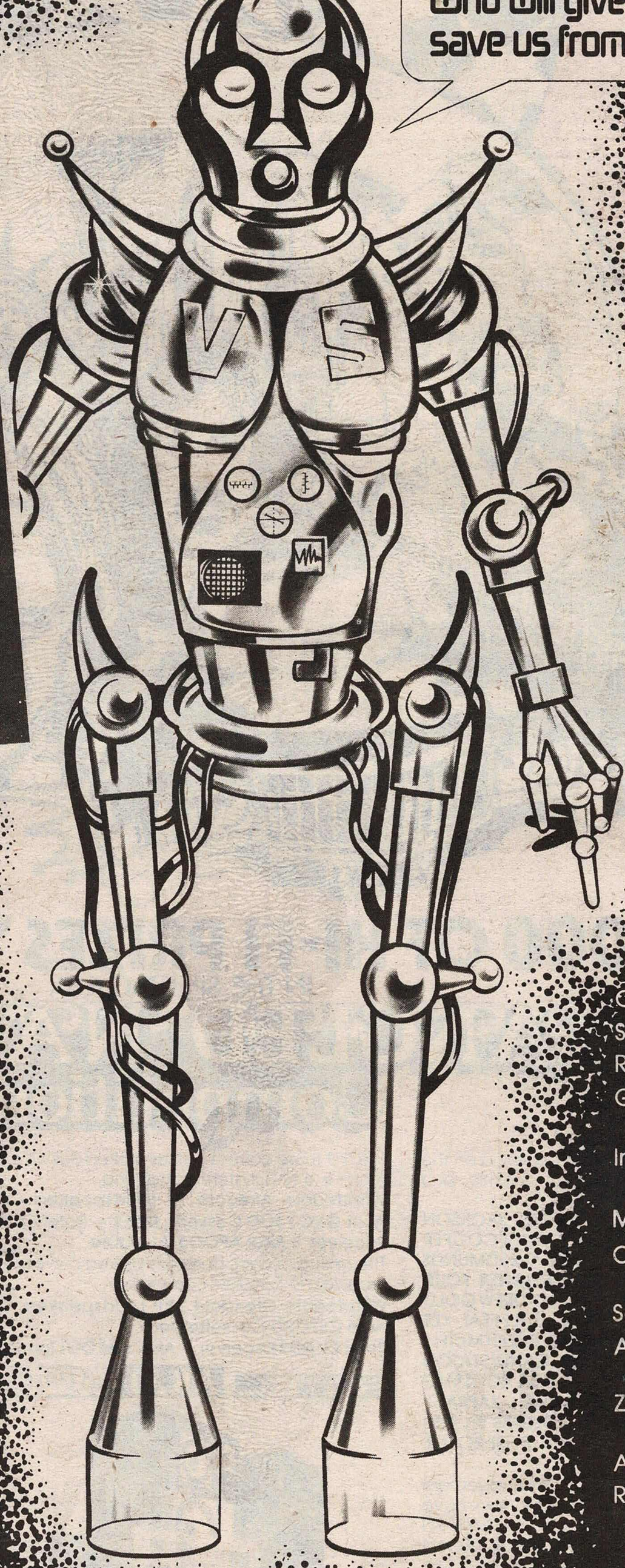
The more albums you buy the more times you can enter – there is no limit!

Competition closes 13th January 1978.

A full set of rules can be obtained by sending a SAE to **wea** Records Limited, Marketing Department, 20 Broadwick Street, London, W1V 2BH.

INTERGALACTIC TOURING BAND





INTERGALACTIC TOURING BAND CDS 4009

CAST (In Alphabetical Order)

Rod Argent, Steve Barth, Danny Beckerman, David Bedford, Arthur Brown, Ryche Chlanda, Clarence Clemens, Irene Conrad, Dave Cousins, Jim Cuomo, Frank D'Agostino, Larry Fast, Annie Haslam, Mighty Young Joe Intile, Percy Jones, Joel Krantz, Ben. E. King, Jeffrey Leynor, Wil Malone, Pepe Marchello, Meatloaf, Kermit Moore, Mr. Snips, Rick Parfitt, Anthony Phillips, Frank Prescod, Harry Rabinowitz, Marge Raymond, Francis Rossi, Shelly Thompson, John Tropea,

This LP was mixed using the Aphex Aural Exciter.

You can hear the difference.

ON TOUR

Satellite Club, Mars.
Rocket Room, Venus.
Galileo Memorial Halls, Saturn.
Interstellar Bowl, Jupiter.
Meteor Club, Neptune.
Cosmic Comet, Mercury.
Solar Palais, Uranus.
Apollo Gardens, the Moon.
Zodiac Centre, New Earth.
Astroid Stadium, Pluto.
Rainbow, Haleys Comet.

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NATTY DREAD BEAT DOWN BIRMINGHAM

STEEL PULSE (L-R): David Hands (gtr), Steve Nesbitt (drms), Michael Riley (vcls), Selwyn Brown (kbds), Alfonso Martin (vcls), Basil Jabbidom (gtr), Ronald McQueen (bass).

DOWN AT THE ROOTS something a stir. Down at the cold concrete roots of black British life.

Past cultural realities: the white kid wants to join a band and be a rock star. Or be a footballer. The black kid wants to boss the toughest sound system in town, or else be a singer — reggae star, soul star.

That's flip, but it serves to highlight why it's only recently that there's been a full-scale flowering of black British reggae bands — *bands* in the sense of rock band; a self-sustaining musical and vocal unit. Surrounded by rock bands, soul bands, and, comparatively recently, by Jamaican reggae bands (apart from The Wailers there's only really been Third World), it's logical that second generation black Britons should finally follow suit.

And what bands they are: Matumbi, The Cimarons, Aswad, Black Slate, Delroy Washington & Zabandis, Steel Pulse — all playing reggae in a way that their Jamaican contemporaries never can — in the pubs, sweaty cellars, and draughty halls bequeathed Britain from Victoria's reign. There's something ironic and uplifting about seeing The Cimarons chanting down Babylon in Hackney Town Hall, the greying images of the dead Empire looking down from the walls, or seeing Steel Pulse pillorying the Ku Klux Klan in some nineteenth century gin palace.

Steel Pulse are typical of the British black new, er, way. Musically and lyrically they're skilled and inventive.

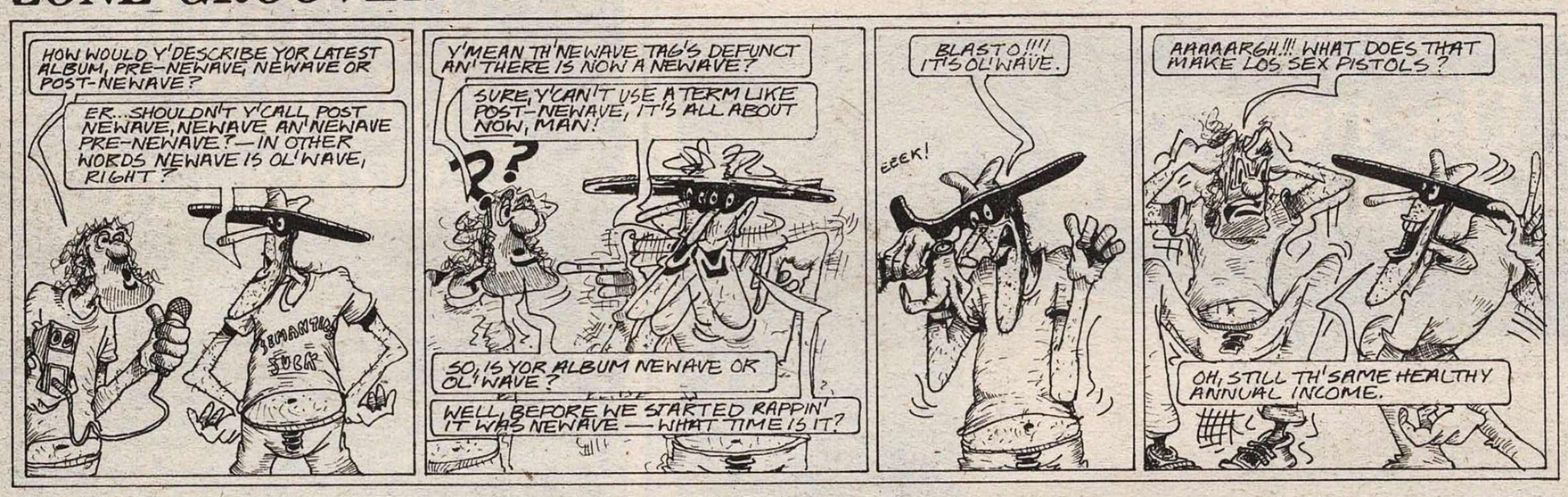
For one thing, there's a lot of them (whoever heard of reggae four-piece?); they're young (average age early twenties); they write their own material, they're musically skilled and rhythmically compelling, and are totally captivating live.

It seems wrong to single out one band from what's happening at UK roots at present, but it's Pulse who are rapidly emerging as the front-runners for cross-over success. Like The Cimarons and Black Slate, they've played punk venues, usually to strongly favourable reaction. They played admirable support to Burning Spear on the man's memorable recent visit; they were featured in *The London Weekend Show* last Sunday; and they have a fine single out on Anchor ("Nyah Love") that's lodged near the top of the reggae charts.

Once seen, Pulse are hard to forget. Sartorially they range through African robes to militant chic to Great Gatsby to tail coats to lead singer Michael Riley's priest vestments and most points between. They're a seven-piece; two guitars, bass, drums, keyboards, two harmonicas, percussion beyond counting, six hats, several beards, five excellent voices and seven pairs of shades (the resultant lack of eyeball-to-eyeball with an audience being one of their few shortcomings).

● *Continues next page*

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*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ER...SHOULDN'T Y'CALL POST NEWAVE, NEWAVE AN' NEWAVE PRE-NEWAVE? — IN OTHER WORDS NEWAVE IS OL' WAVE, RIGHT?
Y'MEAN TH' NEWAVE TAG'S DEFUNCT AN' THERE IS NOW A NEWAVE?
SURE, Y'CAN'T USE A TERM LIKE POST-NEWAVE, IT'S ALL ABOUT NOW, MAN!
??
SO, IS YOR ALBUM NEWAVE OR OL' WAVE?
WELL, BEFORE WE STARTED RAPPIN' IT WAS NEWAVE — WHAT TIME IS IT?
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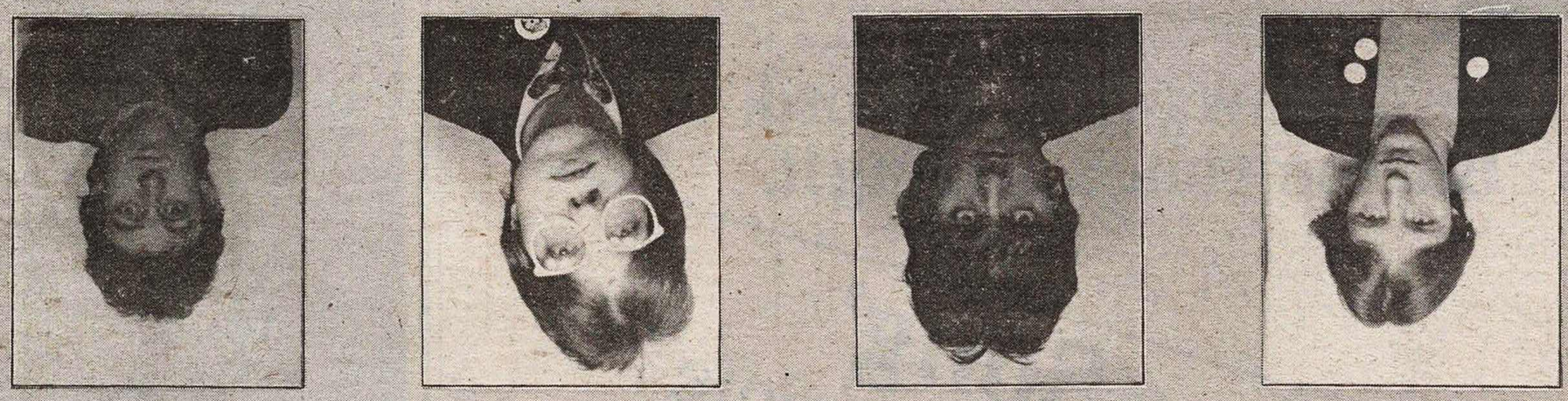

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DO YOU WANT TO BE FAMOUS AND APPEAR IN NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS FOR A WEEK?

● *Further Pulsations*

"We'd seen other groups and no matter how good the music we still got bored," is how Michael puts it. "There has to be something more, to make the mind forget the feet, so we worked on the visual thing."

One of the visuals the group came up with was for the two front men to wear the triangular white hoods of the Klan during "Ku Klux Klan" (a real mind twister, as you can imagine), but their visual dynamism goes beyond costumes.

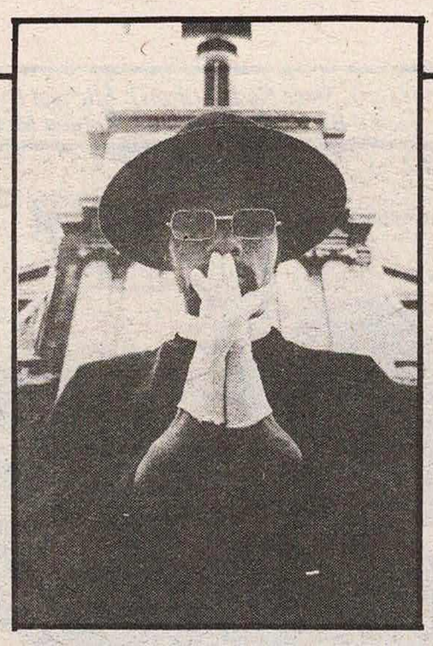
Their line-up also allows numerous permutations in sound and texture during the show. They can sing glorious five-part acapella harmony, play hard-hitting rockers, improvise in-number dubs, throw in some fine instrumental solos, and generally put on a show that knows how to grab an audience and tighten its grip.

It's a feel that comes from years of second string gigs and endless hours packed in a motorway bound Transit — for me a more *rootsy* and accessible feel than that of a polished JA hybrid like Third World.

Steel Pulse — "people thought we were a steel band at first" — met at school in Handsworth, Birmingham, and played their first gig there at a pub called the Crompton three years ago. From this they moved to playing the round of black clubs on what Michael calls a "dead end circuit . . . it's fun playing there and it goes down well, but that's the beginning and end of it.

"We were going nowhere quickly." They cut a single for Dip Records — "Kubulah Upsetter" — an experience which lead guitar Basil Jabbidom says made them "wary of little producers".

A breakthrough of sorts was when they



were invited to play the Vortex with Generation X in one of the first punk/reggae collaborations.

"It was an experiment that worked," says Michael. "We were scared they wouldn't like us, about getting stuff thrown at us, pint pots and stuff, but it went down well."

Since then they've shared the bill with several punk bands, as well as playing rock venues like the Nashville in their own right.

"The punks expect you to get fed up and walk off if they gob and throw things at you — we've had a lot of that at some places — but at the end of it all you still get good applause. We played with The Stranglers and they told the kids, 'Look, we like 'em so stop chucking things.' Then Jet Black told us that we had to tell the audience what we wanted. 'Hit 'em with a mike stand if you have to,' he said."

So how about this great punk cross-over for reggae?

"Well I have to say one thing straight away," says Boris. "I don't like the idea of 'Jah Punk', we don't like that phrase . . . "

Nothing to do with me squire, Viv Goldman's invention that,. Delroy Washington don't like it either (and more about Delroy soon). But reggae does have a strong following among the punks.

"Yeah well, the *Sounds* front page was great," says Michael, "but it's got to the point where people in Handsworth call us a black punk band, which is stupid."

"Them no sure what we are," adds Boris.

"Reggae is fashionable at the moment," offers Michael. "People think they should like it cos they been told they should. But also reggae now is like rock was at the beginning — just about a good time. The music's simple and you can dance to it . . . it's refreshing."

Good time, sure, but Steel Pulse and reggae as a whole transcend that and stand for a lot more; like Pulse's attack on the Klan (liable to be their next single). The group are also working on a companion number pitched against the Nazional Front. In short, they don't lack commitment, though they don't let it blind them to the joys of their music.

Oh, and black kids also get to be footballers these days. You think it's an accident that Laurie Cunningham's pulling on an England shirt the same time as all these bands are emerging? No, this is the start of an, ulp, Whole New Thing. Change is now.

NEIL SPENCER

BOLLOCKS

OZZY: BEYOND BLACK SABBATH

IN THE PAST Ozzy Osbourne has often over-dramatised the state of both his mental and physical health, but as he now relates his reasons for leaving Black Sabbath he shudders convincingly.

Never one to ignore a theatrical moment, he lurks in the shadows of the lounge in his remote Staffordshire cottage. Flames from the open fire seem to leap at his back, and outside a howling wind batters noisily into the windows and doors like a collecting agency from the graveyard.

He couldn't have engineered a better setting, as he announces that if he hadn't quit the Sabs he would have become an alcoholic, and eventually would have been carried offstage in his coffin.

"I was drinking like a fish for two years," Ozzy explains. "It was just getting worse and worse, off one thing and on to another. Finally I nearly ended up an alcoholic.

"We'd come offstage, for instance, and I'd just go straight to the bar. Perhaps I'd meet one of the band there, but I wouldn't drink for the sake of having a good time. I'd just drink to get out of the way.

"And that's when you've got to say to yourself, 'Hey man, there's something wrong'.

"You're just going through the day, just to get on the stage for an hour to do your gig, just to go home, get stoned and go to bed. The next day's the same. There was no excitement.

"I would have been dead in two or three years if I'd carried on. I *know* I would. And I don't think anything's worth giving your life up for."

Although the official statement about Osbourne's departure was only recently made, it's now two months since he left. He had walked out before, he says, but had always reconsidered his position and returned.

This time he refused.

Of course, something must have caused him to go on his two year binge, when he found it necessary to be drunk by mid-afternoon. But he's still not entirely sure why he was in such a desperate state, and even feels guilty about leaving.

"I realise I've let a lot of people down," he comments sadly, "because it's never going to be the same again for the people who liked Sabbath then.

"We haven't left on bad terms. But who knows — it may turn out that way, because time has a weird way of eroding a friendship. I wouldn't say the band screwed me up. But there were a lot of personality clashes."

As the interview unfolds it's apparent that he had innumerable reasons for getting out.

Musically he was frustrated. He was caught in a vicious trap of not liking their last album, which many reviewers thought was some kind of progression, and yet being bored with concert audiences demanding the same old material all the time.

When it's suggested that heavy metal is doomed because of the emergence of punk, and maybe he scampered off before his credibility was undermined further, he partly agrees. Only partly, though.

He admits that the idea of Sabbath using elaborate studio facilities and orchestras when recording was ridiculous.

"That's rubbish to me," he says angrily. "You can get away with it with Yes and ELP, but Black Sabbath was a backstreet band — like the punk thing, if you like.

"I'm not saying we were before punk, but in our own way we were what the punk groups are now: a people's band.

"I don't want to play it, but I'm into the new wave because you don't have to be a brain surgeon to listen to it. It's just a simple, down-to-earth music that people can tap out on a tin lid."

Even so, Ozzy has a sneaking suspicion that the Sabs themselves had realised their days were numbered, and that to survive a radical new image was needed.

"I don't know whether it was a subtle way to get me out of the band," he muses aloud. "Because they knew they had to change, and the only way they could was by getting a different front man.

● *Oz moseys onto next page*

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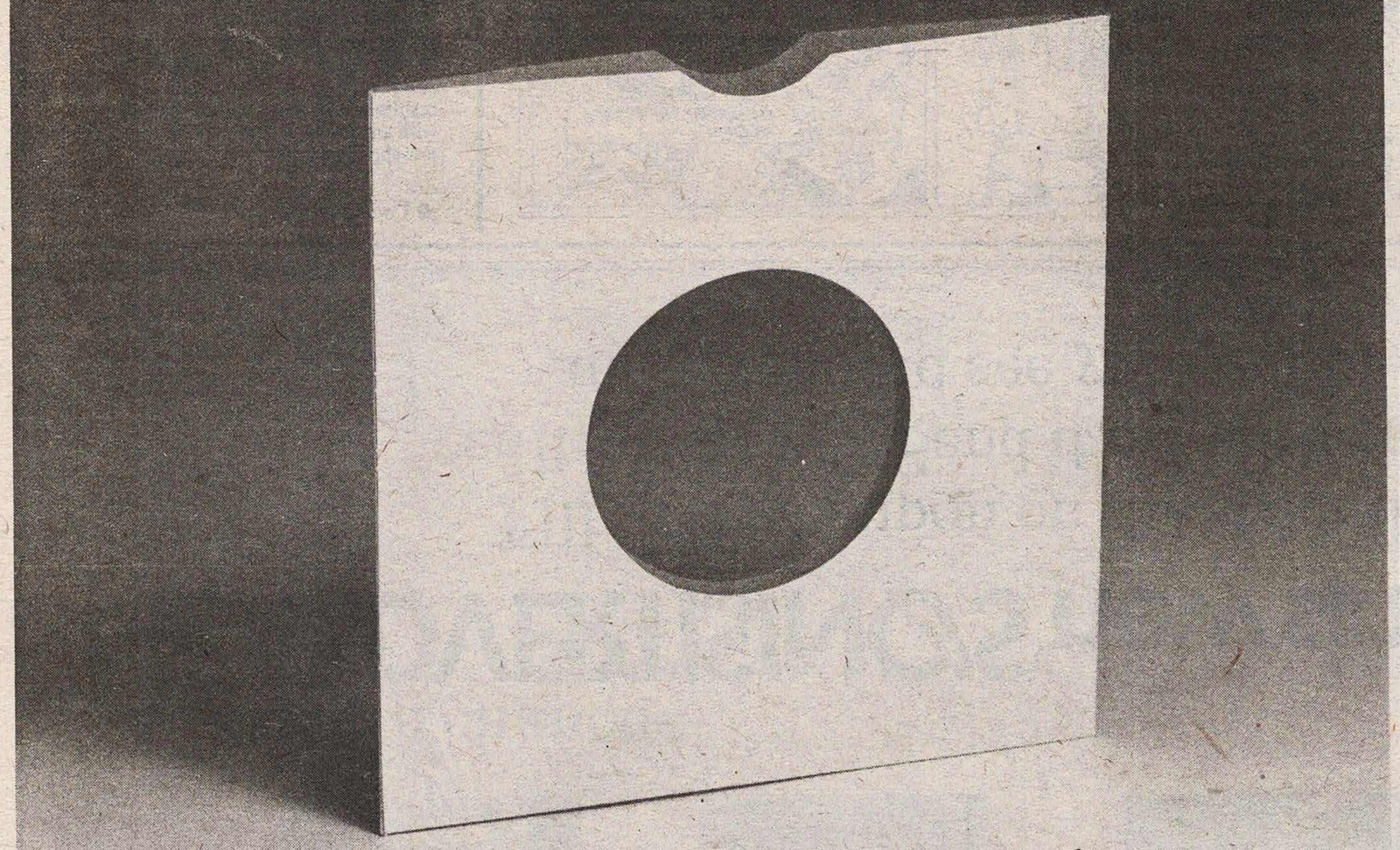

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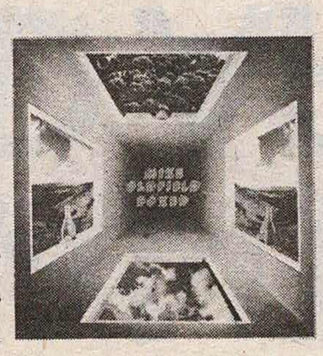

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CBS Records & Tapes

OZZY LOOKS BLACK

● *From previous page*

"People don't really know how black my Sabbath was over the years," he chuckles.

"All I wanted to do was make records and get on that stage, and that's all I should *have* to do. But you've got to be like Bamber Gascoigne to wade through all the pieces of paper that are involved to get up there and do it.

"I think the business is fucked. There are too many people sitting on their arseholes and doing nothing for vast amounts of money. There's so much talent out there who're so frightened to get involved, because they think they're going to end up floating down the River Thames in a pair of concrete wellingtons.

"The business," he decides, with what seems obvious good reason, "is like a rosy red apple at the front, with a big crab at the back."

You might, in the light of this, expect him to scurry straight away from it all — but instead he is going to form his own band, The Blizzard Of Oz. Knowing how the business operates, and suffering it for nine years with Sabbath, it seems somewhat perverse for him to want to return.

Already the carrion crows of the industry have swooped down at him.

"I've been approached by several sharks and crooks in the business," he explains, "and some of the deals I've been offered went out with Al Capone."

He is willing to try again because this time, he optimistically predicts, he'll do it differently.

In a field behind his cottage he has parked a red and white coach, and when the new band is formed they'll live in this while touring small venues and universities — whereas with Sabbath he hit the big time too quickly and couldn't handle it.

"We all thought we were tin gods. But at the end of the day it just turned round and kicked us in the teeth. I just want a simple life for a while. I just want to be an ordinary, everyday, run-of-the-mill guy.

"Inside I ain't a tin god. I ain't a tin of beans walking around. And that's what I began to feel like: a product. 'Buy Ozzy Osbourne and he'l clean your carpet faster than anything else'.

"I'll do it again, but I'll do it comfortably. I won't ever let myself be prostituted again."

At the moment his future is by no means certain. He still wants to play rock, but hasn't yet found musicians to work with. If it doesn't work out for him then he'll start labouring jobs, as he doubts if he even has enough money saved to support him for a year.

But his enthusiasm refuses to allow him to seriously consider that possibility. He'll form the Blizzard, he says breezily, it's just that his process of selecting the right guy is rigorous. "I don't want any ego-trippers, I don't want any suck-arses, and I don't want any leeches. And I don't want any people to think they're going to walk into a band and expect it to be *there!*

"It's like the man who climbed the mountain. Once he's climbed the mountain what does he do? Lie down for the rest of his life? There's another mountain he can climb up the road."

With that, Ozzy peers cautiously out of his lounge window, almost as if he expected Everest to have been spirited into his back garden.

TONY STEWART

BOLLOCKS

IF THE BEER DON'T GETCHA THE ROCK'N'ROLL WILL

THREE NIGHTS into the Hope & Anchor's Front Row Festival, and there's despondency on Upper Street. The Sunsets (a.k.a. Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets except that Shakin' himself is taking a sabbatical to play Elvis in that musical) have broken down in transit (as it were), which means that rock's off tonight, dear.

It's startime at Britain's Ultimate Rock Venue these three weeks: a stellar assortment of bands who've happened on a large scale this year but who still retain an affection for the joys of sweaty cellars. As ever-more-massive stadia and auditoria beckon to the likes of The Stranglers (who played the Front Row Festival's opening night), an opportunity to get that face-to-face contact with an audience again is something of a treat.

"We always say that everyone's in the front row at the Hope," rumbles H&A head honcho Big John Eichler, tugging at his beard in his upstairs living room above the pub. "You can hear everything. Maybe you can't see too well, but you can sure as hell *feel* it."

Bosses of other London rock and roll pubs have, Eichler says, been popping in to check the Hope out in an attempt to unravel the secret of its success, to find out just what it is that makes the Hope so good.

"What they all notice is that in the mornings, you can still hear the music in the walls. There seems to be a residue of sound in that cellar. If no-one's played for a couple of nights it seems to die away a little, but after all this time all the rock and roll that's gone down here seems to have seeped into the walls.

"I've had people down here from the breweries — very straight people who know nothing about rock and roll — and they've felt it too. There's just something about that cellar . . ."

Which is why there'd be no temptation at all for Eichler to shift the Hope to larger premises. That little cellar has — as anyone who's been there can readily testify — astonishingly good natural acoustics, a fact noted with surprise and delight by the engineers who're doing a live album of the festival. Plus the size and shape of the room enables a band to rev up and generate a flashpoint energy explosion which can provide a perfect rock and roll night out.

There's no better place to see a good band than at the Hope, which is why the front Row Festival — with its deliriously stellar cast list — should entail virtually a nightly pilgrimage down to Upper Street. From Wilko Johnson to X-Ray Spex, Phil Rambow / Mick Ronson to Tom Robinson — with Steel Pulse, The Pirates, The Stranglers and Tyla Gang among those who'll have already played by the time you read this — they'll be paying their respects to the Hope and to the people who originally went to see them there.

The Front Row Festival is actually the fourth such event that the Hope has put on. The first, the Festival Of Real Music, was originally intended to be held open-air in nearby Highbury Fields. This was at the stage generally referred to by social historians as the Period Of The Great Disillusionment With Pub Rock, which is why Eichler was reluctant to bill it as a pubrock bash even though it finally moved back into the Hope premises. With featured bands like Ducks Deluxe, Brinsley Schwarz, Kokomo, Chilli Willi and the Feelgoods, the festival went off a treat and established the Hope as a rock pub — as opposed to a pubrock pub.

The idea was rerun the following year, and in 1976 — when the venue's future seemed in doubt — many bands who'd graduated to stardom of sorts (including Dr Feelgood and The Damned) weighed in for benefit gigs.

Now the heat's off, and the bands are back, not to bale out an ailer but to celebrate Upper Street's sublime dive with booze'n sweat'n rock and roll.

"No-one," opines Eichler, delicately scratching himself, "goes down into the cellar just to drink or lig. Everyone who's down there is there to hear the bands — which means that they're interested and listening and they're going to react far more strongly. A lot of other places, the music is just something that's going on peripherally while people pose at the bar."

Eichler tells me about the afternoon when they shot those pictures of the Massed Bands Of The Front Row Festival Corps.

"There's this old geezer who comes in at lunchtime just for a drink, and he saw all these guys from the bands, leaned over the bar and asked, 'Oo's this lot, then?' We told him that they were some bands who were going to be playing here.

"He took a look round at Wilko and Hugh Cornwell, and looked at all the short haircuts and ill-fitting suits, and then he went back to his pint.

"About five minutes later he leaned over the bar again and whispered: 'I wouldn't trust this lot an inch if I were you. It looks like a bleedin' Pentonville Prison reunion to me.'"

The massed ranks of Hope and Wankers (L–R): Stranglers, Saints, Tom Robinson Band, Phil Rambow, 999, Roogalator, Pleasers Chris Spedding, Pirates, Wilko, Inflatable Dog, The Trousers, Hideous Bill and The Blot.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

BOLLOCKS

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SINGLES

REVIEWED BY BOB GELDOF, who used to be NME's Dublin correspondent but joined The Boomtown Rats because the money was better.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

TALKING HEADS: Psycho Killer / Psycho Killer / I Wish You Wouldn't Say That (Sire). We here at The Boomtown Rats say that we're tense and nervous and we can't relax. Que'ce que c'est? Talking Heads wired on the edge, taut and psychotic with two versions of the best track on their debut album. I was feeling quite pleasant this morning before I heard this.

Forget your voidoids, this is music for the schizoids. Guitars that jangle your nerve ends, the bass (Hello Tina) pushes you somewhere you didn't feel like going today and, the snare keeps hurting behind my eyeballs. Doc - I - can't - sleep - pass - me - the - valium. (Hello, hello, can I get a word in here, Bob? This is Pete Briquette and we here at the Rathaus say there's too much bloody French in that last record.) Que'ce que c'est, Pierre?

THE PLEASERS: You Keep Telling Me Lies / I'm In Love / Who Are You (Arista). The Swinging Blue Jeans, Searchers and Beatles all rolled into one. Pure pop for now people, as the man said. Jeezus, who are these guys? John Lennon lives and so, for that matter, do Paul McCartney and George and Ringo. Listen, if we're the Stones, The Jam are The Who, The Stranglers are The Doors, then what's wrong with these guys being The Beatles? I never wanted an MBE anyway. Johnnie Fingers says "oooooooh" and shakes his lovable mop-top, his pyjamas flapping wildly about his crotch. But it and play it and play it and buy it and play it . . . .

REVENGE IS SWEET DEPT: IMAGINARY SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES: Falling On My Arse / Blow Job (Larry Adler Records). Handsome Blast's last outing. This reviewer prefers the original backing band who starred with Mr Furnace at Dublin's Dalymount Park last August. Guitar flailing, harmonica farting, Blast wimps his way through this classic for all the world like a limp-wristed Chet Atkins. However, while the rest of the world lies awake and puzzles over how to categorise the unpigeonholeable, we here at The Boomtown Rats say we're a slug for you, baby. Still, after "Looking After No. 1", Blast should have produced a PROPER single, 12 inches, fully reversible picture bag with, of course, cut-out shades and cap. Instead, we get this tired old classic. Mr Furnace's alter ego, CSM, would probably call this a "monsteroonerama" and we couldn't agree more. Do not adjust your shades. Do not adjust anything.

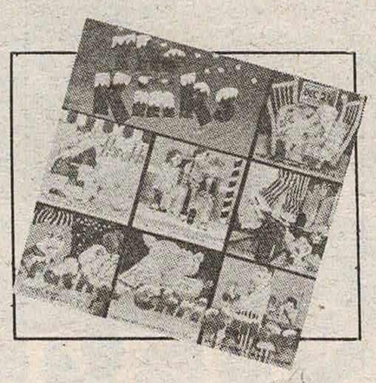
CHRISTMAS SECTION

KINKS: Father Christmas / Prince of the Punks (Arista). "But the last time I played Father Christmas I stood outside a department store. A gang of kids came over and mugged me and knocked my reindeer to the floor" . . . . How the mighty have fallen. Ray Davies was Yrrag Strebor's (backwards, of course) favourite hero. Garry Roberts just got sick.

SLADE: Merry Xmas Everybody / Don't Blame Me (Polydor). About its fourth time up, this one. Whatever happened to Christmas? Slade put the boot back into it, that's wot. One of our (The Boomtown Rats) favourite single bands. I love it. Everybody else will hate it.

WOUNDED JOHN SCOTT CREE: Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer / Palais (Pye). A 12-bar (Chicago style) blues version of the above. Is it a joke? It most certainly is. Simon Crowe is looking very concerned. He thinks it might be Blast Furnace. (Hello Blast, you old tart).

?: Don't Cry For Christmas / Dr X-Mas (Sun). Could this be the return of our friend Question Mark And The Mysterians? Actually, no. I suppose you're meant to think this is



Elvis (the Presley variety). We here at The Boomtown Rats categorically state we don't know who it is. But it sure am dread garbage.

THE BORING OLD 12-INCHERS SECTION

ROBERT GORDON: Endless Sleep / The Fool / Endless Sleep (Private Stock). Desperate promo gimmick of the week. A 12" special bag three-tracked with a B-side that plays at 78. So what? So ex-Tuff Dart re-discovers Jodie Reynolds and Marty Wilde and reveals as much bottle as a fart in a vacuum. Gimme Link Wray's "Rumble" any day. Old 78s were best, they always broke when you dropped 'em.

LLOYD PRICE: Staggerlee / Personality / Just Because / Where Were You On Our Wedding Day (Anchor). This oldies business really is proving a real pain in the hole. I mean, the good Lloyd no doubt provided the musical backing for many's the rousing knee-trembler in the late '50s but the end result of all that activity seems to be simply thousands of snotty-nosed 20-year-olds who never heard of Mr Price and think Showaddywaddy are rock'n'roll.

DON WILLIAMS: Amanda / Cup O'Tea / I Recall A Gypsy Woman / In The Shelter Of Your Eyes (Anchor). Another wankers, oops, sorry, Anchor 12-inch. America's answer to Val Doonican and guaranteed to put you to sleep quicker than ten Mogadons. Even silence is more dynamic than this guy.

STEELY DAN: Do It Again / Dallas / Haitian Divorce / Sail The Waterway (Anchor). Gawd, Anchor's A&R Dept release three 12-inchers this week and they're all oldies. You remember Steely Dan with their Roget's Thesaurus (hi Angie!) set, clever-clever-like, to music by numbers. America spawned them and got what it deserved — i.e., F. Mac, Foreigner and Boston.

HOT CHOCOLATE: Put Your Love In Me / Let Them Be Judge (RAK). Crazy baldhead Errol Brown and his mates make music for those whose idea of romance is the *Daily Mirror* horoscope and a steamy stab of the rasher in the back of the bloke's Fiat 125. Just look at the title, the kind of smut we just don't accept in Catholic Ireland. A not despicable, if unmemorable, pop record and a hit, I suppose.

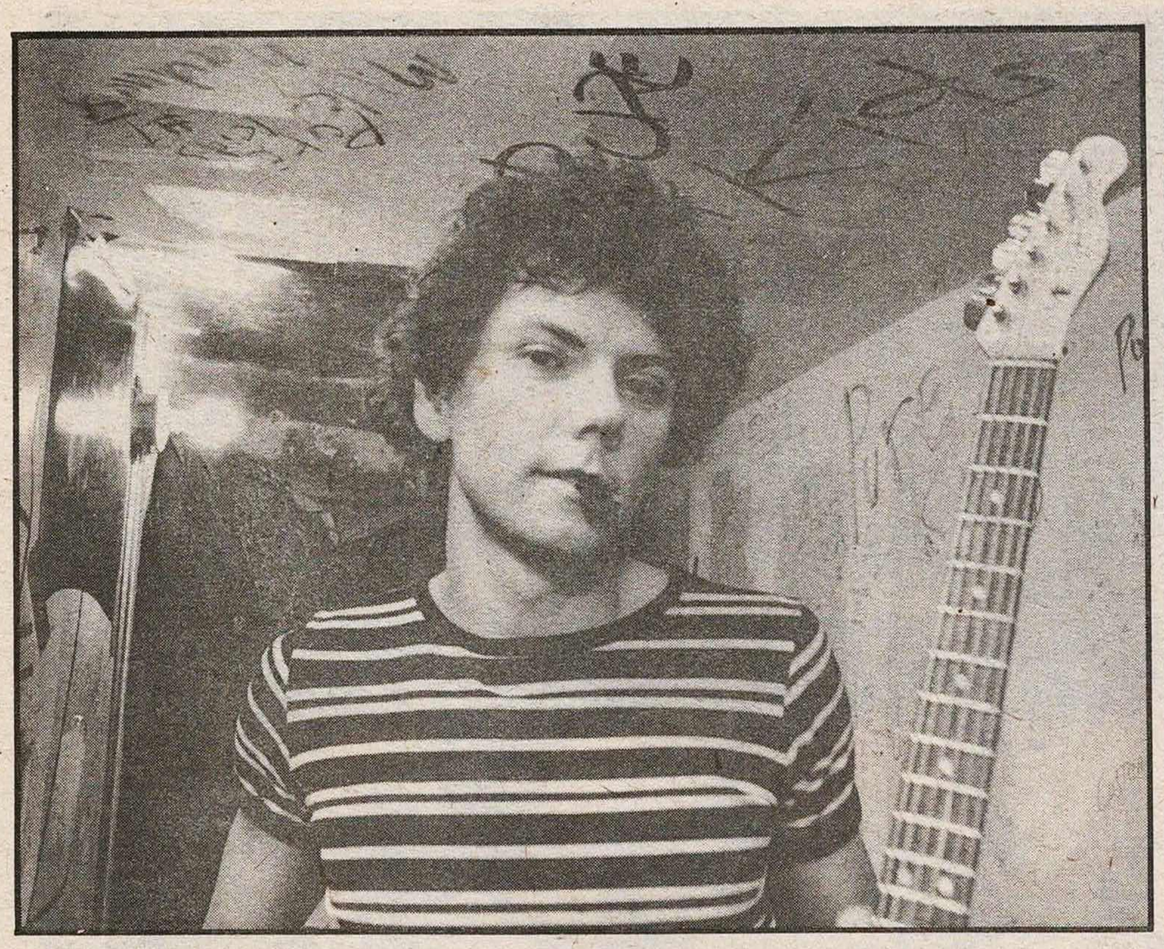
BORING OLD 12 INCHERS SECTION (2)

MENACE: Screwed Up / Insane Society (Illegal). Menace to what? Society, themselves, us, mediocrity? Nothing, on the basis of this, methinks. Screwed up? Aren't we all. Insane Society? Thanks for telling me.

NEW WAVE CLONES

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS: Dame To Blame / Johnny T. (Decca). The sound of the Stretford End turns out to be R'n'B based and rather Yardbirdsy. It's like any ten other records by any new band over the past six months. Sorry, Decca, not worth the £120,000 or whatever you paid.

SATAN'S RATS: In My Love For You / Facade (DJM). DJM, for God's sakes, bursts onto the new wave circuit with all the aplomb of a wet snot-rag. Starts with the Stones' "We Love You" riff and afterwards is exceptional only for its mediocrity. That's what they get for calling themselves Rats . . . . cheeky buggers.



TALKING HEAD Jerry Harrison. Pic: JOE STEVENS

PIGS: Youthanasia / They Say / Psychopath / National Front (New Bristol Records). The sound of Bristol . . . . and Manchester . . . . and Glasgow . . . . and Bishop Stortford . . . . etc. etc. etc. . . .

THE WASPS: Teenage Treats / She Made Magic (4 Play). Aha. A light at the end of the tunnel. Adopting the old saw of attack being the best means of defence / offence The Wasps deliver a great record, great guitar riff and great singing. A hit or my name is B. P. Fallon.

THE DOGS: Teen Slime / Rot'n'Roll (Rave-Up Records). All the way from Decorah, Iowa. Hardly Cruft's, my dears. Sounds like the original "In The City" riff and they claim it was written four years ago. And it's desperately uninspiring, even for a literary genius like me.

THE YOBS: Run Rudolph Run / The Worm Song (Nems). This smells suspiciously like the Boys (Yobs=Boys, geddit?) . . . Christmas punks but once a year, the Jonathan Kings of the New Wave or maybe just bored wiv nuffink else to do, sniff. Anyway Dave Edmunds long ago made all other versions redundant. Great pic sleeve of The Yobs, Rudolph Hess looking like a Kraftwerk reject. "The Worm Song" is brilliant, funny.

DAMNED: Don't Cry Wolf / One Way Love (Stiff). It used to be neat neat neat. Now, sorry lads, it's awful awful awful. And all the pink vinyl in the world won't sell it. The B-side is a pretty average straight rock song with slide guitar and there's the name of a Pink Floyd on the label. Bring back Knick Lowe.

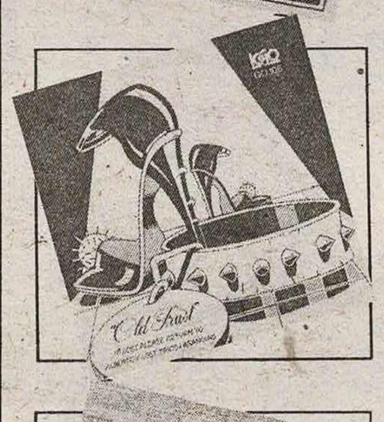
NEW WAVE CLONES (Part 2)

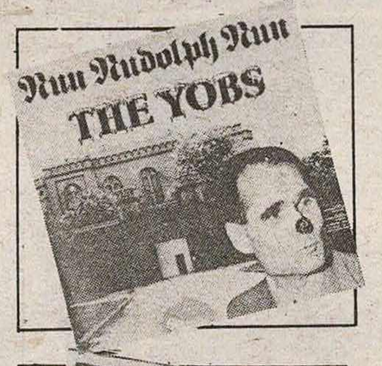
NEON HEARTS: Venue Eccentric / Regulations (Neon Hearts Records). The label's the wrong way round for a start. They've got a sax. If you can't do the module you've gotta try the slide. O.K? This isn't what we meant, boys.

ADVERTISING: Lipstick / Lonely Guys (EMI). Sounds like Vicious. (Not Sid; Lou). Johnnie Fingers says he likes their polonecks. Fab. Gear. Rave.

ALTERNATIVE TV: How Much Longer / You Bastard (Deptford Fun City Records). Stick to fanzines, Mark.

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS. Old Trust / Neville / Teenager In Schtuck (Logo). I think this is supposed to be a funny version of "Old Shep". "Old Shep" is funnier . . . . and he's very dead.





DISCO SINGLE OF THE CENTURY

NITESCHOOL: Do You Speak French Parts One and Two (Ensign). The best single from this plucky little label since the brilliant "Mary Of The Fourth Form" by a band typing not a million miles away from this review. A brilliant record. The greatest record ever made? A stunning indictment of bourgeois morality, it manifests a profound understanding of the human condition. (Is that okay, Nigel?). (He's our mutual boss.) Actually it really is this week's best disco single, so there.

SYLVESTER: Over And Over (Fantasy). This is great but Gerry Cott says he prefers Mississippi John Hurt.

THE FATBACK BAND: Mr Booty (Spring). Why am I listening to these things?

THE PLATTERS: Only You (Pye). Why are you reading this?

KRAUTFUNK SECTION

DONNA SUMMER Of The Week: I Love You (Casablanca Records). Her voice gets better and there's the usual incredible German drum sound. I suppose it will be a hit but that doesn't mean you have to buy it. In fact, don't. Really we can all do without it.

DONNA SUMMER (Duffo) Of The Week: Love's Unkind (GTO). As above.

MUNICH MACHINE: Get On The Funk Train (Oasis). The most efficient way to make you dance. Six million teenagers were killed last week in the perfecting of this technique. Was it worth it? A question nobody is asking.

THE "I KNOW HARDLY ANYTHING ABOUT THESE NURDS" SECTION

MISTY: Jezamine / That's No Way (Polydor). A hit for Plastic Penny or somebody years ago. This one's ideal for seeing the stunning effect of a large hacksaw dragged slowly and with great intent across a seven-inch piece of worthless vinyl.

CAFE CREME: Unlimited Citations / Parts One And Two (Harvest). Millions of Beatle songs stuck together (in other words, a cabaret medley) in a rambling splurge. Who needs it? Harvest Records obviously.

WINDOW: Bandit / Rose And Thorn (Riva). Mr Gaff, this is naff, duff, stiff and would make a better door than a window. Knext.

TANGERINE DREAM: Encore / Hobo March (Virgin). From a live album of the same name by the bionic Krauts. Music for rich ageing hippies (how's it going, Richard?)

DEAD END KIDS: All My Love Always / Roxanne (CBS). Limp, sodden, wet, wimpish. Take it off, Pete Briquette just got sick again.

GARY GLITTER: I Dare You To Lay One On Me / Hooked On Hollywood (Arista). What's happened, Gar? I have secretly harboured a grudging admiration for this raging lout, but for how long, how long.

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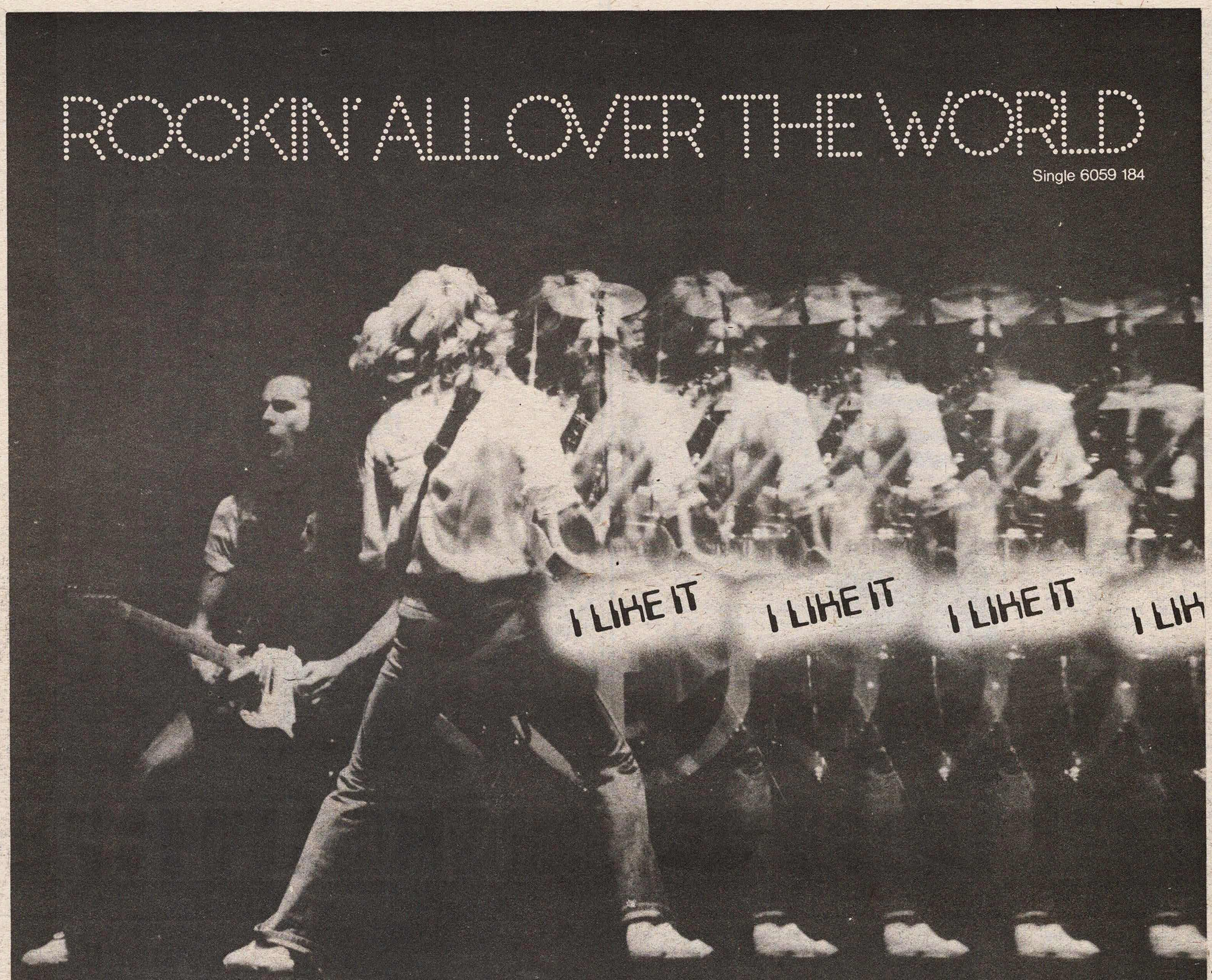

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9 December	Granby Halls, LEICESTER
12 December	Conference Centre, BRIGHTON
*13 December	Odeon, HAMMERSMITH
*14 December	Odeon, HAMMERSMITH
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VERTIGO

Mr Page wishes to announce

ORIGINALLY, I toyed with the idea of kicking off my contribution to "Dialogues with Jimmy Page" with a flashy intellectual quotation from George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* about what a bruise it is to meet an idealized person and be confronted with their inevitable normalness.

This was supposed to suggest to you that I'm really quite intelligent, so that when you got to the meat and potatoes of the interview you wouldn't be so quick to notice how timidly I held up my end of things.

Then I decided not to get too cute.

What happened, simply, was that after years of imagining that, given the opportunity, I could extract from my chosen victim the definitive personality profile, I was outsmarted.

Sterner stuff than I have been stymied by the Professional Interviewee.

While a lot of these rock star fellows are not all that sharp in the verbal department, or can be tricked into spilling beans by excessive liquid refreshment or cunning strategy, there are those who give interviews because they have something they want to say and, having said it, cannot be induced to drop their guard and muse aloud on their fears and foibles. Mick Jagger is notably such a one.

He has nothing on Jimmy Page.

Summoned at last into the presence, the ambition of wrestling him into a corner, overpowering him and stomping on his chest in stilettos until he blurted out his innermost thoughts went right out of the window.

For one thing, he was so determinedly personable that I couldn't quite come to grips with this man being the same one you hear all those peculiar things about.

What about all this awe and terror bit in his image then?

"Well, *I* felt overawed when I met Presley — I've gotta own up — and whenever I've met any of the sort of people I felt were great heroes. It's natural. But after five minutes, if the people are reasonably human, if they're not trying to send you up or something, you end up having a normal conversation."

Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, eh? But the whole Zeppelin schtick, and the persona of Jimmy Page as its architect, has been so heavily inlaid and encrusted with fantasy and fascination as to make him a many-faced enigma, consciously or not.

"What I really want to know about you is what it's like to be the real you," I told him.

"Well, I'm the real me all the time," he responded, half amused, half indignant.

Try another tack, doll.

What interests me is that, assuming one is into the band in the first place, there seems to be a choice between two fundamental fantasies when experiencing Zeppelin in concert.

One of them is evoked in its most extreme form by Charles Shaar Murray's hallucination from Row 39: the band launches into "Trampled Underfoot" and the stage slowly rolls forward crushing the audience to death as row after row of air-bashing heads go down and under.

The other one a friend of mine elucidated when, mid-"Kashmir", we looked down on the assembly from our position just below the ceiling (where we'd floated from our seats) and he said, "I'm in heaven".

The basis for getting involved in one or the other depends on one's perception of rock-induced ecstasy as the ultimate in the physical or a release from same.

Both forms of Zeppelinmania have their devotees. The first sort predominate in denims emblazoned ZOSO, while the others favour velvet or satin and experience acid flashbacks on escalators.

And those are just the *musical* illusion link-ups. What Laura Loins and Sidney Psycho lay at Page's door I don't even want to go into here.

But Jimmy doesn't want to play whenever I bring up this kind of thing, stubbornly maintaining an "I'm just a rock and roller at heart" line.

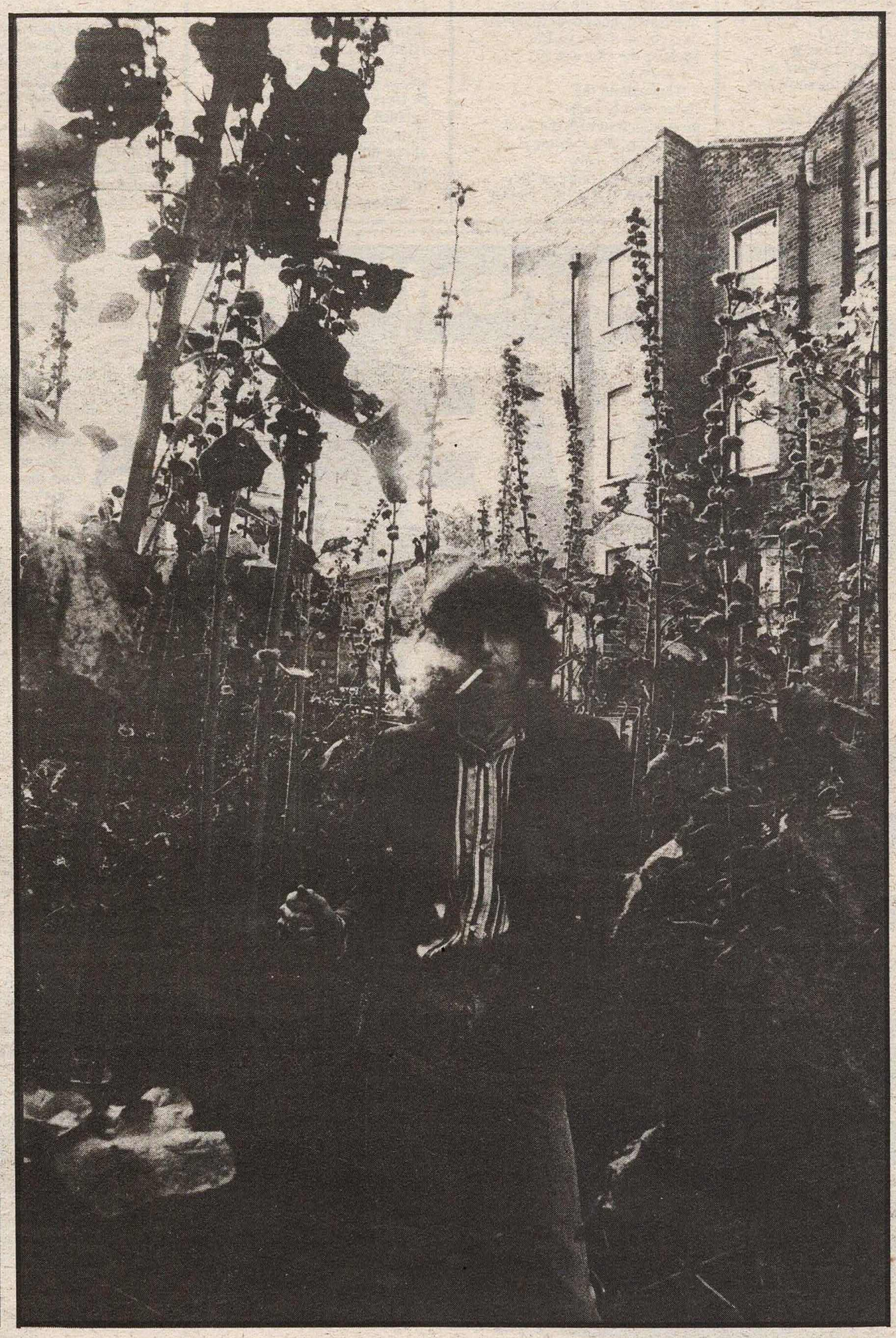
But don't you feel affected by being so many things to so many people and by all the fantasies your audiences project on to you?

And what about all the more obsessive goofs who regularly spring out of Swan Song's morning post with their Page-centred religious and occult bees-in-the-bonnet?

It doesn't seem to interest him. "I've made a point of not getting into all that because it can get really pretentious," he says placidly.

Foiled again.

Having lost my grip I let him talk about what he wanted. (This resulted in a 20,000 word transcript recounting the intimate details of the wiring up of his new recording desk. The book comes out next year).



BACK INTO the realms of sensationalism. For Page the real purpose of the interview was to dispel rumours.

His first concern was to deny any Zeppelin split and to blast the musical press for its insensitivity in speculating on Robert Plant's plans while he wants to remain in privacy with his family after his young son's death.

"There's no question of the thing splitting up. I know Robert wants to work again."

I asked what other things have been put about that he wanted to straighten out and he said: "You tell me," but as I hesitantly pulled out a variety of Loose Talk he got pretty sore.

One thing is that supposedly Robert doesn't want anything to do with Jimmy any more, and before I could finish he asked with astonishment, "Why's that?"

Well, er, they do say that he seems to have been the lightning rod for a lot of — you'll pardon the expression — bad karma.

This causes a minor explosion. "What do you mean by *karma*? It's not karma at all, I don't see how the band would merit a karmic attack.

"All I or we have attempted to do is to go out and really have a good time and please people at the same time. I always thought I was very fortunate through that, 'cause I can't think of anything better than doing what you really want to do and seeing just a mass of smiles. That's Utopia.

"Everybody in the band is really determined to do the best for themselves and the people who've followed us up to now without bullshitting around. I just don't see how there could be a bad karma or whatever.

"I think it's just bad coincidence. Okay, one may say there's no such thing as coincidence, but I really feel that."

Well, there have been whispers, nevertheless, that perhaps an unfortunate association with Page, specifically something like the upset with occult film-maker Kenneth Anger, led to him or somebody else putting the whammy on the band.

"It just really upset me, that, because I really did think that he (Anger) was an avatar at one point.

"Sure enough, he really is good when it comes down to his statement on celluloid. But you can never know, I mean, it's like Blake, Einstein, any of these people, you never really know what they're going through.

"Some of the things that manifested on his personal life just totally perplexed me. I can't account for the lunatic fringe."

Okay, then there are the conflicting accounts of how heavy Zeppelin's big boys Peter Grant and Richard Cole really are in handling the group's affairs. (When this came up I couldn't help getting the heebie-jeebies due to Cole's presence behind me).

Page wasn't present at the well-publicised backstage fight in San Francisco, to cite a particular episode, but he's prepared to back up Grant and John Bonham.

According to him the audience had already been getting a bad time from brutish bouncers all day, and the eventual confrontation came after Grant's little boy was manhandled.

"I'll tell you, there was a whole team of guys there with sand in their gloves. It was a very hairy scene.

"I've had brushes with Bill Graham in the past. I'll give you an example. It was the Fillmore where we really broke, and the whole name and news of the group spread like wildfire through the States from there. Obviously on the return we were excited to be back and really wanted to do our best.

"Now, when we got there it was in the afternoon and I went in with the road manager 'cause we wanted to cart the gear in then, and Graham was playing basketball. I remember going up to him — he didn't seem to be doing anything at the time, he seemed like the referee — and I said, 'Hi Bill, it's really good to see you. Can we bring the gear in now?'

"And he said, 'Don't you fucking get in here, you mother-fuckers' and all this real abuse. It was just like he exploded.

"I was really brought down because we really built ourselves up to going back.

"Then later he apologised. I mean, he's a pendulum."

There is still one story doing the rounds that one of the bouncers involved died later, I told him.

"That's nonsense! Listen, if we'd *killed* anybody we'd be bloody in prison. It's ridiculous. It was just a civil case; if somebody hits you and you hit them back it's self-defence, innit?

"It's just another thing that got blown up. I don't want to say too much about it."

In a less inflamatory vein, Jimmy Page tales are rife.

One of the most persistent is that if Zeppelin *did* split, he'd be willing to do service with the Stones if Keith got screwed. Is that nonsense too?

"Well, I've played with Ronnie Wood and Keith and we have a good time. But it's only jamming.

"I was upset with that because it looked like it was a stab in the back on Keith, and I really like and respect him."

Another current favourite is the one about Pagey enjoying a spot of television viewing, suddenly seeing UFOs on the screen, grabbing his toothbrush and tearing off to Cairo, presumably for a rendezvous with little green men. (This had been reported in *NME* by Nick Kent).

"That's because somebody didn't read what I'd said, and they were just being bloody stupid.

"I was going to go to Cairo on the tour break and I was tossing up whether or not to go. And there was this TV programme hosted by Omar Sharif about the mysteries of the pyramids. And they showed this old footage of the pyramids with a zeppelin flying in and I thought 'That's it! I'll definitely go.' It seemed to be such a strange coincidence that that bit of footage should be there on the day I was thinking about it.

"But UFOs, that's just the usual sort of nonsense that goes on."

■ *Continues over page*

...that he is perfectly normal

No splits, no bad karma, no heaviness. Just a plain, ordinary rock 'n' roller at heart. ***ANGIE ERRIGO*** *relays the message.* ***PENNIE SMITH*** *took the picture.*

SECOND PAGE PAGE

Risking one final upset, I bring up the criticisms of Swan Song.

"The only criticisms that have gone down about Swan Song are from Jake Riviera, who seems to be using anything as a springboard to get his name out. I don't really understand all that thing with Nick Lowe.

"Lowe is as sweet as apple pie to your face; that's all I really need to say about him."

What about complaints that Peter Grant doesn't have time for anyone on the label besides Zeppelin and Bad Company?

"Well, there is one awkward situation with the label, which is that a lot of folk come along and seem to think that Peter Grant is going to be able to do everything for them. It's just one of those unfortunate things that he's there and they respect him, but he just doesn't want to know. He's got too much on his plate.

"We've had a bit of a shake-up in the record department. After having gone through two label managers we've found out we can do it better ourselves."

I decided to drop the gossip probe at this stage. The thankless task of scrutinising the interior of the Zeppelin hierarchy and the Swan Song structure can go to a tough investigative reporter.

THE FUTURE of Led Zeppelin itself is obviously very much on Page's mind.

"I do feel it's time to do some really major, meaty work."

Is the band a stable thing in his life that he has come to depend on?

"Well, I get such a charge from playing with everybody. It became so apparent on the last tour that it was something which I really needed."

Gigging in Britain after an enforced absence of over two-and-a-half years is, he says, definitely a major priority.

"If we hadn't had the awful end on this last tour everyone would have been in the frame of mind to bring over everything that we had in America because we were so knocked out with the show and the presentation.

"It was a great relief and release to be able to get back on stage and work. Obviously the first five gigs were rusty, but the audience just acted like 'Whoo, great to see you back'.

"I must admit I didn't know whether I was capable of playing for three-and-a-half hours. You could bullshit for an hour, but you can't bullshit for three-and-a-half hours or people are going to get bored. And they didn't — the enthusiasm was building all the time.

"We had a good programme which covered everything, and we had worked very hard on the environmental aspect of it. You could see the effects like the laser pyramid from a mile away.

"In the really massive places we used videos, which is only fair really. 'Cause I remember going to Wembley to see Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young and I thought it was the roadies on stage at first.

"When we did Earl's Court we were so determined to do the same sort of show and more than what we'd been doing in America that in the end we came out of it with just a few hundred pounds over the five days; but it didn't matter because the vibe was so electrifying."

Throughout the conversation, Page's preoccupation with the work he's engaged in at home is most evident. How exasperating a musician like this can be. Every time you try to get sociological he *will* talk about *music. (What a B.O.F. — Ed.)*

"I've been setting up a studio at home which is so advanced that there's one bit which is still in the laboratories having tests on it.

"Basically it's a computerized desk with a memory bank. There are automated desks around now which just do the volume and the level, but this does every single thing on the board.

"I've been learning how to use it. It's taken a bloody long time, the structural part of it was started before last Christmas and the wiring-up's been two solid months. But anyway, it's playing back now and I've started attempting to do a bit of recording on it.

"I dreamt of having a studio years and years back, before the group even started. But I always wanted one which wouldn't go out of date in a year.

"Now this thing should last until they do digital recording. I don't want to get too technical, but what it does is, as you build up your mix track by track and you get your balance and equalisation and all the rest of it, it's logging it all the time and playing it back exactly as you've programmed it.

"When you finally build up the mix, if you find that the voice wasn't loud enough or something like that, you can just put that track into Rewrite and nothing else changes. It stays constant while you make your alterations.

"And you can put down six or eight alternative mixes and then go into those and take the best bits if you want to.

"The possibilities are immense. It allows you to work on your own without an engineer, and anyone who's familiar with 24-track knows how many hands are usually needed to get it right."

With a slightly guilty laugh he adds that he won't have to ring up any more engineers in the middle of the night to come and help him.

Part of this recording activity includes work on the chronological live album Page is compiling from tapes of the band from 1969 onwards.

"I'm working on it slowly because I get into that and it's really good academic practice. Then I'll get side-tracked and want to write something."

Also in his hands is one of the new Roland guitar synthesizers, which he says is amazing.

"It takes over from the keyboard; it's just programmed by the guitar, and it also plays chords.

"I've been working on all these things — new ideas and sounds. And I've got like two-and-a-half years of demo stuff to merge in with all this new work. It's all very good at the moment, because as I say, it's like the pre-Zeppelin dream.

"So there's all that — apart from all these things like holidays people keep going on about," he mutters to himself.

AN INTERESTING dichotomy emerges from discussing his own musical ambitions in contrast to the merits he appreciates in the New Wave.

"When I heard it it seemed like adrenalin music, so high-powered, and I thought it was amazing, especially The Damned.

"It was very much like mantra music; they weren't altering the tempo at all, just keeping it really, really intense.

"But the ones who want to stick to the original format are probably getting a bit hackneyed now.

"It'll be interesting to see how they do develop, keeping that raw earthiness."

But at the same time he admits to feeling frustration over the failure of the rock and roll culture to throw up any people he regards as real geniuses on a par with the beacons of classical symphonic music.

"That's what really upsets me about rock. All the barriers are opened up, all the classification is gone really, and you find people amalgamating this, that and the other music together, and yet there doesn't seem to be anything that's really important without being pretentious. "All those really strong melodies like Wagner's — there just isn't anybody.

"So maybe it's just destined to be street music and social comment. Which makes it art, because an artist is somebody who reflects his environment."

He almost hesitantly describes some of his work in progress.

"There are two pieces which are heavily orchestrated. One thing might sound odd, but the guitars are doing everything, taking over the string part and the brass part. They are heavily treated with synthesizers and effects.

"I've done a few bits of orchestration on the records up to now, but nothing really long or substantial. This is something entirely different.

"One thing I'm doing is like a cross between flamenco and modern classical on the acoustic with electric parts that keep coming in and fading out again, so that there are four totally different, but related, sections coming in.

"It's not quite the same as symphonic stuff, I don't keep going back to a theme, but it's got that sort of thickness to it. There are lots of counter-melodies and things.

"Now when you start talking like that a lot of people I know go, 'Oh dear, well that's not what's really happening'. But I was very interested to notice that when The Damned split Rat Scabies was saying, 'We were trying to stretch out'. That's it, it's a matter of change.

"A lot of people can't handle that, they just want to fit you into one bag and hope that you're going to stay there all the time.

How far do these aspirations and plans fit in with Zeppelin's future and Page's beyond that?

"I've always had a little plan of what I'd *like* to do, and it's materialising a lot slower than the way I initially intended.

"But it still goes hand-in-hand with the band. Whatever I'm going to do, it's only going to be a fourth of that.

"I'm totally committed to music. There's no point in trying to deny it within myself. It's the only thing I'm any good at. And I'm not a natural player or anything like that. It's all down to work.

"But I really enjoy the recorded sound and messing around getting unusual combinations. Most people would find it very boring, but I get as much buzz out of that as a motorcyclist gets out of his motorcycle."

Maybe this has turned out to be more of a personality inventory than I thought. Shrinks say that the only really happy people are those who are strongly motivated by their work. So is Jimmy Page happy?

"I'd never ever be happy. The only time I feel — oh, no, I won't say the only time — but you know I get very enthusiastic and excited over something that's being written out of nowhere.

"If your work's going well everything's fantastic, but if it isn't you seem to be up against the wall.

"Obviously there are a lot of things one has to come up against which you really hate. But I could never retire because it's so fascinating, you never know what's coming next.

"It's a challenge, a mystery. It's like dancing on the edge of a precipice . . ."

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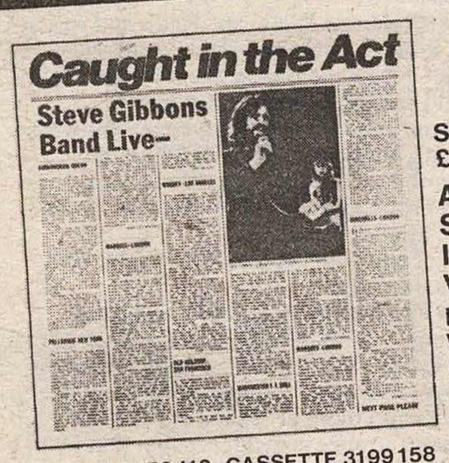

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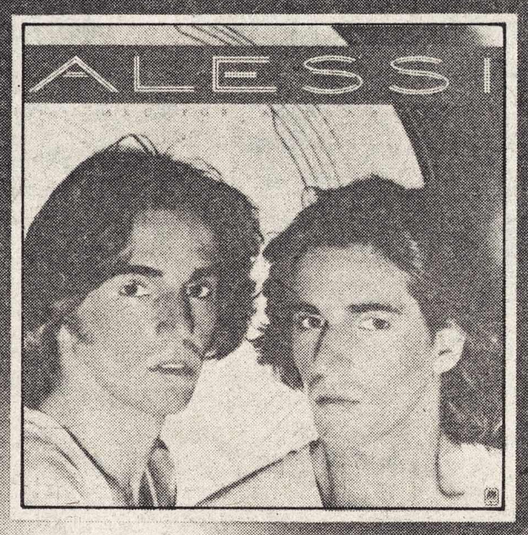

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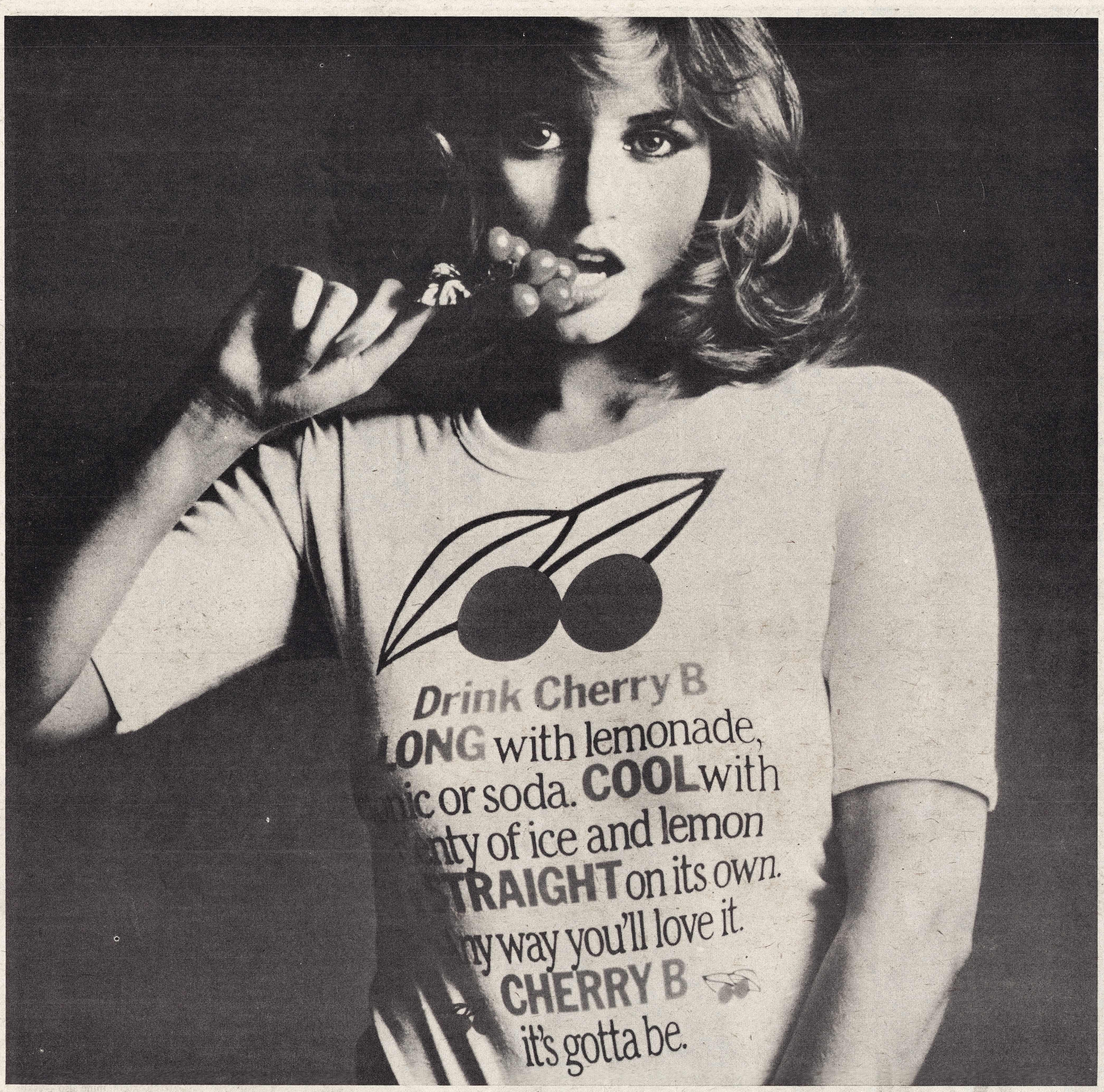

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ANOTHER FALSE WORLD

PARADOXES. THERE ARE LOTS of paradoxes in this week's episode.

And dichotomies — plenty of them too.

To begin with, there's the paradox of a private, retiring person who is also, quantitively at least, one of the world's greatest talkers.

And, though I've called his utterances in these articles "monologues", that's not intended to convey the idea that Eno habitually hogs the conversation — more that yours truly had very little to say and was relieved that his subject had enough going on in his head to keep him talking for six hours with minimum prompting.

Engage Eno's interest and he'll converse with you, whoever you are, until the cows come home.

He answers all his fan-mail — eventually — and his replies will vary from courteous brevity (bores) to sometimes extravagantly lengthy missives (people he recognises as comrades in thought).

Thinking about music with BRIAN ENO. Some more monologues recorded and compiled by IAN MacDONALD.

Part 2: How to Make A Modern Record

You stand a better chance of getting a full reply from Eno if you, like him, are interested in both the arts and the sciences. In fact, if you have your own pet theories about what we might term "the cybernetics of creativity" — which admittedly rules most of us out — you and he will get on like a house on fire.

Cybernetics, by the way, is the science of organisation and stands, in this capacity, next door to another of Eno's specialities — synergetics, or the science of co-operation.

Behind both studies lies an assumption about life — and the truths about it available to mere men — which can best be expressed in the term Behaviourism.

A behaviourist is someone who believes that the human condition can be accounted for by more or less ignoring people's intentions and concentrating instead on their apparent behaviour. (NB. I say "apparent" where a behaviourist would have said "actual" to indicate the objection to this doctrine raised by all *non*-behaviourists — which is that the notion is nothing more than an ingenious excuse to makes one's own subjectivity sound impressively scientific and impartial.)

Eno is happy to be described as a behaviourist. This, amongst other things, allows him to make provocatively materialistic statements about realms of human activity which most people might hold to be mainly spiritual, eg, art.

Here, for example, from one of the aforementioned letters, is his distinctively quantitive definition of beauty: "Beauty is what you feel when your behavioural or perceptual expectations are exceeded."

And yet this "intellectual rigorousness" is but one axis of yet another paradox, as witness his oft-asserted desire to escape into a drifting, uncertain world where definite knowledge has been lost and all is water, water everywhere . . .

Eno accounts for this in his personal theory of the Old Man and the Child which, he suggests, we all contain within ourselves:

"The child is full of delight and amazed by everything — he plays purposelessly, or apparently purposelessly. The old man, or critic, on the other hand, is a pretty sophisticated personality — he tends to say 'So what's new?', and by doing this he often belittles or stifles the child's activity."

IT'S NEARLY TWO YEARS now since "Another Green World". If Eno's new album, "Before And After Science", has taken an inordinately long time to coalesce, this not because its creator has been indulging in laziness. On the contrary, the amount of thought and counter-thought implicit in this record was equivalent to a full-scale intellectual crisis.

As intimated earlier, Eno is not greatly interested in intentions. This is understandable in his case since the work methods he uses are specifically designed to produce unforeseen results. It's his view that the "reasons" (his quote-marks) for doing something are important only inasmuch as they overcome inertia and get one moving in a direction.

It follows that the direction itself is of little consequence providing it throws up "interesting" (my quote-marks) phenomena en route.

Eno made 120 tracks during these two years. Not all of them would be considered by him distinct and separate directions, of course — but the quantity alone gives you an idea of what can happen to you when you decide that no one compass is any better than another.

"I abandoned the album three times before I finished it. It really caused a lot of sweat — and heart-ache, I suppose.

"At one point I thought that I could never achieve anything more, musically. Not that I'd achieved everything, just that there was nowhere else for me to go, you know?

"It affected everything I did in the end. I found myself saying 'You're just a dilettante. You're not doing anything with the kind of intensity that it deserves'. It was a crisis of confidence that went very deep.

"I still don't know how pleased I am with what I've done. Robert Wyatt said to me once that you commit yourself to what you're left with — you know that this is the only thing left that you can do."

What does the title signify?

"Well, I use the word 'science' to indicate techniques and rational knowledge. And what the title implies is that the condition 'before science' is similar to the condition 'after' it — that there's a kind of circle thing and that science is the isolated one.

"It's a McLuhan-type thing really, saying that the post-industrial technology is quite similar to the pre-industrial era."

The record, when it's marketed, will contain four prints of water-colours by Eno's colleague and guru Peter Schmidt. Why?

"Peter and I work very similarly. His way of working — and, to an extent, mine also — is the result of mastering the technicalities of the medium and then abandoning them. Fripp says you can't abandon technique until you've mastered it — you can either work without it, or you can work with it and not care about it.

"The middle condition is the difficult one where you've just got it and it kind of blinds you, forms a kind of grid which you can't escape from".

And is this what happened to you?

"I use processes — which we'll discuss later — to generate the structures of my music. With this new album, I found that I had to work very very hard to get the results I wanted — the process didn't automatically generate them any more, whereas it used to.

"I used to be led by the work. Something would happen and I'd just follow it. This time it wasn't as easy as that. Things seemed to be going in directions which weren't interesting to me any more — I found myself trying to use a technique which was bound to give a particular class of outputs to give a different class. So I was working against the technique, to some extent.

"I suspect that I've come to the end of a way of working with this record. It's a loss of confidence and I think that comes through — something more like humanity than whimsicality, you know? Not so much tentativeness as reasonable doubt.

"It's less brash than other things I've done."

Tell me about the processes.

"Well, there are four groups of them: technological, personal, social, and one to do with compositional mathematics or something like that.

"Technological ones would be particular things I found in the studio. That if you put this and this together you'd have a sound that no-one had heard before — and this would become the basis of a piece.

"A social technique would be using musicians

CONTINUES OVER

Eno trapped in a kind of M.C. Escher nightmare, etcetera.

FROM OVER PAGE

who didn't normally work together, or using somebody on a track who was a very unlikely choice for that track.

"A personal technique — well, Oblique Strategies is the perfect example of that. And mathematical . . . that would be deciding whether the song would be symmetrical or enantio-morphic. That means self-reflecting, by the way. *(Oh. Ta. — Ed.)*

"They were ways of getting started. Using some system that allows you to organise sound in some way and which gives you a lift-off so that you can sit back and see which way it's going.

"But what happened this time was that I'd try out one of these techniques and, sure enough, something would happen. But it seemed quite arbitrary to me — not as interesting as before. The systems weren't taking me into unknown territory any more.

"I wrote a thing about Peter once where I said 'He uses systems to occupy his conscious mind sufficiently for intuition to operate'. The system is for satisfying one's need to know what's going on, while the real work is done by some other part of you.

"It's a way of allaying one's natural doubts about what one is doing. Only this time it didn't allay the doubts. I was thinking "Why this system rather than any other one? This is quite arbitrary. It could be anything."

"I think a lot of this was to do with the fact that I was very tired for the last year as well. I've been in quite bad health as a result of working too much, I think. I didn't have that energy of enthusiasm to pull me through."

AS THINGS PROGRESSED, the album began to behave as if it had a will of its own — appearing in one place, like the grin of the Cheshire cat, and then fading . . . only to start materialising again in an entirely different location.

Eno found himself trapped in a kind of M. C. Escher nightmare where up, down and sideways spontaneously and arbitrarily swapped functions. Time after time he took a metaphorical breath, marshalled his thoughts, and began to attempt to take control of the growing monster in Studio One.

"I normally work from object to content, as it were. This time I created a whole lot of objects and then selected a sub-set of them which seemed to have some common content about them. So I followed those.

"This seemed promising because I was being much more deliberate about what I felt the album to be about. This step-by-step method had always worked before — but, for some reason, it didn't seem to work on this one and I began to become bewildered . . .

"Some of the tracks went through so many changes. I'd start with a bit of instrumental three minutes long. Then I'd copy it and edit it together so that it was eight minutes long. Then I'd put on a bit of song at the end and stick a whole load of instruments on.

"Then I'd listen to it and decide that that was all wrong and I'd strip all the instruments off again and remix it and decide that what it needed was a bit of song at the beginning . . .

"I was going mad.

"In the end, having bust three deadlines, I just had to get it out. It had grown so enormous — I just had to burst the balloon.

"I don't care if people don't like it. If they slam it or don't buy it or however else they express their disapproval, that'll be sufficient provocation to get on and do something else.

"In a way, disapproval might be more useful to me at the moment. It would make me go somewhere new — which is what you need to change your behaviour."

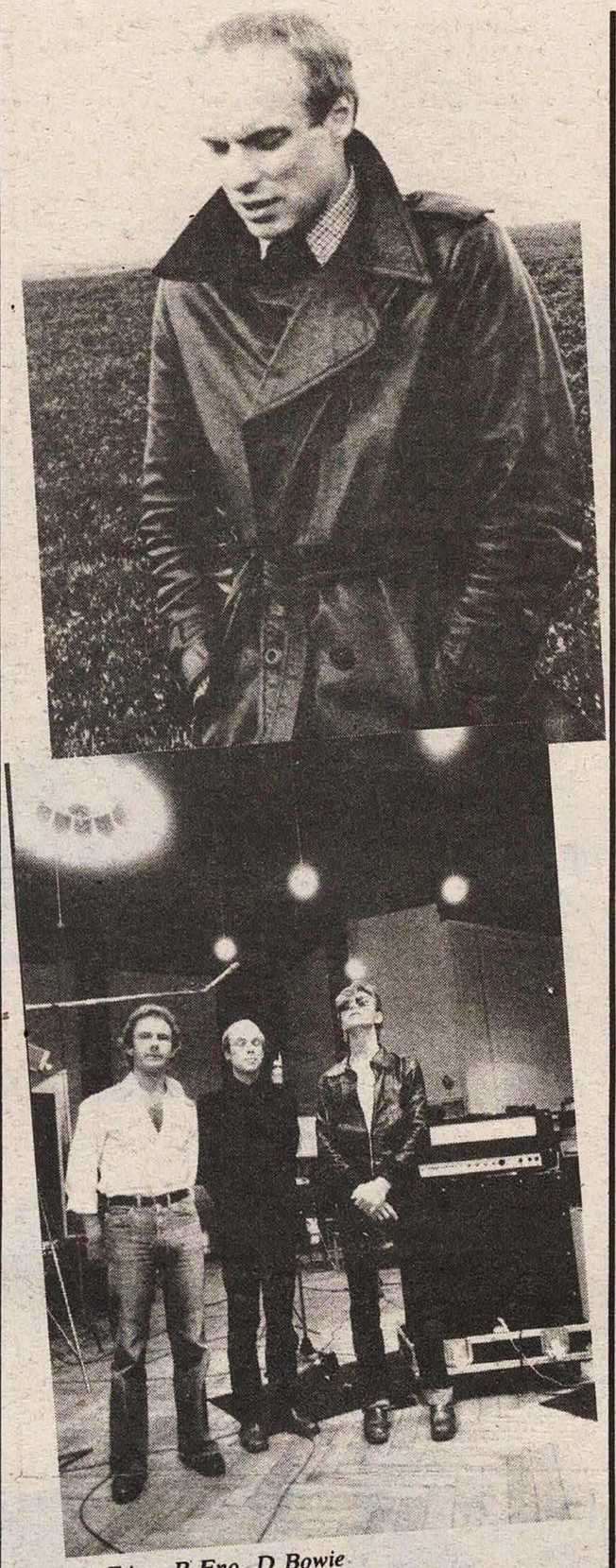
NOW THAT WE'RE BACK at behaviourism, I throw in another quote from an Eno letter — a statement made in response to a request for a definition of the "social function or responsibility" of an artist.

It goes like this:

"I think that one of the functions of Art (both for the artist and for the perceiver, though not necessarily in the same way) is to furnish a false world which is an analogue of at least some of the aspects of the real world and to explore within that new new behaviour patterns *that might yet be too dangerous or imponderable in a real-life context."* (Eno's italics.)

What, I wondered, were these dangerous and imponderable behaviour patterns which he, in the safety of the recording studio, was so carefully rehearsing?

"Well, when you make a piece of work, you suggest a set of laws and relationships that can offer more or less probable results. I'm reading a book by William Empson called *Seven Types Of Ambiguity* and he says that what we call 'banal' is that which chooses the most probable course to the most probable result and what we call 'interesting' is something that doesn't quite do that — no, it's Leonard Mayer, not William Empson.



R Fripp, B Eno, D Bowie

"I think that when you start making a piece of music, the first bar of the thing offers you what key it's in, what the tempo is, what kind of rhythm is being used — and, as soon as that's stipulated, you've suggested a context that allows you more or less dangerous movements inside it.

"When I use the word 'dangerous' I'm talking about risk in an intellectual way, not physical danger.

"So you set up a context where you say to the perceiver 'You can now make some guesses about what's going to happen next' — and, as an artist, you can also make those guesses and make something that appears as if it's going to do something and then doesn't — like reggae, which appears as if it's going to have a beat 'there' but doesn't, kind of thing.

"Well — it strikes me that in real life you're doing much the same sort of thing. You're continually engaging in, and partly making, contexts — and you're faced with either taking the path of least resistance through it, which might be alright sometimes, or you can choose to make a less probable move."

Can you give me an example?

"Yes, a social one. I get people into the studio who might never have worked together before and I give them a very sketchy idea of what I envisage and they do it. And it can be very successful or it can be disastrous.

"Now, imagine asking that same group of people to build a house — or something the results of which could be tested and judged by *functional* criteria. You would then be taking much more of a kind of risk because you might end up with a house which was absolutely useless or unlivable in."

You certainly might.

"Or imagine forming a government the same way. Although that's probably how governments *are* formed actually — and why they don't work too well.

"But the reason for doing the experiment in music is to establish how much I have to tell them and how much they have to adjust. The point is, you can think to yourself 'Alright, I'll do *this*' and it might be something that has a very slim chance of working, but you can afford to take the risk because it doesn't really matter."

IT OCCURS TO ME that dangerous behaviour is almost always that resulting from the assumption that what you do doesn't really matter.

In this connection Eno's dichotomy between the "false" and the "real" world is symptomatic.

"A lot of people object to my use of the term 'false world' because they like to think that art is a real struggle of the passions and so on.

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"But it *is* a false world and, no matter how emtionally involved in it you get, you don't really suffer physical danger from it. And, as long as you're working in a world of affairs that are mainly conceptual, you're free to withdraw."

I refer the reader to the definition of behaviourism at the beginning of this article.

Certainly the experience of art — or anything else — will modify an individual's behaviour; what I fail to understand is how a scientist can hope to measure, for example, what Eno might term the rate of change in the human heart — or the flowering of love, as non-behaviourists would refer to it.

"Let me try to give you a measurable example of behavioural change, if not induced, then at least paralleled by an evolution in the world of art. Classical or traditional art is narrative and climactic . . ."

Eno draws a rising line on a graph in his notebook.

". . . Whereas modern music — Steve Reich, for example — is generally more smooth and continuous. All modern artefacts have that uniform, even contour. Likewise, modern paintings are multi-focal."

And anti-authoritarian thereby?

"Exactly. Focus in traditional music and art says 'This thing is important and these things are less important'. It's didactic and based implicitly on hierarchical thought.

"But rock is democratic. Most rock songs are like a segment from a postulated continuum which might have ups-and-downs — which might have hooks and choruses that present high-spots, as it were — but, generally speaking, there isn't this upward movement.

"If you think of most big rock singles, they're a slice of something which could have started much earlier and gone on much longer.

"It strikes me that this is analogous to a change in general behaviour. Whereas a traditional, or nostalgic, view would hold that one works step-by-step to attain an envisaged goal, what tends to happen now is that people tend to orient themselves in the present rather than in terms of an anticipated future.

"People don't tend to see their lives as an upward progress through a series of stages until they reach some happy condition. I don't anyway — and I think that most other youngish people don't."

I guess most oldish people would readily acknowledge that. But the bit about hierarchies and authority is curious — it seems to creep in without declaring its real interest, as it were.

"Yes, I've begun to think rather differently about hierarchies and don't reject them out of hand like I used to. But I think that, instead of being arranged one on top of the other . . ."

He draws a series of parallel lines in his notebook.

". . . that they are, in fact, recursive and contain one another like Chinese boxes. The cybernetician Stafford Beer says that there are five distinct levels in the organisation of the human nervous system and they're arranged in a hierarchical way.

"So, instead of the top level dictating every order to the bottom level — as in a traditional army — the lower levels deal with what they can and pass up problems that are beyond their capacity to deal with to the higher levels."

AT THIS POINT the impetus of thought is artificially halted by my desire for a cup of tea.

Both our mouths are dry, so we sit for a while and listen back to the tape from the definition of banality all the way through to the assualt on traditional methods of human co-operation.

Stirring my tea, I venture that somehow this all seems a little superficial — though I can't quite put my finger on it.

"I know what you mean. I sometimes get this voice at the back of my mind saying 'Ah, but there's much more to it than that though'."

Maybe it's to do with the limitations of behaviourism? You know— the bit about quantifying feelings.

"The thing that worries me is that you can't make concise statements about feelings the way you can about observations."

Paradoxically, I feel the opposite to be true. It's no accident that all this talk based on impartial observation seems to require a technical jargon that proliferates with every extrapolation you make.

Eno broods on this.

"Did you see that thing that Peter wrote for my press-kit? There was a list of paired terms like 'exotic reasonableness' and things like that. I thought they were interesting because they got close to talking about feelings in a very interesting and strange way, I thought.

"There was something being said there that I liked — the fact that it was about me aside for the moment — it was a way of talking about what you *feel* about what you're working on that seemed to go a step below what I was talking about . . ."

What moves you, Brian?

"Let me think. Oh yes — sunsets. I've been observing them for about three years now. There's something about them that makes me feel happy and melancholy at the same time.

"Because every sunset is different, that's why.

"You're conscious of this endless succession of sunsets and every one is a little bit different, there's never one that's the same. And I like this feeling of being reminded of . . .

"It's as if the self vanishes and you become a pure receiver . . ."

IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE at this juncture to talk about David Bowie.

What was it like working with the Ringmaster of the Self?

"That time was really confused. It was much harder working on 'Heroes' than on 'Low'. For a start, I was in on 'Heroes' from the beginning, whereas for 'Low' I arrived after the band had done their work and did it all with overdubs.

"It was all overnight, so I was in a kind of daze a lot of the time. Days drifting into one another, you know? And then there was David's way of working, which is quite a lot different to mine. In fact it's a mystery to me — I couldn't work that way."

Explain.

"Well, the whole thing — except 'Sons Of The Silent Age', which was written beforehand — was evolved on the spot in the studio. Not only that, everything on the album is a first take! I mean, we did second takes but they weren't nearly as good.

"It was all done in a very casual kind of way. We'd sort of say 'Let's do this then' — and we'd do it, and then someone would say 'Stop' and that would be it, the length of the piece. It seemed completely arbitrary to me."

What about " 'Heroes' " itself?

"I was only involved in that track up to doing the backing-track. He wrote the lyrics and the melody after I'd left — as he did for all the other tracks.

"And, when I left, I already had a feeling about that track — it sounded grand and heroic. In fact, I had that very word in mind.

"And then David brought the finished album round to my place and that track came up and it said 'We can be heroes' and I was absolutely . . . It was such a strange feeling, you know. I just shivered with . . . When you shiver, it's a fear reaction, isn't it?"

HOW DID THE REST of the finished album strike you?

"I never really listen to lyrics. I just hear bits and pieces. Like in 'Joe The Lion' where he says 'It's Monday'. That's a real stunner.

"But I probably won't listen to the lyrics for a few months yet. You know that Joni Mitchell album 'Court And Spark'? I've had that for two years now and I play it a lot — but I'm only just getting to the point where I'm bothering to work out what she's going on about in the lyrics."

Describe the activity in the studio.

"Well, we had all these backing-tracks very suddenly — it seemed in about two days. And remember: this came after labouring for months and months on my record. And I thought 'Shit, it can't be *this* easy.'

Eno denying that art is a real struggle of passions, and so on.

"I was very inclined to distrust it at first. But gradually it began to hang together.

"Fripp did eveything he did in about six hours — and that was straight off the plane from New York too! He arrived at the studio at about 11 pm and walked in and we said 'Do you fancy doing anything?' and he said 'Might as well hear what you've been doing.'

"And while we were setting up the tapes, he got out his guitar and said 'Might as well try a few things.' So I plugged him into the synthesiser for treatments and we just played virtually everything we'd done at him — and he'd just start up without even knowing the chord sequences.

"It was a very extraordinary performance.

"By the next day, he'd finished, packed up, and gone home. All first takes again. Incredible.

"Another person who deserves mention is Carlos Alomar. All of those little melody parts are his — and he thinks them out at lightning speed.

"We'd all go out into the studio and David would say 'Okay, it's that, that, twice as long on that, and then that — and we do this a couple of times and then back to that again.'

"And after that very brief instruction, we'd start playing — and, in that tiny space of time, Carlos would have worked out this lovely line. He's quite remarkable. He gives those pieces a lot of character."

What about Bowie?

"He gets into a very peculiar state when he's working. He doesn't eat. It used to strike me as very paradoxical that two comparatively well-known people would be staggering home at six in the morning, and he'd break a raw egg into his mouth and that was his food for the day, virtually.

"It was really slummy. We'd sit around the kitchen table at dawn feeling tired and a bit fed up — me with a bowl of some crummy German cereal and him with albumen from the egg running down his shirt."

Do you have much in common in terms of approach?

"We used Oblique Strategies a lot — 'Sense Of Doubt' was done almost entirely using the cards — and we did talk about work-methods, but no I don't think we have that much in common. But that's fine, so long as there's give and take."

How does his approach differ from yours?

"Well, for example, we stayed late one evening and did that piece called 'Neukoln'. I liked that very, very much. I was very impressed by that.

CONTINUES OVER

WE GOT IT OUT

Needletime

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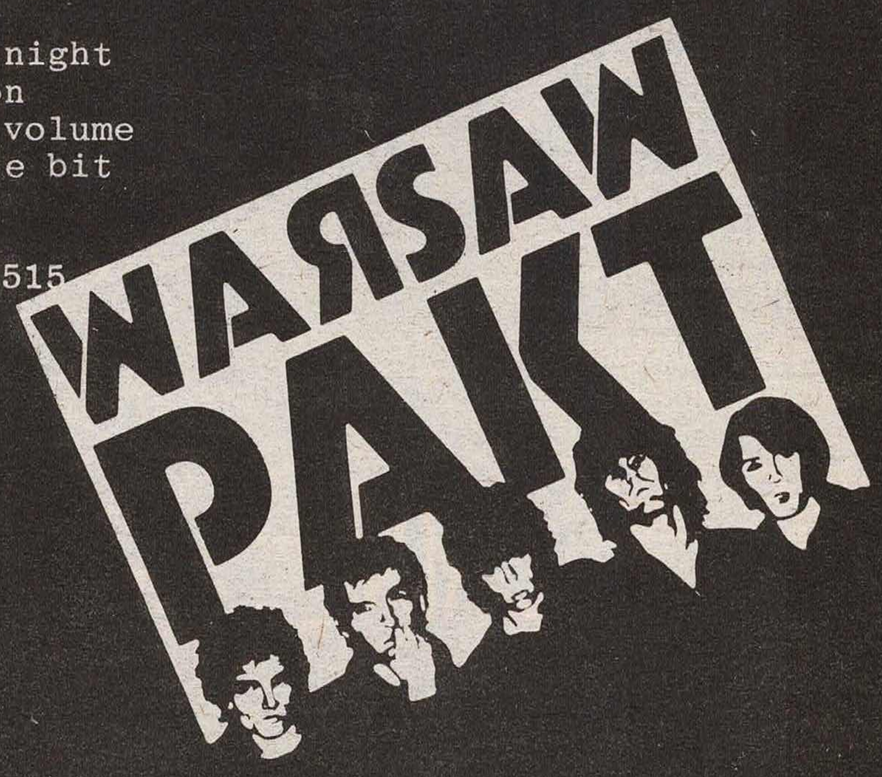

ISLAND

Eno describing Bowie eating raw eggs by breaking them into his mouth. 'That was his food for the day, virtually'

"And I was trying to think what it was like in painting. There was a German school in Berlin at the beginning of the century called Die Brucke (The Bridge) — an expressionist school. Very rough, tough strokes — and they all have a mood of melancholy about them or nostalgia, as if they were painting something that was just disappearing.

"And all of that — the boldness of attack, the unplanned evolutionary quality of the images, and the over-all mood — remind me of the way David works.

"Another piece was the one called 'Moss Garden'.

"David wanted to do a piece which was very descriptive, something I don't normally do, inasmuch as I usually start something and then say 'Oh that's what it is' and then follow that direction. But this was quite studied.

"David told me about this place in Kyoto called the Moss Garden and then we just started to work. And, again, there was this very sloppy sort of technique — like, I was just playing around with this chord-sequence on the Yamaha synthesiser and I said 'Give us a shout when you think it's long enough', you know, and sort of carried on. And then David looked at the clock and said 'Yeah, that'll probably do', and we stopped.

"And, on the record, that's exactly where the piece ends. I find this very, very curious. It's so random somehow."

FOR THOSE WHO haven't grasped the subtle element of control in Eno's method, his complaint about randomness will sound like the pot calling the kettle black.

"Well, all systems have their peculiar orientation and direction. The whole problem is one of 'How much drift do I want and how much direction do I want?'

" 'Another Green World' is like space-travel in the sense of *aimed* exploration. 'Before And After Science' is sea-travel in the sense of putting oneself into a current and allowing oneself to drift.

"This has a connection with cybernetics and reminds me of a passage in Stafford Beer's *Brain Of The Firm* where he's describing the programming of complex systems — a passage which has heavily influenced me in general, by the way.

"He says that instead of organising your system in full detail, you organise it only somewhat. 'You then ride on the dynamics of the system in the direction you want to go.' Which is equivalent to a kind of aimed drift, if you see what I mean.

"The tracks on Side 2 of 'Before And After Science' have an emotional meaning for me which is, once again, melancholy. They're sort of post-atomic tracks.

"They're all about the sea, in fact. They're to do with either drifting away or getting lost or being part of the flow of things.

"And what they're drifting away from is the condition where everything is clear-cut and knowable and everything is in its place and easy to see.

"Which is a cause partly for celebration and partly for melancholy. It's both exciting and unnerving."

Eno's next project will be a social one involving ten musicians (he's very insistent about the number) and will go into action just as soon as the trauma of releasing the new record is past.

"Robert Wyatt and I were listening to a Miles Davis album and he said to me: 'The thing about Miles is that the arrangement is the choice of musicians.'

"In other words, that David knew the putting certian players together would create an over-all context *automatically* — it wouldn't have to be thought up in advance or in isolation from the people who were scheduled to fulfil it.

"Most music is designed in terms of aural sensations. What I decided to do was to design it in terms of social events or structural events which would give rise to aural outcomes — to move back a stage.

"The 801 was supposed to have been like that, but it didn't really happen in the end. We never really thrashed out our approach. Those concerts were too strongly anchored in sanity for my liking.

"But the original idea — to have an organisation devoted entirely to experiments in approach — is still strong with me."

AS WE WERE packing up, I asked Eno where he'd place himself on the "political spectrum". He drew me a diagram.

He claims he's an anarchist, but his ideas about intermediary levels of communication between government and the man-in-the-street sound like bureaucracy run riot to me.

I suppose he and I are quite similar, actually. We're both losing our hair and we both like David Bowie.

A last word from him:

"I've just remembered another thing that moved me. I went to see that Woody Allen film *Annie Hall* and I cried in that. It had a very strong effect on me.

"It's about Woody Allen's relationship with Diane Keaton and it's about the relationship being born, flourishing for a while, and gradually falling apart. And it falls apart not in any catastrophic way — they don't have a big row or anything — they just drift away from each other.

"And the last scene shows them meeting by chance on a street and you can't hear what they're saying — it's shot through a cafe window or something like that — and you see this rather embarrassed, fumbling bit of conversation between them.

"And there was something so touching about that scene because you could see that these two people had kind of come together, but now they'd gone past each other and were still trying to look at each other over their shoulders and still keep in touch, but it just wasn't happening anymore.

"It was a beautifully-stated little cameo, that thing."

NOTE: For those interested, Eno's lecture-series applying his cybernetic theories to artistic behaviour in the performance and recording of Cornelius Cardew's "The Great Learning" are condensed into an essay — "Organising And Generating Variety In The Arts" — published in the November-December 1976 issue of ***Studio International.***

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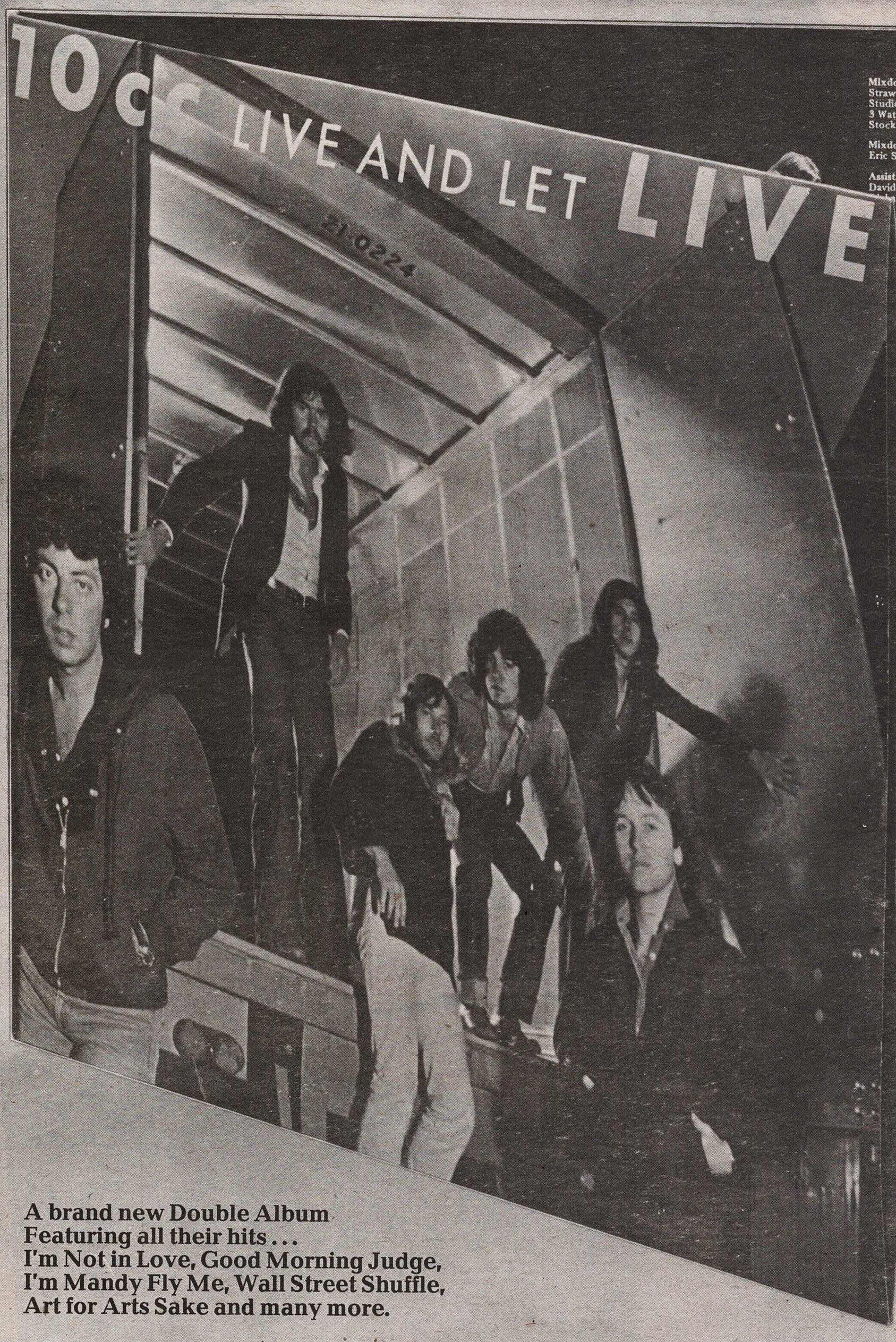

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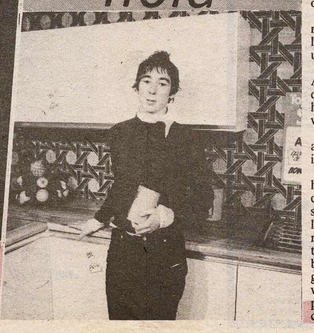
Buzzcock Pete Shelley

BUZZCOCKS

Buzzcocks in a different kitchen: (l–r) Steve Diggle, Steve Garvey, Pete Shelley, John Maher. Scenery courtesy Kitchen Queen, Machester.

Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

Electronically tested, a new love making appliance for the neoteric household



Buzzcock Steve Diggle

Words: TONY PARSONS

"And I hate modern music
Disco, Boogie and Pop.
They go on and on and on and on and on.
How I wish they would STOP!"
Buzzcocks, "Sixteen".

THE PIZZA PARLOUR MUZAK is a never-ending, damned-for-all-eternity loop-tape of ageing session men bleating out sanitised versions of 1977 smash-hits for swinging teens, etcetera . . .

Crown Topper, false-teeth, wrinkled interpretations of The Rods' "Do Anything You Wanna Do", of The Modern Lovers' "Roadrunner", even (forgive them Lord, they know not what they do) of The Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant", as well as arteriosclerosistic carbon copies of The Jam, Clash, Damned, Stranglers, Vibrators, and just about every other name in the coterie of Punky-Waver elite that has ever been reverently gobbed on by the UK's enlightened hordes of safety-pinheads . . . except for Buzzcocks.

With mixed feelings of relief and slack-jaw shock, I gaze at my Pizza Putrido reflectively.

Surely the high calibre credentials of the Mancunian innovators would put them amongst the first in line for the dubious honour of having a bastardized representation of their work included on *any* punk-pizza-rock muzak loop-tape???

Buzzcocks were one of the very first set of collective talents to band together back in June 1976 in the wake of the cataclysmic aural-upheaval instigated by Malcolm McLaren's Rude Boys.

They played their debut gig the following month supporting The Sex Pistols at Manchester's Free Trade Hall. Buzzcocks terminated their set when their sixteen summers drummer-boy, the gangling John Maher, deserted his skins to flee in tail-flying terror through the crowd and out into the night.

From there Buzzcocks went on to play support to the Pistols at the first Screen On The Green gig in Islington; to play Day One of the 100 Club Festival with the Pistols and Clash; to replace the expelled Damned on the Pistols' Anarchy tour coach; and to support The Clash at the Harlesden Cinema gig and on their White Riot tour.

The last was just after they became the first band to form their own independent record label in the dawning of this year when they released the classic, precious, priceless "Spiral Scratch" EP on their New Hormones label. "Spiral Scratch" was arguably the finest 45 since "Anarchy In The UK". No fewer than 16,000 of the little black beauties were bagged and posted by Buzzcocks themselves from the front-room of manager Richard Boon's Manchester home. Buzzcocks vinyl even occupied the last two tracks on the "Live At The Roxy" album.

All that . . . and what do they get, oh-oh, what do they get?

In sleepy London Town there's just no place on a Pizzaland punk-muzak loop-tape for a bunch of ridiculously underrated Northern cults.

"Oh they'll get around to 'Orgasm Addict'", comments Pete Shelley dryly as he pops a piece of pizza into his mouth. "It's this commercial world we live in . . ."

Not that Buzzcocks give a toss about Babylon, mind, despite their impeccable punky-waver credentials.

Coming out of Manchester may have blinkered the record corporations when it came to snapping up this combo for the dotted line of a recording contract, but this minor disadvantage has been more than compensated for by the beneficial aspects of their geographical location; Buzzcocks were never under pressure to follow a punk-party-line like some of their contemporaries in London.

In Manchester, fashion as exclusive dictatorship of a silver-spoon elite just doesn't exist. Buzzcocks have evolved at their own pace. They're very special and they know it — if the rest of the world doesn't . . . well, they'll catch up sooner or later, and if they don't that's strictly their loss.

"If we'd been from London we would have been signed up a year ago, but we wouldn't be in the position we are now," Shelley asserts. "The music industry is centralised which is more to *its* detriment than ours . . . I hate London, it's just another city. We know — fairly certain — the things that we want to do and how we want to do them. If we'd been caught up in the rush in the beginning we wouldn't have been given the breathing space to work on the direction we want to take. We were in no rush to sign."

Shelley smiles, wryly. "Until United Artists came along, all the interest was fairly low profile anyhow."

PETE SHELLEY is short, sharp and slyly urbane; dapper, diminutive and quietly defiant in his unfashionably conservative taste for sartorial elegance — a two-piece three-button electric-blue Angora Goat's Hair suit worn with a bright yellow roll-neck, the same two-tone colour combination that dominates on both the label and cover of Buzzcocks first United Artists single, "Orgasm Addict" b/w "Whatever Happend To?"

"It hasn't been banned," asserts the trenchant Shelley. "It just hasn't been played."

John Maher is elsewhere noshing Anglo egg and chips so only two other Buzzcocks are present in the pizza-house — the Pinnochio featured, painfully shy Steve Diggle (back-up vocals and staccato rhythm guitar to Shelley's lead) and their latest recruit, watchful, silent bassist Steve Garvey, who resembles Bruce Foxton's kid brother and was drafted in to replace the ejected, difficult man-mountain, Big Garth, kicked out because Buzzcocks believe that a group cannot be a therapeutic vehicle for the problems of one member.

"It was getting to the point where if he'd been much longer and didn't do some drastic changing — which we didn't think he'd be able to do — then there wouldn't *be* a Buzzcocks at all, we'd all just freak out," opines Shelley, who is basically a shy person but with growing self-confidence.

Shelley co-founded Buzzcocks with that enigmatic, natty-baldhead Howard Devoto when the latter stuck up a notice at their college requesting contact with like-minded souls interested in forming a band. Shelley was the only person who replied. The two spent a few days in London checking out the capital's fast-evolving seminal punk scene, and got the band's moniker from a *Time Out* review of *Rock Follies* which contained the phrase *"Getting a buzz, cocks!"*

They were introduced to Steve Diggle in June '76 by Malcom McLaren at the first Pistols' gig in Manchester. They found John Maher through an ad in *Melody Maker* and at the beginning of this year, as interest grew in the band after the release of "Spiral Scratch", Devoto left Buzzcocks to stretch his talents in other directions, feeling a growing distaste for performing live and extreme reluctance to commit himself to anything as drastic as a recording contract.

"Howard thought he would be unable to *experiment* if he remained in the band," Shelley comments, stifling a yawn. "I get bored with people asking about Howard. Tonight is the 63rd Buzzcocks gig (the second of the Marquee Buzzcocks brace) and Howard only played the first 11 — he was only there at the very beginning." (Devoto's new outfit, Magazine, are reviewed on page 50).

Their disdain for Babylon's streets of chic has meant a disappointing paucity of Buzzcocks' gigs in the capital; before the two Marquee dates they'd played London only four times in 1977.

"It's the only place we get gobbed on," Shelley smirks. "Only in London and other liberated places . . . it used to piss me off but *now* I understand that it's a mark of respect . . ."

His eyes are wide with mock-awe. "If someone out there can gob *right into your mouth* . . . well, it's the nearest you can get to a French kiss from 30 yards."

But it would appear that the Cocky Cockney Sparrers are catching on fast. "The last time we played London, there was nowhere near as many chairs and glasses thrown at us as the time before."

BUZZCOCKS SING love songs. The love may be betrayed, bitter, vitriolic and vengeful, but it's love nevertheless. Shelley's incisive lyrics are the work of a neoteric Smokey Robinson bearing a grudge. The direction of the band altered after the Devoto departure, Buzzcocks featuring Shelley out front after he took charge of limelight chores, seeming more of a quintessentially pop-oriented band and less the vehicle for a tortured-angst-ridden artist with a widow's peak.

The Marquee has got the House Full sign up outside. Inside the Establishment Punk vertical gyration and long-distance French Kissing is reaching perspiration point as Shelley and Diggle fret-thrash the juddering, abruptly staccatto opening chords to Buzzcocks' ode to a shot-nerved unrequited lust-habit, "Breakdown".

"Well-if-I-seem-a-little-jittery, / I-can't-restrain-myself . . ."

Shelley controls the crowd with a polite deceptive grace, a natural performer with sufficient confidence in his ability to perform live not to feel the need to assault the audience with mandatory punky-waver contrived belligerence.

John Maher is continually head-bowed and relentlessly solid on skins, his work at the back of the stage meshing with Steve Garvey's voluble bass-lines, the neophyte Buzzcocks' playing obviously still feeling its way (Lancashire's answer to Sid Vicious?) while his studied cool visual is infinitely more commercially viable in the teen-appeal stakes than that of the rotund, revolving Garth and I couldn't help wondering if the expulsion of the Gentle Giant at this crucial stage of the Buzzcocks scaling of the heights was perhaps made with a more ruthless calculation than Shelley would have you imagine.

But that's conjecture; Buzzcocks are now more of a live band than they've ever been before, including the early Devoto days.

As always, Diggle looks mildly surprised to find himself on stage, his guitar emanating a juddering Wilkeosque stutter as a base for Shelley to cut short, sharp, savage flicks of the plectrum, giving Buzzcocks the sound of a humming, brachiatiate circular saw that incorporates the conciseness and rock-action speed of *la mode punkais* while exercising a refreshing control of dynamics that only the best of the new bands have been able to master.

It's rich, rhythmic and addictively repetitive, perhaps reaching its most perfect expression on the adventurous instrumental recitation "Pulse Beat". Maher repeats a drum-roll of devastating brevity while the other three Buzzcocks dance, eyes closed with their instruments silent, then as one man cutting rich, full, abrupt slices of sound that build to the contagious intelligent magic with which they climax the show.

Doing "Pulse Beat" as the last number shows in Buzzcocks a willingness to experiment that no other young band in the UK can match, together with the panache, aplomb, self-possession and ability to pull it off.

At the bar The Clash's Mick Jones reels with stunned admiration. "They're the only band in the country who'd *dare* finish with that," he gasps. "Fucking brilliant."

"Thank you, goodnight!" Shelley shouts into the mike as they stumble off, brought back for an encore of the "Spiral Scratch" track "Time's Up", the story of the disintegration of a teenage couple's relationship when the intention's unjust and the commitment's unequal.

"I've been waiting at the supermarket, standing in line with beans (CASH UP)
I've been waiting at the post-office for sticky pictures of the Queen (STICK UP)
And now I'm waiting for YOU, to get yourself good and ready (MAKE UP)
Say to myself is this what they mean by Going Steady (BREAK UP)
And I've been waiting in the waiting-room
And I've been sitting in the sitting-room
And now I'm whining in the dining-room
Waiting for you is like waiting for the man in the moon
I was really smouldering, so I bought a pack of King Size cigarettes (STOOD UP)
This hanging around's killing me if you just come along and have no regrets (GIVE UP)
I call your number and your mother tells me you're still in bed (GET UP)
When you get to the phone your voice is thick and sexy, shoots through the top of my head (HANG UP)
And I've been standing in the standing-room
And I've been smoking in the smoking-room
And now I'm dying in the living-room
I'm gonna forget what I came for here real soon
I said your time's up
Me, too
I'm out on account of you
Your time's up
Me, too
And I'm out on account of you
Yeah, you're time's up
Your time's up
Right up."

"THERE'S BITTERNESS in our songs, yeah," concedes Shelley. "But there's hope in them, too. I have got a tendency to self-pity but I realise that's not the way to get anything done, by making myself a martyr . . ."

Buzzcocks. "Whatever Happened To?" — *"Your love is a cashed in cheque . . ."*

"It's more pissed-off frustration than self-pity," says Shelley. "It's like," he free-associates, "when someone you *really care about* does something stupid and you wish they hadn't done it, you're just sorry that they've done that."

Shelley sees the scene in Manchester as infinitely more healthy than in London, and rightly so, citing the attitude of young Manchester musicians who are into bands for the simple rush of playing and not expecting to get signed up by a record label as soon as they step out of the garage . . . because it just doesn't happen like that up there . . . which is why there's not a band in the whole of London fit to lick the plectrums of the virtually unknown The Fall.

"I'd be a nervous wreck in two weeks if I lived in London," Shelley admits.

Of course, Manchester is far from an aural Promised Land and has got its share of dross like anywhere else but there *is* a precious vitality about the city that London (and others) sorely lack. And it all emanated from the same raw material that all classic rock sprouts from: boredom, boredom, boredom, bor-dum, bor-dum.

"You know that I say what I mean
I say what comes to my mind
Because I never get around to things
I live a straight, straight, line
You know me I'm acting dumb
You know the scene, very hum-drum
Boredom, boredom, boredom
Now I'm living in this movie
But it doesn't move me
I don't mind waiting for the phone to ring
Let it ring and ring and ring the fuckin' thing!
You know me I'm acting dumb
Y'know the scene, very hum-drum
Boredom, boredom, bor-dum, bor-dum, bor-dum.
Now there's nothing that's behind me
I'm already a has-been, because my future ain't what it was
Well, I think I know the words that I mean . . ."

What did you think of the Roxy album?

"I thought it was a piece of shit because it was so lousy," Shelley says calmly. "Like if someone dug up an old essay of yours and it got printed and everybody said, *Wow, that's great!* But we don't regret making mistakes, it brings a certain order."

I tell Shelley that a good gauge of the difference in the atmosphere's of both London and Manchester is the way that the superb John Cooper Clarke was received at the Vortex and the last night of the Electric Circus respectively; in Manchester the kids stomped, clapped, roared with laughter and even *danced*, (not bad for a poet) whereas in London the punks threw bottles.

Shelley nods. "It's sad that people in London can't appreciate something new and exciting simply because it hasn't been deemed cool . . ."

But London ain't the only place where Buzzcocks have encountered bigots.

"We played Leeds Polytechnic and I happened to be wearing a Manchester United shirt . . . and they went totally *crazy*," recalls a bemused Shelley. "How was I to know what it was; I have no interest in football whatsoever . . . I've got nothing against students *per se*, but Buzzcocks would never play a students-only gig. It's too much of an exclusive thing like being asked to play a Masonic Hall or a darts team. It's a lot better to play a CBS Convention than a students only-gig . . . you feel like a cabaret girl."

Neoteric = new-fangled, in the modern mould

THE SECOND date at the Marquee is another unqualified success. Buzzcocks run through the four "Spiral Scratch" tracks (Friends Of Mine", "Boredom", "Time's Up" and "Breakdown"), plus "Sixteen", "No Reply", "Whatever Happened To?" "Orgasm Addict" (Shelley; "It's about people who use other people merely for the orgasm because they can't handle a proper relationship; that's too dangerous"), "Oh, Shit", "Pulse Beat", "Love Battery", "Fiction-Romance" (Shelley; "It's about the commercialisation of love in things like 'Romeo and Juliet' or 'The Little House On The Prairie' to such an extent that every time you have a minor heartache, you build it into so much more through sheer theatrical melodrama") and their next single, the outrageously magnificent "What Do I Get?", pure pop for tomorrow people that is destined to be written down as the finest single of this year (including "Spiral Scratch").

Musically, it's "Do Anything You Wanna Do" without the contrived sense of epic while lyrically it's worthy of Smokey Robinson at his finest — and *nothing* gets better than that.

"I just wanna lover like any other — what do I get?
I just wanna someone to never forget — what do I get?
What do I get — oh — oh?
What do I get?"

"The songs aren't complete stories," Shelley tells me. "You've got to put yourself into them for them to take life."

Do you feel the need to keep your own sexual preferences out of your lyrics and/or interviews?

"I try to keep the lyrics I write ambisexual. If I was a great butch macho rock-guitarist singing songs about laying all the groupies then it wouldn't mean anything to women or the people I work with.

"I don't like excluding people from ideas simply because of their gender. And also if I wrote songs like Tom Robinson about being gay then I'd be excluding another part of the audience. And because I'm a man, if I sang songs about male/female gender then it's going to cut out more people.

"I enjoy writing songs that do not exclude anyone.

"The only people they exclude are people who don't know anything about love."

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ALBUMS

BRIAN ENO
Before And After Science (Polydor)

FIRST, THE facts.

The grandiosely titled "Before And After Science" was initially "Thirteen Pictures", before the addition of another track made that "Fourteen Pictures".

The tracks were mostly recorded at Ladbroke Grove's Basing Street Studios before the composer was called away to Berlin by David Bowie to collaborate on "Heroes".

The latter project was apparently so disorientating an experience (not emotionally but more in terms of having to conform to a very different work schedule) that it precipitated a nervous breakdown on ENO's part — thus lengthening the wait for this album's completion.

Musicians working with Eno on the sessions included drummers Phil Collins and Can's incredible Jaki Leibezeit, bassists Paul Rudolph, Percy Jones, Bill MacCormick and Brian Turrington, guitarists Robert Fripp, Phil Manzanera and Fred Frith.

Now the opinions.

This is Eno's fourth solo album — but as far as I'm concerned it's only the second to feature any real consistency of tenor and execution.

With "Another Green World" Eno drastically pruned the all-purpose musical precociousness and general meandering of his earlier "Here Come The Warm Jets" and "Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy" offerings and seriously considered the true strengths (and weaknesses) of his talents.

The net results, though again not producing yer 'consistently satisfying musical experience', had their moments, principally in those brusque instrumental passages where Eno's talents rose to provide an inimitable sense of atmospherics and clever sound mating. He has, in fact, subsequently recorded an excellent album of soundtracks, his forte, in "Music For Films".

"Before And After Science" (God, that title is ridiculous) works best as a mood piece — in fact, the whole of side two works *extremely* well, each section complementing its neighbour, the overall mood being gently reflective.

The side builds through various sound inlays — from the gorgeously languid guitar phrasings of Phil Manzanera on the opening "Here He Comes" to the high point of twilight evanescence in the instrumental "Through Hollow Lands".

The four tracks that consummate this mood — three compelling songs and that quite remarkable instrumental — afford the listener with the most satisfying solo Eno work to date and only the final track, a piece of whimsical nonsense entitled "Spider And I", does the slightest damage to the general continuity.

Side one is Eno in more diverse and capricious mood, the work suffering accordingly through his dilettante nature. One factor of any Brian Eno record that I for one have always found extremely hard to take is the gentleman's exceptionally bland vocalising; although ever improving, it's still something I could do without.

Ideas of course proliferate everywhere but somehow the perspective that edited this side of, again, five pieces together is too askew for anything really impressive to reach the listener.

"No-one Receiving", thanks to the Leibezeit-like drumming of Phil Collins, sounds like an intriguing Can 'disco' work; while Eno's vocals don't impress, his lyrics are clever and coherent enough to do the piece no real disservice.

Strangely enough, the stupid "Backwater" (a piece on which Leibezeit does indeed play, though I'd never have guessed) and "Kurt's Rejoinder" remain precociously unsolved pieces. Meanwhile the side's most immediately absorbing track, the instrumental "Energy Fools The Magician", ends up sounding a touch too close to Weather Report for comfort.

My conclusions remain similar to what I've felt about Eno since "Another Green World" turned my virtual contempt for his studio work into mild respect.

There emphatically is something of the dilettante about him which, coupled with the total absence of 'emotion' in his work, can prove remarkably irksome at times.

He functions best, it seems, as an ideas man for the joint missions of others (like Bowie), able to provide perfect foils for their particular means of expression.

At its best, "Before And After Science" can be quite disarmingly . . . well, pleasant in its coherence. But compared to say, his work on "Heroes" (listen to "The Secret Life Of Arabia", created from an Eno riff / idea), Eno on his own is just too dry too often for my tastes.

Nick Kent

I suppose that's it from the NME for the next 12 months. *Pic: RITVA SAARIKKO*

Taking Fylingdales Early Warning Domes By F4–F Phantom

(And bloody great ladders with nails in)

THE PRETTY THINGS
Singles A's & B's (Harvest)

RELAX YOUR mind and drift downstream on the A- and B-sides of the singles The Pretty Things cut for Columbia and Harvest between 1967 and 1971.

Psychedelic days. Long gone was the ecstatic R&B venom of their Fontana records; yet to come was the last gasp of their Warner Brothers rock output. At the end of the '60s the Pretties epitomised London psychedelia.

I never did like English acid rock much. Syd Barrett, Kevin Ayers, Dantalian's Chariot, Tyrannosaurus Rex, Nirvana, Itchycoo Park and Blackberry Way — the overriding obsession with childhood images, nursery rhymes, marmalade skies and phasing all seemed rather puny next to the Dead, Hendrix, Love, The Doors, Velvets, et al.

Apart from the Floyd, whose simplistic space sounds were just drab, London acid music was all indoors stuff. Sure, you'd take a trip in your W.11 pad and get kaleidoscopic, claustrophobic images like these tumbling through — but all those tinny fuzz guitar tones and harmonies and the endless velveteen clutter lost their point if, like me, you really wanted to watch the sun set over the sea with "Electric Ladyland" blasting, or take a dawn walk on the moors with

"Anthem For The Sun" still echoing across your personal cosmos.

This set starts off with the carousel rhythm of "Defecting Grey" (1967), Phil May lisping in the kindergarten tones that UK psychedelia would make so dopily commonplace, Dick Taylor cranking out a ribbon of grotequely fuzzed sitar. Effects on loan from "Sgt Pepper" hold the various hallucinations together.

A trick they use repeatedly is the false stop; there's one on almost all the more mainstream psychedeic songs (which constitute the first side). "Mr Evasion", "Talkin' About The Good Times", "Walking Through My Dreams", "Private Sorrow" and "Balloon Burning" fill out the side; each as deliberately confused as its neighbour, with great moments like the sulphurous guitar lick on "Good Times" fighting a battle with really gruesome stuff like the trendily wimp chorus of the same song.

"Balloon Burning" stands out for having less time changes and FX, and consequently more power.

Flipping the album (thus avoiding the great "S.F.Sorrow" vs "Arthur" debate), we come upon the band's other legendary underrated blah blah artefact, "Parachute" — which *Rolling Stone* dubbed Album Of The Year 1971. Good album it was, too, in its Beatle-ish way. "The Good Mr Square" demonstrates how they'd managed to shed the scruffy edge that afflicted their previous work, replacing it with an identikit John Lennon dreamy texture.

The next single, however, is my favourite Pretty Things song outside of "Honey I Need"/"Midnight To Six" fury. "October 26" heralded guitarist Pete Tolson's entry into the Pretties in 1970. His first searing bitter-sweet lick is the first thing on this album that stabs the heart rather than sifts the subconscious, also showing that wahwah was not necessarily obsolete. Great song, too, still strongly Lennon-influenced.

The rest of the set witnesses the band moving towards the polished melodic rock of "Silk Torpedo", with the closing raunch of "Stone-Hearted Mama" recalling their R&B days more than anything else here.

If I've been hard on the chaps, sorry. Yes, they *were* underrated throughout their career. They covered more styles with greater commitment, ingenuity and credibility than almost any other band.

Unfortunately, they never did quite hit on a style that someone else didn't do slightly better.

Phil McNeill

Do The Funky Sex Offender (pt 68)

RADIO STARS
Songs For Swinging Lovers (Chiswick)

WHAT WITH television currently obsessed with unpalatably dingy plays and bleeding heart profiles of adolescent dementoids like *Billy, Jimmy* and Harry The Dog of Millwall on *Panorama* (the *Snoud*-track of which is Ramalamadolequeue rock cutely numbered by CSM last week), Radio Stars, bless 'em, come across like an aural *Fawlty Towers* — fast, furious, dead tight, blustering and blisteringly funny.

***And what,* we ask ourselves, is ultimately the more worthwhile reflection of le kondishun 'ooman, squire?**

Radio Stars' ramalama-bamming is the sly, slick, sick soundtrack for Page Three of *The Sun,* where spicey/sordid stories jostle with some bint's juicy bits.

Take cut four, side one, the best rock'n'roll song I've heard — er well, this week anyhow. Called "The Beast Of Barnsley", it's their odd ode to the eccentric miscreant who was recently put away for 'doing naughty things to women from behind' (without their consent, natch).

The title is chanted in sonic unison in best Glitter Band style (with a chirpy *"Who's a naughty boy?"* slipped into one channel) as the conclusion is reached, *"He's a creature, all right."*

No wonder The Beast's mother collapsed on hearing it (after some enterprising hack had played it to her, asking if she thought it should be banned — no prizes for the correct answer, which appeared, of course, on Page Three, etc.).

Bad taste, eh?

Unacceptable, huh?

No more so than say, The Byrds getting Whiskey-a-Go Go patrons frugging to their electrified "Bells Of Rhymney" back in the '60s. And certainly preferable to the puerile proliferation of Pro-plus punks pathetically bleating their po-faced political naivety at self-pitying emotional retards who take all that guff about Ulster and the price of sulphate seriously, for Chrissakes.

Which is all by way of saying that Radio Stars stick out from the fetid morass of garage bands on fly-by-night labels like Nureyev's whatsit through his leotards. Only they're more fun than guessing a ballet dancer's religion.

Jeez, not only do these guys play real good'n'snappy bop-a-long rock, they've got a fistful of ace chewns and there's not a whiff of pretention about them. Their '77 synthesis of all that was right and proper in the T Rex/Lennon-McCartney/Neil Innes scale of things makes for laudable and laughable (as in lovable) listening.

Together with the top-notch double-A single (the dizzy "Dirty Pictures" and the daffy "No Russians In Russia") you get a freebie 12-inch album, which includes a motherlode of little gems brilliantly produced (poo poo, dirty word) by bassist Martin Gordon, shoving in tricks and jokes at the correct junctures.

Besides "The Beast", there's "Is It Really Necessary", which begins in the studio next door, swiftly developing into a middle-period Beatle-y number, but Ian Macleod's well-in-check guitar ferocity is much tougher than Hari would've done it.

And the rumbustious, never reckless "Don't Waste My Time", a 40 second HM 12-bar pastiche ("Nothing Happened Today") worthy of Martin Mull, a foreign food muck warning ("Macaroni'n'Mice"), a song about a guy called "Eric", and, and . . .

Oh, sod this, there's not a duff track on the thing and I'm off to play it again.

Monty Smith

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THE AFRIKA CORPS
Music To Kill By
(Iron Cross)

EAGERLY AWAITED variation on the token Teutonic fetish. I see. This posse of East Coast wimpoids hark back to the time when the Kaiser kept the trains running on schedule; though Germanic jinks are never the smartest accessories, especially for those of us with more or less Gentile names like Solomon Spector and Max Bialistock.

Party political broadcast interrupted to inform you that this big merger of The Slickee Boys, The Gizmos, The Look, The Teenage Boys, O. Rex and The Kaiser's Kittens has thrown up (very punky) the best album of the year.

Twenty-two (yes! 22!) songs about all the things that bother you — your complexion *("I got creep skin/Thin as a pin/Yeah-/Cheap skin ,cheap skin"*; "Creep Skin"), your boys *("I'm not proud/I laffed out loud/I laffed out loud when I saw you with him"*; "I Laffed Out Loud"), your mental health *("I'm a happy person-/They're gonna put me away/I'm a happy person-/They're gonna take me today"*; "I'm A Happy Person"), and your girls — *("Jailbait Janet/She's the best girl on the planet"* — "Jailbait Janet"; *"Well she's so goodlooking/But that doesn't matter/She's got a real fine body/She's madder than a hatter"* — "Crazy Jill"; and *"Too cool to fool/She ain't even in school"* — "Too Cool To Fool").

Every gem is short and sweet, from "Wild Mouse" at ·44 to the 3·08 epic "Lorraine" *("I wanna be your lover/I wanna be your man/I love you better than you love Dianne")*, each one a nursery rhyme that's been sneaking looks at teen magazines. Less than half a dozen are prey to the "so bad it's good" camp-cretin-credibiility pack in certain "street" quarters. The rest are pure, unsullied, untouched by recording contract rock and roll. Every verse is a reprise, every song a chorus with a harmonious soundmix nothing like the usual Heavy Metal row most "punks" employ — "Tired Of Waiting For You" and "Heartful Of Soul" were sung like The Afrika Corps conceived them.

There's Rolling Stones, Beach Boys and Kinks screaming unleashed across this vinyl, but at heart of gold it's The Kingsmen rising from the grave to catch The Vibrators in modern West Side Story.

You can tell they come from the coast — real coasting music — but there's no West Coast quicksand of cocaine and complacency. Despite their threats about slapping your pretty face and ripping your pretty lace, they're sweet New Jersey kids. Real innocence always tries to be tough.

Julie Burchill

("Music To Kill By" is available from Iron Cross Records, Box 253, Teaneck, New Jersey, 07666, USA.)

CHINA
China (Rocket Record Co.)

AS THINGS stand, when you're presented with a debut disc by ex-Elton John associates, produced by Old Four-Eyes himself, you immediately fall into either the interested or the indifferent listener category.

This album irritated me from the outset: gruesome glossy sleeve; jumbled lyric sheet; photos of distant, hirsute, musician types with long scarves and earnest gazes. I was almost hoping there wasn't going to be a hole in the middle so I wouldn't have to play it.

No such luck. The best thing about this performance is that it only occasionally succumbs to heavy Elton influences. The piano, an instrument which is seldom capable of leading a musical assault, is the dominant force here, one James Newton Howard soaking the material with damp keyboard rhythms.

Davey Johnstone is not a distinctive vocalist, chanting the lyrics which dress the transparent feelings in the songs. I can't find anything here that The Beatles haven't said a hundred times; in fact the persistent intrusion of strings and sundry orchestral noises tempted me to blame a lot of this album's faults on four laid-back Liverpudlians. A glance at the sleeve showed that the real blame lay with a device known as an Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer.

The more orthodox songs are brief, medium-slow forays into complex beats which fail to disguise the painful absence of melody. There are no hooks on this album (moral: pop fans avoid it).

There are thankfully few solos, Johnstone's guitar work taking a back seat to the wandering piano. The subject matter mostly concerns love, or a clinical approximation of it. Mr. Taupin gets stuck in here and there, helping poetically but not easing the bleakness of theme.

One exception is "Savage", an uninvolved attempt at empathy with street kids which leaves the other numbers standing.

This LP amounts to nothing more than impotent easy-listening for the more musically adventurous over-twenties.

Kim Davis

DILLINGER VERSES TRINITY
Clash (Burning Sounds)

JAMAICA'S TOP two talkover stars come face-to-face on this backchat toast session. The album justifies its poetically misspelt title, and Dillinser scores a conclusive points victory.

"Clash" was recorded in the UK during the pair's recent parallel tour here, and it reflects the novel observations of Dillinger and Trinity during this time.

"Man, me step it in an England town, them a tell me 'bout the Rizla," we learn on "Rizla Skank", the opening track; *"Jamaican weed take the lead because it full of speed and is the better breed."*

"Shelly With The Electric Belly" closes side one with a cheeky Dillinger toast, straight to the head of one of the London reggae scene's most influential label owners.

The remaining wax is less noteworthy. "Step It Brother Clem" pays tribute to Clem Bushay, who produced the set, maintaining a strong rhythm; and "Stumbling Block" is better still — the highlight of the side; but "Cricket Lovely Cricket", "Natty Passing Through A Curfew" and "Natty Dread Is Not The Prodigal Son" are merely sterile variations on tired themes. Whilst "Starsky And Hutch" fails to cast the two toasters in comparable roles, or milk the full satirical potential of the TV soap opera.

"Clash" is a loud, bombastic, often untidy attempt to exploit the popularity of these two currently acclaimed gentlemen. It succeeds, in parts, in conveying some oblique insight into their respective personalities; but rarely scales the same offbeat heights that made their reputations.

Penny Reel

BIG O: A BUYER'S GUIDE TO GETTING MORE OF IT

OK, so you've seen the books and **Wizardry & Wild Romance** calendar earlier on. If you turned over a couple of pages at once, turn back now – don't miss out. So now cast your optic system over the wonders of **Big O** posters. Having dried out our mouths by gabbling on about the books and calendar we'll let the posters speak for themselves. If you think they look good in black & white postage stamp size you'll go crazy when you see the full colour actual size posters (size details below). Incidentally, the Wizardry series by Rodney Matthews are the twelve pix that make up the calendar. Go to it, get some fantasy into your life. *This message is no spoof.*

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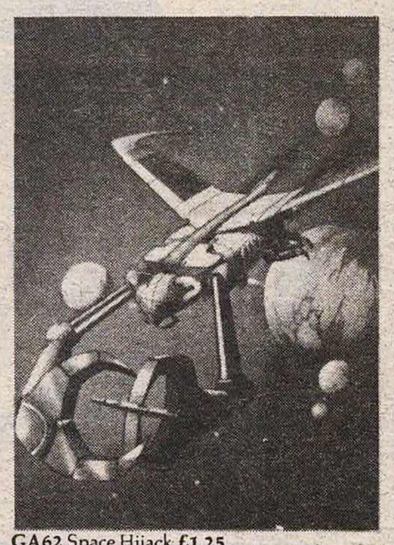
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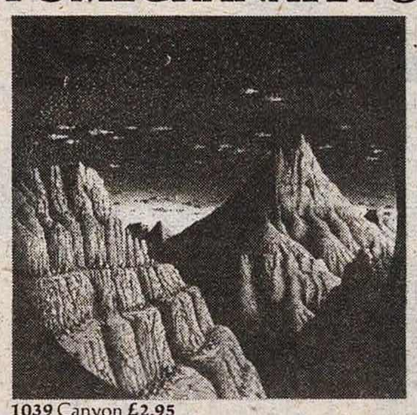
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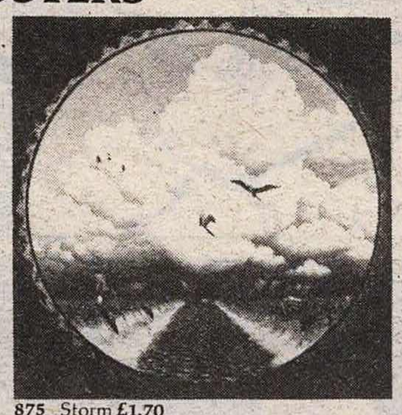
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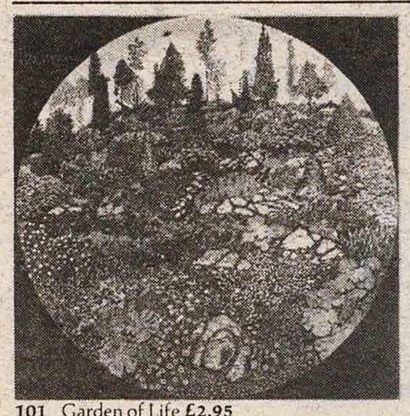
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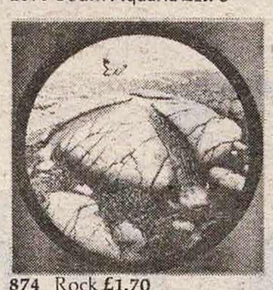
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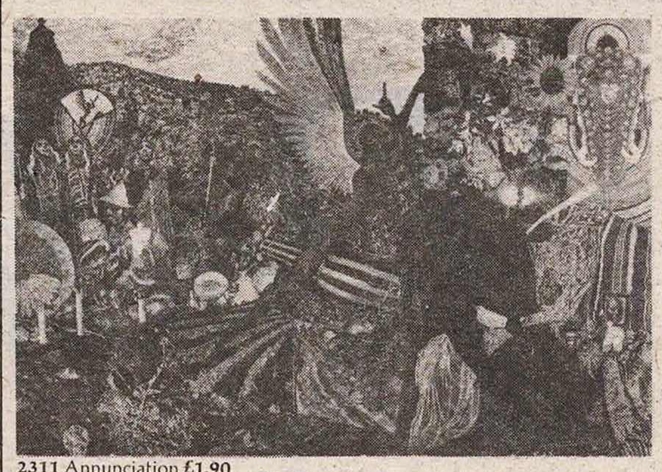
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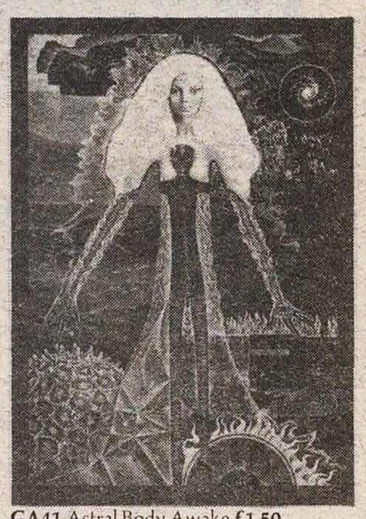
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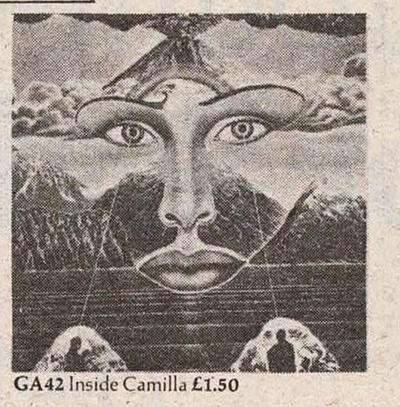
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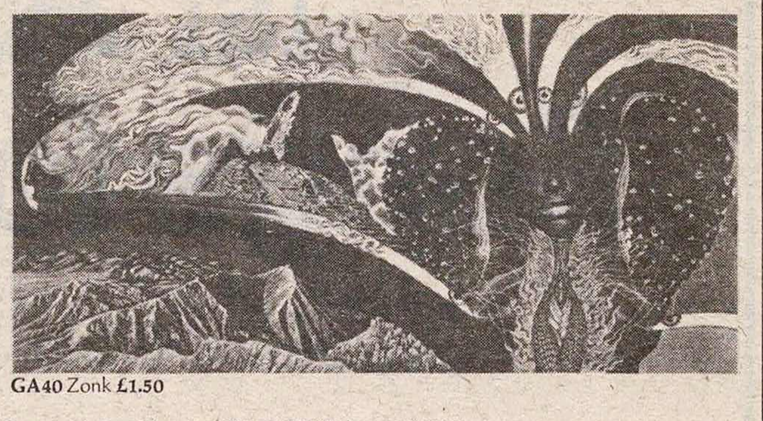
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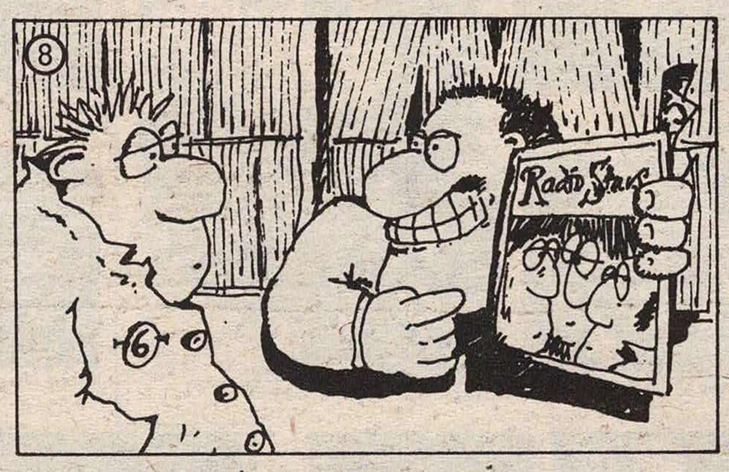

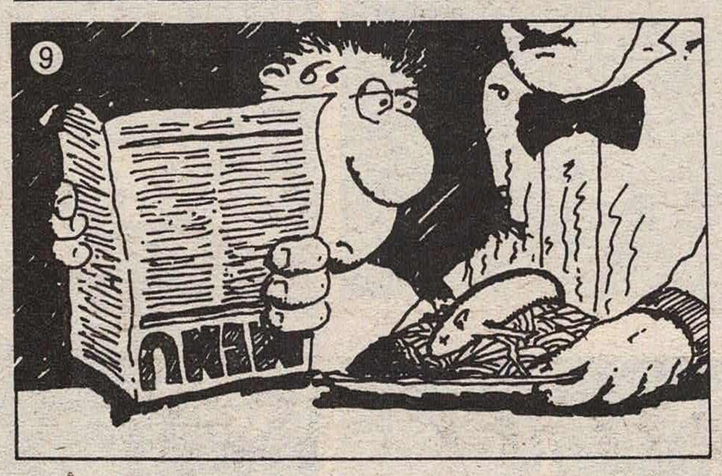

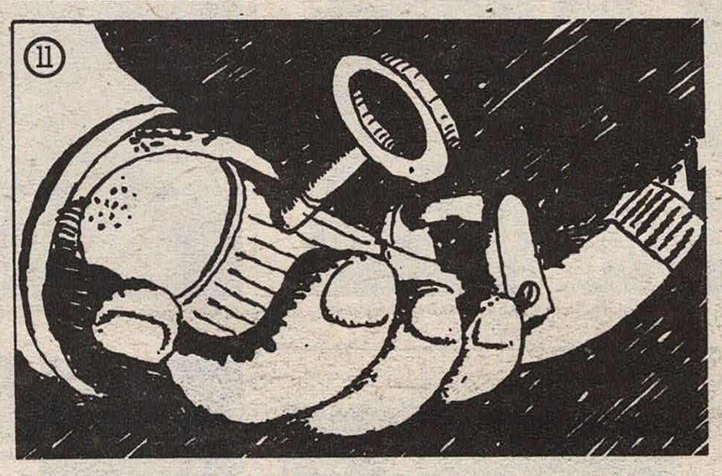

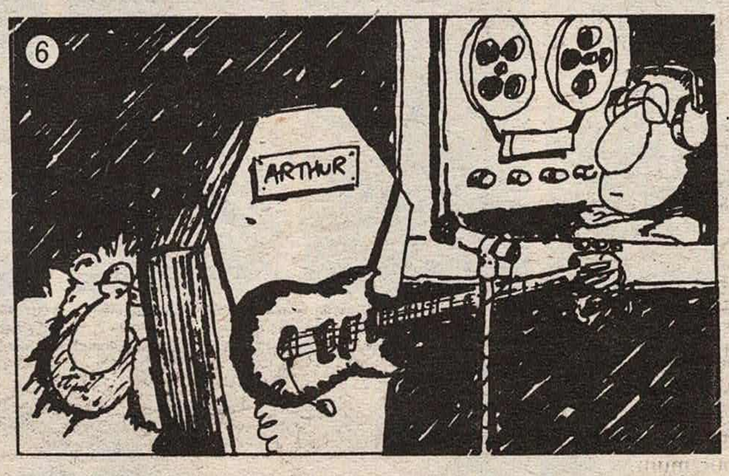

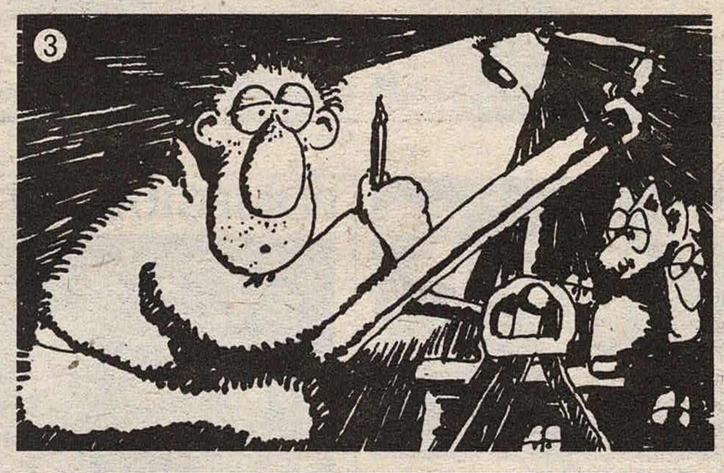

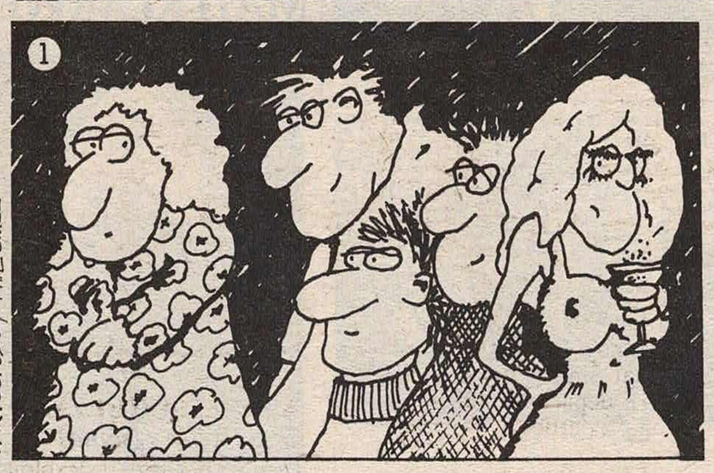

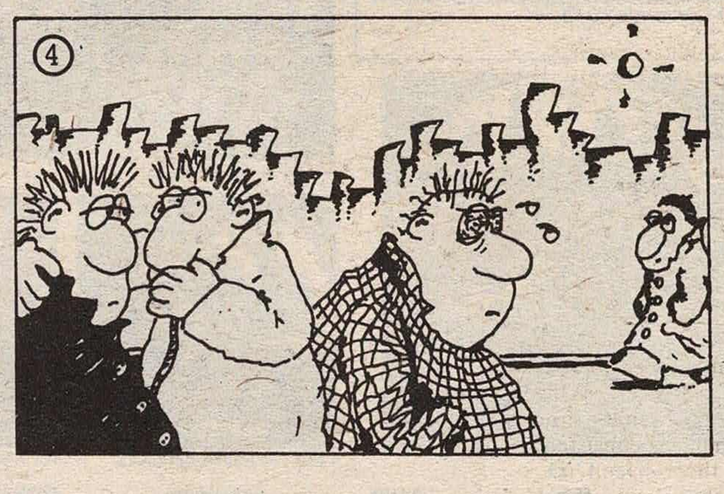

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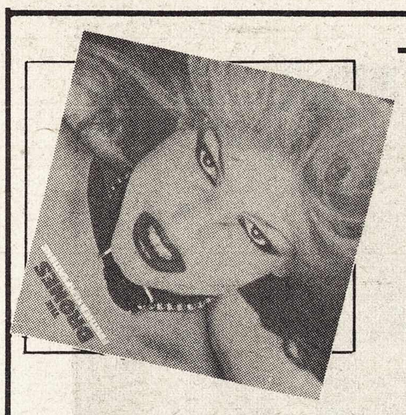
ONLY THE DRONELY!

Non Exclusive Review Shock!



THE DRONES
Further Temptations (Valer)
THERE'S A dull ache in my head — The Drones.

An album already? A few months ago they were moaning how everyone and everything was against them. They'd released an EP, "The Temptations Of A White Collar Worker" . . .

You can sell anything as long as "it" lasts, their manager states — "it" being the punk, etc boom (chaos by any other name).

Meanwhile the EP sells fairly well. They meet The Stranglers, who take a fancy to them. They play a few 'Prestige' dates with the nice chappies and make solid contacts.

Vale Records, Manchester's very own K-Tel (vegetable slicers. that kind of thing . . .), grope for a punk group to wrap for the consumers. The Drones are ideal — professional musicians with a fair local following. A single, "Bone Idol", gleans further sales.

And then an album. Already??? We're not talking about creativity here. Just a quick return. What a pleasing package, no hard edges, little to upset your mum.

Pop punk, file alongside Eater, then dissect with morbid reluctance, see where they're coming from, admire performance and production, snigger at the mottos, shrug the shoulders.

Who needs it? Just like Status Quo, The Drones can never be anyone's *favourite* group. On stage they're pleasing with their choreographed vigour. The hardly charming HM echoes coupled with unhappily redundant and negative 'modernism' hardly matters. This is how you pogo.

But don't think about it, runs the scam, just buy it. No amount of studio cleverness or tidying up can help The Drones, the routine riffs, bass runs, flat phrasing and generally limited view — a palatable package. Producer Simon Humphreys has done a fine job, putting plenty of air into the band, balancing everything well, wrapping it all around the constant vacuum guitar.

Singer M.J. Drone has injected some endearing tricks into his delivery; Whispa Cundall's bass has found almost Burnellian consistency. Eleven of the thirteen tracks are predictably clean riff rock.

There are two oddities; "Be My Baby", which begins authentically before careering into faithless ruin, and "The Underdog", a spectulative filler, a curious Sabbath-/"Diamond Dogs" hybrid.

The words are well prepared but exasperatingly chip-on-shoulder, self-centred, pointlessly semi-rhetorical outbursts. There's no disguising what we have here — HM, cut, shampooed and blow-dried.

Worse still, The Drones' reactionary motivation doesn't seem grounded in any actual love for rock and roll. It would all have been a lot more attractive if they'd evinced some addiction to whatever it is they plunder so mercilessly.

Serious Sweet, dashes of Clash, Quo and Led Zep, down from there through Queen. All thrown in a pan and boiled tasteless.

Who need it? Consumers.

Paul Morley

DENIECE WILLIAMS
Song Bird (CBS)
HOVERING BY the door of the setum-up-then-knockum-down department, I'm inclined to have doubts about this lady.

Drones still lurking *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

SKREWDRIVER
All Skrewed Up (Chiswick)
FOR YEARS, Blackpool has laughingly been compared (by the Town Hall entertainments office) with Las Vegas.

For a town whose motto is "Progress", Blackpool also has the dubious distinction of (just a few years ago) banning all outdoor rock events for something like twenty years. I don't believe the act has ever been revoked.

Not only have there never been more than three or four half-decent bands working out of Blackpool at any given time, but unless you adopt the pose of a human juke box, there's practically nowhere to perform. Being a Northern Soul fortress also cuts back on the number of 'live' venues. As a transient denizen of that coastal resort, I speak from experience.

Apart from records, the papers and the occasional stop-over by a name band, you have plenty of time to attempt to mould a personalised style, even if it means practically no feed-back for your efforts.

Skrewdriver emanate from Blackpool, so is it any wonder that most of the time they sound genuinely uptight? Sadly stating their fears, paranoia and frustrations occasionally get the better of them. But that's only to be expected; Self-confessed skinheads are not welcome around their locale.

"All Skrewed Up" kicks off with promise, "Where's It Gonna End" being a menacing heavy acoustic strum. But instead of refining this approach, they get stuck into re-cycling de rigeur Two Sevens Clash themes of persecution complex in "(Too Much) Confusion", knocking the system in "9 Till 5" and slamming what one assumes to be local press in "We Don't Pose".

There are no survivors. "Back Street Kids", "An-Ti-So-Cial" and "Jailbait" give more than an inkling of a personal approach, but they cop-out far too often and restrict themselves to the three-chord pogo.

Skrewdriver don't need to warm up other people's left-overs because in singer Ian, these B'pool boot-boys have (potentially) one of the best gravel throated vocalists to emerge this year, whilst Ron (guitar), Kev (bass) and Grinny (drums) give the listener the distinct impression that they would be better deployed on more adventurous chords and rhythms.

This is one of Rockin' Roger Armstrong's better productions, though personally I'd have preferred Ian's vocals pushed more to the fore on the final mix.

Technical note: This album is the world's first 13 track, 12 inch 45rpm single. It retails at £2.50 and is pressed in black plastic. I wonder if Skrewdriver will take heed of the lyrics of their shambling re-tread of The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again".

Roy Carr

Skrewdriver when they had long hair *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky*

'OOO YOU SKREWIN', JOHN?

After gorging myself on the fruits of her first album, another great dollop of the same gooey confection isn't going down at all easily. If it wasn't for the gritty roughage of the Maurice White-produced accompaniment I'd be calling weakly for a mop and bucket about now.

I give you two considered opinions: 1) Ms Williams is a good-hearted, God-fearing/loving lady with a delightfully fresh and flexible singing voice and 2) She appears to live in a world prescribed by TV soap operas and the short stories in women's weekly magazines.

Despite the musical setting I'm beginning to think she's black America's answer to Dana, Mary Hopkins and Olivia Newton John.

Still, I'm quite sure that she'll increase her international following with this expertly prepared dish of romantic traumas and quasi-religious banality. It's only jaded types like me who'll look for something altogether more meaty.

Cliff White

COMMANDER CODY BAND
Rock'n'Roll Again (Arista)
APART FROM a brief acquaintance with "Hot Licks, Cold Steel And Truckers Favourites", notably the song "Mama Hated Diesels", I wouldn't know Commander Cody from a hole in the ground.

But I do know he has a new band and a new label because the biggest word on the cover of "Rock'n'roll Again" is new. It also seems fair to take the man by his word and treat this as a new album, ignoring his previous minor cult status and six years on the road with the Lost Planet Airmen.

"Rock'n'roll Again" is new in that it's an odd combination of country, ham-bone boogie and rock. Although there is nothing very odd or indeed new about the combination producer John Alcock (of Thin Lizzy renown and a strange choice in this context) has blended the style with an uncharacteristic English neatness.

For music that usually relies on homegrown authenticity and that simple cowboy feel this is a departure, but not to my mind a particularly pleasing one.

It sounds as though everybody recorded their parts separately and the whole was later assembled.

Cody's songs are basically just country songs. Either homespun morality plays ("Snooze You Lose" and the western swing of "Seven Eleven") or throwaway treatments of throwaway themes at their worst when autobiographical, as in the mawkishness of "Six Years On The Road", where Cody wearily repeats the title over ten cent epic strings and a horseshoe rhythm.

And so forth. Actually this album is a respectable attempt to take bar-room music beyond its proper habitat, but sadly the result is like a fish out of water.

Paul Rambali

KLAUS SCHULZE
Body Love (Island)
WANNA BE (s)exploited? Listen in then.

"Body Love" is presumably the soundtrack to some medium soft core porn movie masquerading — like Tinto Brass' abominable *Salon Kitty* — as high art.

Well, that fits. Schulze's megamuzak, you see, is itself mildly pornographic — as in titillation, as in always promising so much more than it delivers.

The Method (we all gotta have an artistic *method*, babe) is identikit. Set sequences, preferably with digital printout programme tuned to Dawn of Man widescreen, fill out rhythmic structure, preferably with programme tuned to mild discotrak, improvise a while, modify rhythm, repeat, repeat again, end of slide.

There's a certain perverse appeal in Schulze's work, but never enough to sustain listener interest for say, half a whole hour, c.f. "Nowhere/Now Where" (the story of the man's musical career?). But then this music isn't intended to *hold* interest.

"Body Love" is electronic discreet music maximised, so discreet you can't even remember to forget it. Hence its appeal, of course.

Angus MacKinnon

24-hour elpee fails wallet test

WARSAW PAKT
Needle Time (Island)
ONE ACT of spontaneity deserves another. Lightning cut, lightning review.

Let's dispose of the New Wave *schtick* straight off: these guys are neither punks nor particularly young. They're hard-nosed old-time Ladbroke Grove rockers reactivated by the current groundswell of energy and activity.

And good on 'em for that. You could call Warsaw Pakt bandwagon-jumpers, but better to see it as a positive and be thankful that old pro's can still get enthusiasm and work — even when the results, like here, don't exactly reach dizzy heights of inspiration.

Anyway, evidently they were hoping that the wheeze of cutting an album inside 24 hours (see page 13 for techno-garf) would fuel the ol' warhorse with extra energy and verve by virtue of the (enforced) spontaneity. It also gets you written about in the rock press. They're not the first to think this way. The Beatles did it on their first album (and made a lot less fuss about it) while in his prime Lennon wanted all his singles conceived, cut, mixed, pressed and in the shops inside a week — so much for classicism.

Still, "Needle Time" is basically a live set without an audience rather than a studio album cut in haste and passion. A lot of it's pretty ragged and it has a disconcerting habit of all tracks sounding alike, but it does actually improve as it goes on.

From the moment the Pakt (good but totally inappropriate name) blast off with The Who's "It's Not True", it's clear that this is guitarist Andy McConnell's show. Every other song is part-credited to him and his playing provides the muscle and direction here.

His style — and hence the band's — is an amalgam of Townshend power-chords, white-light-white-heat Velvets jangle and repetition, and a whole slew of Heavy Metal/blues licks and solos which keep bursting out like old acne.

"It's Not True" is taken at Jam-pace, and the rest of the elpee is pitched at a similar 100-mph gallop, but interest doesn't maintain as the band run through a familiar mill of New Wave cliches mixed with recycled '60s guitar licks.

The second side hits better form. "Nosebleed" — one of several Colquhoun/Farren collaborations — runs down some interesting chord changes with Beefheartian borrowings. And on "Believe Me Honey", "Lorraine" and "Safe And Warm", the group hit a tight, burning purple patch.

But while the guitar dynamix occasionally inspire, the rhythm section remains firmly locked into a rapid clenched-teeth wallop that does nothing to project light, shade or meaning into what's happening elsewhere. "Speeding" speaks for itself.

Can't say I'd empty me wallet to procure a copy, but "Needle Time" is likely to appeal to HM headbangers who find their heroes turning limp on them — same way Motorhead do.

Oh, and it reeks of Instant Collectibility, if that's what you care about. Myself, I think a seven-inch eepee is the answer.

Neil Spencer

KISS
ALIVE II

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The Commodores: Whaddyamean young?

So this is Christmas
The Voice of Young Amerika!

COMMODORES

Live (Motown)

BACK IN the mid-'60s, Motown proclaimed themselves to be "The Sound Of Young America". Apart from a few pedants who might have insisted that The Corp only represented young *black* America, it was generally recognised that the boast was justified. For a while.

But society changed a great deal faster than The Corp and somewhere along the line the motto was prudently dropped. Today, with a roster of artists who seem to mainly appeal to multi-racial, middle-class audiences of about 25 going on 50, Motown is as far removed from street life as it's ever been.

And yet, wonder of wonders, they also have Commodores — a group who are as close to representing the sound of young (black only?) America as any that's ever released records on the famous label.

Musical history having repeated itself in an amazingly fast double-take, the question of where Commodores stand in relation to young America as a whole is as elusive as, say, the position of The Miracles 12 or 13 years ago.

Then, with a few notable exceptions (Bob Dylan, Byrds, Beach Boys, name your own), young white America was most definitely out to lunch while young white Britain commandeered the shop. For several years, most credible American music was that performed by black artists, albeit under white supervision as often as not. At least, that's how it hit me at the time.

Apart from the commendable difference that nowadays a greater number of black American artists are not dependent on white patronage (except in the twilight realm of disco, which is still erroneously blamed on blacks when it's fundamentally a white province), it seems to me that the situation is much the same today.

Anyhow, what I'm getting around to is that, just as I would have supported Motown's claim to be the most generally accurate reflection of young mainstream America in the mid-60's, so I reckon that Commodores are ripe for that position today.

And until an anthology of their studio recordings is made available, this double album, which seems mainly to have been recorded at a concert in Atlanta, Georgia (with one new studio cut and possibly a few tracks from a concert in Washington, D.C., thrown in for good measure) is the best introduction to their prodigious talent.

You want young America? Here 'tis. Less pretentious than Earth, Wind & Fire; saner than the Parliafunkadelicment Thang; not so cloyingly sentimental as Stevie Wonder; more broad minded than The Isley Brothers; not so heavily mannered as The Ohio Players or so studiously punctilious as Brothers Johnson; and far more versatile than the legions of self-contained funk outfits or stand-up harmony vocal groups, both of which styles they excel at, Commodores have been *the* group of '77 as far as I'm concerned.

With The Mean Machine, an auxiliary quartet of three horn players and a guitarist, the six Commodores are here captured in as fine a form as they showed in Britain earlier this year, in a diverse set that touches most highspots of their four years with Motown.

There are four of the five great ballads ("Sweet Love", "Just To Be Close To You", "Zoom", "Easy") which have begun to get them recognised on this side of the Atlantic and two of the early rebel-rousers ("I Feel Sanctified", "Slippery When Wet") that got them off in America. There are a couple of brace of the Stevie-influenced ("Come Inside", "Funny Feeling") and hard-core funk tracks ("Fancy Dancer", "Brick House") from their last two gold albums.

Of course, there are also the customary bits of vaudeville nonsense (telling the crowd how wonderful they are and coaxing them to singalongaCommodores) that irritate a lot of folk, and a minor disappointment that the opening song, "Won't You Come Dance With Me", isn't a patch on the studio version.

In compensation, the album closes with the new single, "Too Hot Ta Trot", as compulsive a slug of black rock 'n' roll — for that's simply what this music is all about — as ever graced a Motown label.

Cliff White

What F— C— They Turned Out To Be!

"Know wot he did then?"

DEREK AND CLIVE

Come Again (Virgin)

DEREK AND Clive have gone too far this time!

I mean, a joke's a joke. We're all broadminded adults here — at least I hope we are — and as civilised people we are all able to keep these things in perspective — at least I hope we are — but "Come Again" simply goes well over the old toppo.

"Derek And Clive Live", Peter Cook and Dudley Moore's first vinylised excursion into the realms of scatological improvisation, at least made some valid points about The Duality Of Human Nature and The State Of The World As We Know It.

It was this rationale which enabled — say — Norman Mailer's *Why Are We In Vietnam?* and the finest works of the late Lenny Bruce to transcend the merely gross and enlighten us all about the darker reaches of the soul, but this . . . why, it's just plain disgusting!

How two such respected comedians as Cooke and Moore can lower themselves by presenting their public with such undiluted nastiness is utterly beyond comprehension.

One realises that in these times even a company with the dedication and good taste of Virgin Records must pander to degeneracy by issuing the foul work of such groups as The Sex Pistols — whatever happened to the days when they released the work of such artists as Mike Oldfield and Henry Cow? — and this realisation is, quite frankly, more than somewhat saddening.

As I remarked in a recent (and, sad to say, unpublished) letter to *Melody Maker*, these c—s have absolutely no sense of f— decency.

Most of this album is simply arrant s—, since Cooke and Moore were plainly p— as a— when they recorded the f— thing, which is why it's mostly a load of old b—. Most of the time Moore is so f— out of it that he just breaks up laughing like a c— at some new outrage of Cooke's. Cooke himself isn't exactly in control of himself either.

I mean, who else but these two w— would think that there was anything funny about cancer, masturbation, homosexuality (such people are to be pitied rather than glorified or mocked in this manner), the working classes (ditto), the appalling state of Joan Crawford's urinogenital system ("You've heard of the Bermuda Triangle? Well, this was worse. Ships, light aircraft, Spanish Revolutionaries and a disco"), coughing, flatulence, leprosy, Bertrand Russell fondling a young male prostitute in the back of a taxi and the like?

Only these two f—s, that's f— who!

Well, they're not f— getting away with putting out this f— load of old s—. There are still a few of us who care about f— decency today, and we're going to f— see that these a— don't get away with it this b— time.

I always f— knew they were just a bunch of f— c—.

Yeah, they're just c— like everybody else.

C—!

Charles Shaar f— Murray

(That's f— who)

IMPORTS

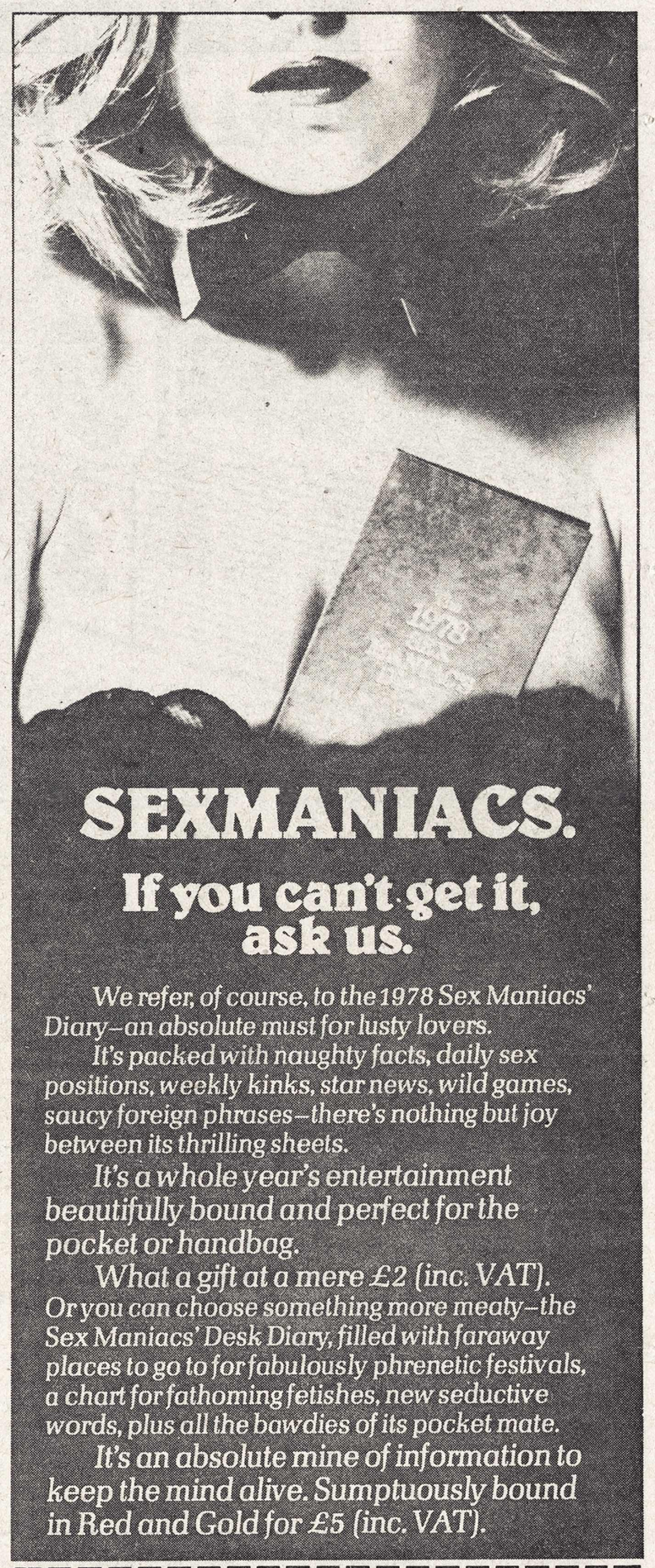
WITH MOST British record companies rush-releasing all US acquisitions in an effort to squeeze out the much-maligned importers, it's little wonder that the latter have turned increasingly to the Continent in search of new wares.

One result of this new trend has been the arrival of "Geef Voor New Wave", a German Ariola release, which in terms of quality, is probably the best contemporary rock sampler available anywhere in the world. For not only does it contain tracks by **The Rubinoos, Motors, Eddie And The Hotrods, Adverts, Generation X, Tom Petty, Jonathan Richman, X Ray Spex, Motorhead, Dwight Twilly, Sex Pistols, Radiators From Space, Earthquake** and **Radio Stars,** it also contains most of the *definitive* cuts by these acts. Which makes the album a real blitzkreiger.

Ex-Gongster **Tim Blake,** bless his overworked vocal chords, has recently employed his own Teac and Sony tape-decks, plus a borrowed Nagra IV, to record "Crystal Machine" (Egg), a solo album which features some studio items plus tracks taped at the 1976 Seasalter Festival and the Palace Theatre in Paris. But though Blake's synthesised swirlings are fairly therapeutic, most of his hues would seem to have been drawn from the palattes of such as T. Dream and, devoid of Blake's Crystal Machine light show, which doubtlessly lends considerable dimension to such compositions, the music proffered on the album can only be considered as just one more shake of the cosmic kaleidoscope.

The singles scene is also being enhanced by the Euro-influx, and as a result many shops are now sporting picture-sleeve singles by **Bob Marley** and **Max Romeo,** the latter's "One Step Forward" (Island) being garbed in remarkably kitsch style, replete with full instructions on "how to do the dance"! Also around is **Plastic Bertrand's** "Pogo Pogo" (Vogue), **The Tyla Gang's** "Suicide Jockey" and **Motorhead's** "Leavin' Here"/"White Line Fever" (both Skydog), the Motorhead item being a particularly interesting release in that it's claimed to be the missing Stiff BUY 9, the single that was never released — though "White Line Fever" turned up on the "Bunch Of Stiffs" album.

Fred Dellar



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"Yeeuuuchhh!" *Pic: FIN COSTELLO*

KISS
Alive II (Casablanca)

I HATE Heavy Metal. I quite like the Blue Oyster Cult, but they're more Stainless Steel. Kiss cater to the need for oblivion that drives American kids to this awful music and Quaaludes. But American kids, why go down when you can go up?

Still, Kiss' sexuality promises (for all those of you who would rather wallow in the muck than help clean it up) to pound you into numb inviolability; "Love Gun" (yes, girls, it fires blanks), "King Of The Night Time World", "I Stole Your Love", "God Of Thunder", "All American Man" (you got the worst of both worlds, kid), "Larger Than Life" and "Anyway You Want It."

Naturally such self-advertisement deciphers disappointment. Kiss are an American equivalent of The Rods, with all the excess such a sub-role (The Rods are a good rock and type-cast role band) demands. Don't be told what to do/don't follow rules / don't follow leaders ... all the old hippie nihilist trash.

This, *kidz,* is a band that's got seven assorted Gold and Platinum records ... three live sides and a studio shebang ... "includes a 4 Colour 8 Page Booklet and Sheet of Tattoos" ... which I'm positive has you throwing up / coming all over the floor, depending on your IQ.

Sadly, only "Detroit Rock City" (perfectly summing up the American malaise — *"Everybody's got to lose their head / In Detroit Rock City")* and "Hard Luck Woman" (a perfect parody of Rod Stewart's perfect parody of real emotion in "Farewell") stick like Elmer's Glue.

The rest are disposable as you, dear reader and Kiss member. Images of the black-haired women writhing at the band's feet on the "Love Gun" sleeve, the collage Gene Simmons compiled of Japanese groupies on their last sell-out tour..

The backbone of these dreadful epitaphs of American counter-culture are prolonged guitar wanks (my mum once thought jerking off was a new "axe" technique, and she just could be correct) and the force-feeding of the old cliches in the Emperor's New Clothes.

But the essential naivete (which is much closer to *ignorance* than it is to *innocence)* of America comes through best on "Shock Me"; "Shock me / Get yourself together / Shock me / Put on your black leather."

Sweet.

Julie Burchill

"Who needs it?" *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

BLACK SABBATH
Greatest Hits (NEMS)

WHAT IS this that stands before me now?

I never got into downers, but I sure as hell loved the Sabs when I was into Trash Aesthetic (maintained a *pied-a-terre* in Cliche City until the rates got too high and I couldn't stand the pollution any more).

For the sheer sensual experience of falling on your face into a heavy metal quicksand and going down for the last time in the riff-swamp tar pits, nothing that lived could whup B. Sabbath at their own game, plus in terms of the consciousness of the curtain-raiser years of the '70s they were as relevant as the Pistols are now.

Oh no, nooooooo . . . . yarrrghhhhhh!

This album, neatly wrapped up in Breughel's "Triumph Of Death" (always was partial to a bit a' yer Brurgle on an album cover . . . that'n yer Bosch) even leads off with the Sab's authentic Greatest Hit, the marvellous "Paranoid", one of the most perfect singles in the entire bleedin' pageant of rock and roll, mate! *"Finished wiv my woman coz she couldn't 'elp me wiv my mind"* . . . perfect! Cra-zee about it!

Even their wimp ballad "Changes" (all mock-gospel piano vamping and lachrymose strings) carried genuine pathos because Ozzy Osbourne sounded totally unable to understand what was happening to him, which made you feel sorry for the poor bleeder, and of course the likes of "Iron Man" depicted bang-your-head-against-the-wall alienation and anguish with such swamp-thing pain and authentic despair that you can't help but empathise with it (or laugh at it, depending on point of view).

The Sabs' unique brand of Numbskull Gothick was never greater than on "Black Sabbath", the title track of their first (eponymous) album. (In other words, it was "Black Sabbath" by Black Sabbath from the album "Black Sabbath". Pity it wasn't on the Black Sabbath label as well).

It opens with a thunderstorm and heavy rain (metal raindrops, accourse) leading into one of those great golem riffs, complete with Osbourne grunting and groaning and howling like The Thing chained up in the dungeon downstairs . . . the brain-damaged elder brother that the servants don't talk about and the neighbours never see.

Yarrrrrrrgh.

Then there's the classic "War Pigs": *"Generals gather in their masses/just like witches at black masses/evil minds that plot destruction/sorcerors of death's destruction";* "Tomorrow's Dream" which co-opts the riff from The Who's "Bargain" and the immortal "Sweet Leaf" with its legendary echoed cough intro and dope lyric . . . . .

This is a great album, and you should buy it immediately. After all, we had to suffer through this stuff when it came out and there's no reason why you little turds should get away scot free.

Yaarrrrrrghhhh!

Charles Shaar Murray

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AL 162

This LW MW baby weighs in at just under 18oz. The orange roller control stands out nicely against the grey matt silver case. Sturdy wrist strap and earphone as standard.

RL 230

Bright-silvered roller controls this time. Station-finding is made easy. We've sloped the wave-length scale. And picked out LW and MW figures in yellow and matt silver. Really superb tone control!

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead.

PHILIPS

U ROY
Rasta Messenger (Virgin)

SIMPLE THING: "Rasta Messenger" whets my appetite for the next Gladiators' album more than it excites me for what U Roy himself is dishing up.

Prince Tony Robinson produces both acts and often gives dub versions of Gladiators' tracks to U Roy for the gent to exercise his talking talents over (the top).

Now the Gladiators write and sing exquisite, harmonious and soulful songs, while Prince Tony (he produced Big Youth's memorable "Dread Locks Dread" set) uses a good class of musician on his sessions (the ubiquitous Dunbar and Shakespeare again provide the rhythm track here) and sculpts exquisite cavernous dubs from the results. And personally I'd far rather have a new Gladiators' album or a dub of the same *without* U Roy cluttering up proceedings with his raps.

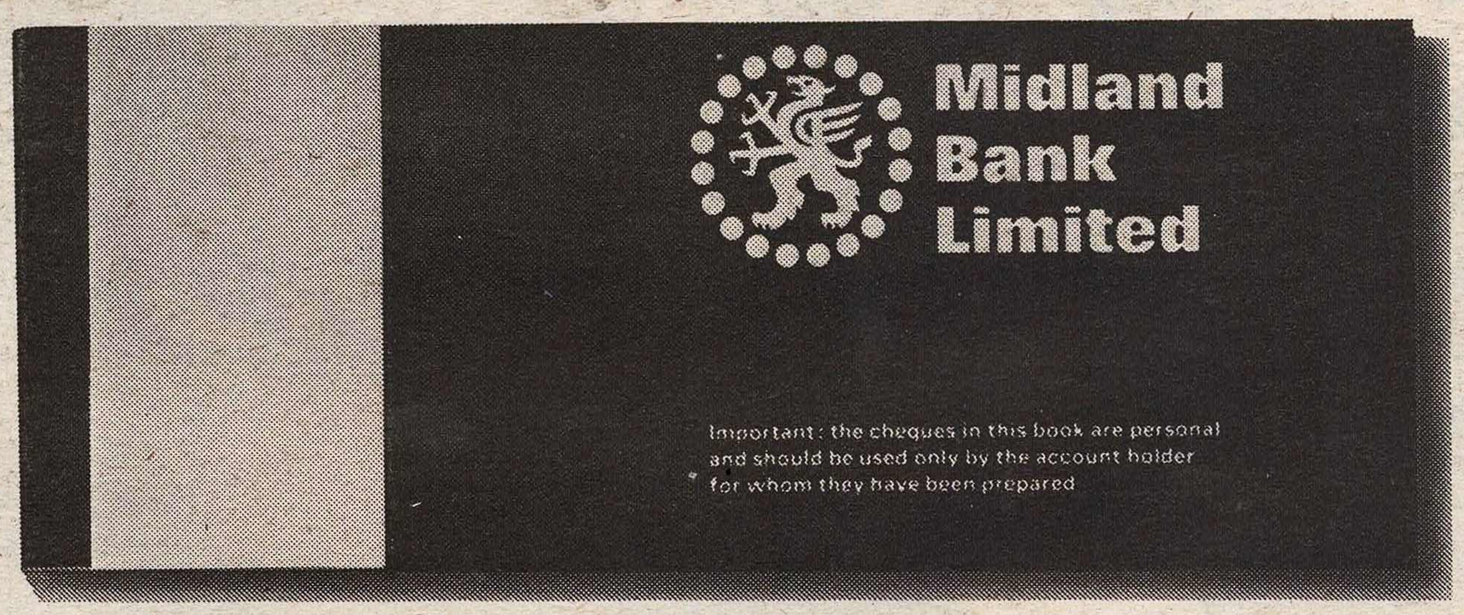
Not that The Gladiators are the only act whose work provides the backdrop here; just that their stuff shines out with gem-like purity. Heaven knows why Virgin don't spend some of the money they seem to reserve for U Roy and The Diamonds to promote the group.

And U Roy? Though he's by general consensus past his best, I still find his high pitch, high speed patter more palatable than the slower, bassier tones and taunts of the talkers currently in favour — but then talkers as a whole don't excite me much these days.

On "Evil Doers" and a couple of other tracks he shows he can still turn a phrase to advantage, and has version of The Glads singing The Wailers' "Small Axe" — already available as a single — is also present. So too is a version of Bob Dylan's "I Shall Be Released", touchingly credited to U Roy himself. Still, I'd recommend his first Virgin album — "Dread In A Babylon" — above this and The Gladiators first Virgin album — "Trench Town Mix Up above either. After all, this is nearly four quid we're talking about — serious t'ing!

Neil Spencer

YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM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EXPERIENCE..."FURTHER TEMPTATIONS"
The first album from the
DRONES

VRLP1

ON THE TOWN

Where there's a Wilko, there's a wake-o

The psychotic face of R&B?
Pix: GUS STEWART

Wilko Johnson Band
DINGWALLS

THERE WAS something almost malevolently horrible about the atmosphere in Dingwall's when Wilko Johnson's band debuted there last Thursday.

It was almost like some foul hallucination of a rock club come to life — babbling hysterical banter, baulking would-be new wave stars playing at being obnoxious, hordes of Motorhead groupies and general female debris plus the usual contingent of rowdy drunks (ever adept at spilling their drink down your leg) and amphetamine users.

Not feeling particularly sane myself this night, I took one sprightly ganders at the mayhem all around and quietly begged for someone to relieve me of the task of reviewing the whole thing so I could disappear back into the night.

Everything — all the omens — seemed bent on this London debut by Wilko Johnson's new band turning really ugly, and I for one was completely staggered that Johnson himself had chosen such a potentially rabid venue for his opening shot.

Instant blithe reminiscences prevailed of the old Dingwalls atmosphere which had always been such a treat to frequent whenever the original Dr. Feelgood had played there.

Ah, but those were different times before the old effervescent bonhomie of that era (pub rock may have been a dead-end vocation for all those skifflers even back then, but its sense of good-time certainly seemed within the bounds of their hideous retrospective, far more cocksure and shorn of this awful sense of desperation that has become so omnipresent now) suddenly vanished in the wake of punk rock's penchant for constant environmental brutality.

Still I stuck it out, digging well into the least heinously frequented part of the club until the band came on which, praise the Lord, wasn't that long a torment to face.

And even now though I'd somehow hesitate to say I was glad I stayed on . I can recall losing enough detachment throughout the ensuing performance to have it registered in no uncertain terms that this was an impressive exciting debut shot from Johnson and his current band and one which augurs superbly for a strong future once the whole organisation side has been sorted out enough to choose, if nothing else, more sympathetic venues for the quartet.

What immediately impressed certainly was the way Johnson slotted himself boldly into this new set-up, taking the proverbial bit by the teeth and launching into a set that cleanly balanced old favourites with new songs, the resulting mixture being an abrasive and adroitly performed statement of intent.

The band itself certainly seemed to be in control, consistently backing up Johnson's claims in his *NME* interview of two weeks back that it was no mere back-up affair.

Bass-player Steve Lewins in particular — always a fine player from former bouts with the Count Bishops — appeared positively revitalised.

Drummer Alan Platt anchors everything nicely while always ready with the requisite clout. He and Lewins interact perfectly as a rhythm section.

Only pianist John Potter's contributions couldn't be fully appreciated, partly because I could never see him and also because his voice, which takes usually less up-front chores than Johnson, wasn't miked up quite adequately enough to really impress.

His keyboard work however provided some great complementary moments for Johnson's often far more basic (than in the old Feelgoods' days anyway) though usually more forcefully rooted guitar playing.

This latest incarnation of Wilko Johnson as rock performer is a much-modified figure.

Visually, nothing seems changed — same dark suit, two-tone shirt buttoned to the neck, pudding bowl haircut, eyes glazed, mouth open, you-name-it — yet Johnson is now a real band-leader and he takes his tasks as front-man with a purposeful authority.

Less prone to making manic skidding charges all over the stage, he stays often anchored firmly to his mike stand, rocking back and forth on his heels but always demanding one's full attention.

He always was a rivetting performer, even when the whole Feelgoods conclave seemed to be doing nothing more than going through the various set motions of their show, and nothing's changed or lessened on that score.

Indeed the added control he obviously needs in order to concentrate on all the various functions of being a frontman solo guitarist have given him a more impressive sense of presence.

As a vocalist he still leaves a lot to be desired technically. Often with the Feelgoods, those solo vocal bouts of his (I'm thinking principally of "I'm A Man") were little more than exercises in low comedy, working very well as a blurred zombie whine for the more assertively manic nature of many of his songs.

Sure, he played a bunch of old favourites — "20 Yards Behind" and "Boom Boom", say, fall easily into that category, but he seems currently bent on a more personal and powerfully slanted style, anchored slightly closer to the quasi-psychopathic nature of his image.

It was in moments where his material suited that bent — most of the new songs, in fact, (the titles of which were either never announced or else done so in an inaudible fashion) fit the last category.

One, in particular, entitled, I think, "Burning Down" had the same manic force as, say, Television's "Friction". It was at once invigorating and slightly disturbing, particularly when played in front of such a rabid crowd as that at Dingwalls.

What it wasn't though, thankfully, was mere 'R&B retread time' — far from it, in fact.

Of added interest was a terrific lunging version of Dylan's "Highway 61" and, of course, a real moment of good old perversity when Wilko performed a possibly tongue-in-cheek rendition of "an old rock 'n roll song", entitled "Dr. Feelgood" of course.

That last was just one of many great moments that night.

Also Johnson is no longer just rehashing old Mick Green riffs on guitar (Thank God, he didn't. The Pirates would have eaten him alive). This is really something new — "psychotic R&B" is a possible handle.

At the very least I'll be going back for further scrutiny and you'd be surely missing out if you didn't do the same.

Nick Kent

John Martyn
RAINBOW

PRESUMABLY, John Martyn, who's been around so long even his most devoted followers must take him for granted, doesn't give a monkey's toss about Making It In A Big Way, but there's still no excuses for the performer's lackadaisical attitude at the Rainbow last Monday.

That the gig was still enjoyable, if hardly stimulating and occasionally dull (when Martyn, augmented by electric back-up, failed to extract any inspiration from his musicians on several pieces of rifferama), is a measure of Martyn's talent rather than his personality.

Technical problems continually thwarted the singer/songwriter/guitarist, but you'd have thought he'd have got things sorted out by now. He's no newcomer to the stage.

Still, he did perform two sets, the first occasionally augmented by the ever-present Danny Thompson, himself not the most together of men on Monday.

For the second, Martyn added electric bass, drums and keyboards, courtesy of Steve Winwood, super vague and about as loose as a blind man in a fog.

The lethargic Winwood did get to sing a couple of choruses on an excellent "Over The Hill", Martyn's up-tempo strumalong, and play mandolin — and crack a joke, but his voice was barely recognisable from days of old.

Martyn's voice is still as good as ever it was. Sensual and totally irresistible, the perfect vehicle for his simultaneously mellow (no, not as in Barry Manilow) and muscular material.

Bringing together so many different types of music and fusing them together into such an attractive whole, Martyn is one of the most ignored innovators currently working in British rock.

Gigs like Monday's, however, aren't going to satisfy anyone other than the converted.

Steve Clarke

Black Slate
ERIC'S LIVERPOOL

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

It doesn't matter how you feel about reggae — and however hip the music press rate it, most people are still uncertain — you can't help appreciating beautiful music.

Black Slate are a young London band, and to my untutored ears they sound as good as anything else I've heard in that style. They still highlight their set with reggae classics but their own material is ready for album exposure in the near future.

"Stand Up And Fight For Your Rights," I didn't know music could be simultaneously hard and gentle. Black Slate don't wave peace signs, they challenge their audience with love.

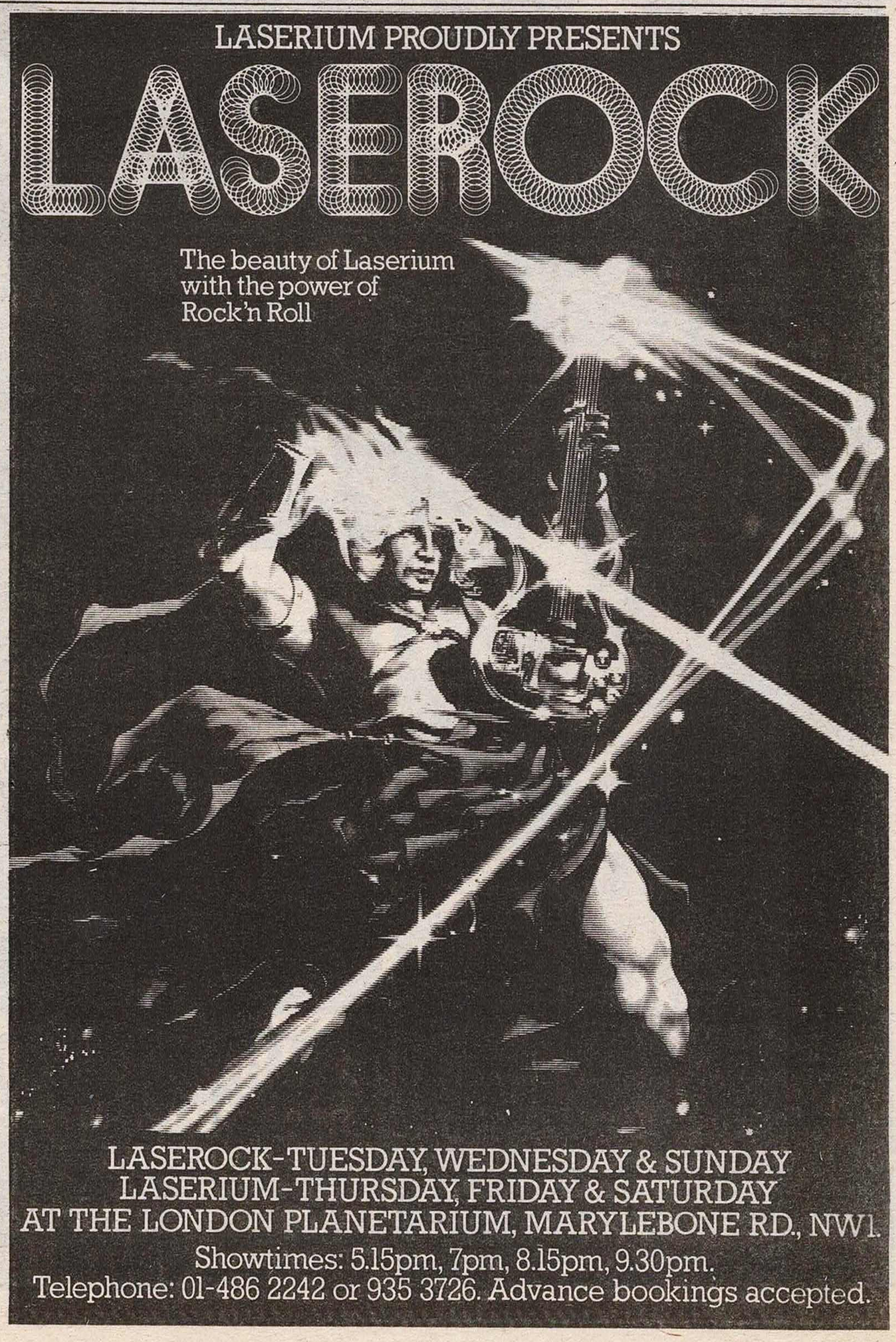
Love in 1977? Hear their new single, "Live Up To Love" and think about what could be.

Or just dance, to "Waiting In Vain", "Exodus" and "Sticks Man". They strip down to the real roots, every man on percussion; they lay down their instruments to mime Test cricket. That doesn't mean they aren't serious, dedicating each song to Jah Rastafari.

They leave the stage one by one so the melody lingers long after Black Slate have left.

I was pissed off when I entered the club, I left dreaming. Negative to positive reversal from Black Slate. Hear them.

Kim Davis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Every time it's for real

Southside: just one of the magnificent ten. *Pic: GUS STEWART*

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

HAMMERSMITH

IF YOU'RE just looking for a good time you've got to go and see these guys.

Music for body and soul — great swinging, punching brass section . . . loping bass-lines . . . drums that thud into your solar plexus instead of driving your head mad with tinny rolls . . . liquid/opulent piano . . . and Johnny up front whooping and roaring his heart out, superbly complemented throughout by the rocksteady medium-flash of guitarist Will "Can't-get-laid-in-London" Rush. (He's the guy who looks like one — or is two — of the Bowery Boys).

I wasn't sure how much I'd enjoy the show having seen them already a couple of nights before on *The Old Grey Harris Test* but I needn't have worried.

They did an almost identical set but the difference seeing them *live* . . .! And there's none of this 'umble Mr.'Eep stuff about their presentation. You are not invited to appreciate — you are forced to dig.

From the word go, when they bounce onto the stage and plug in, they let you know that THEY are going to set the pace and YOU had better keep up . . ! (Looking for leader-'ship, punk?)

And I do mean THEY because the band doesn't carry any passengers. If you're a Byrd you fly, and if you're a Juke you !!!!!!!!! — all ten of you! (If only the JBs could have got together a half of that sheer verve earlier this year).

They played mostly stuff that those who have their two albums are already well familiar with — good-time soul plus a bit of rough tough jump blues, Junior Wells-style, and their new singles "Love On The Wrong Side Of Town" (Stateside) and "The Fever" (UK) as well as their instant classic from the first album that I've got to give another namecheck "I Don't Wanna Go Home" . . . plus three genuine encores with "Stagger Lee", "You Don't Know Like I Know" and "You Mean So Much To Me."

In case you're thinking they did all of this last time they were here, we were assured by Johnny on Charlie Gillett's *Honkey Tonk* (BBC Radio London, Noon, Sunday) that yes, they were getting tired of doing the same stuff now but due to extensive touring etc. etc. . . . and they'll be getting new material together real soon.

And in case you're just a little bit suspicious about their sheer professionalism — *I* was after the *Harris Test* — I think after seeing them close-up after the show and listening to Johnny on *Honky Tonk* that these cats still have thier feet well planted in the pub-and-club/streetcorner scene and aren't in any danger of becoming just more CBS "product".

This white black music (Springsteen, de Ville, Jukes, Parker etc.) is an important new and, hopefully, growing trend.

I hope it lasts. The Jukes are the first thing I've seen to make me want to go to New York.

Geoff Hill

Hurriganes

GOLDEN LION, FULHAM

WHEN IN DOUBT, shout "Rok en Rol" at the sceptical punters and slam straight into another four minutes of cohesive boogie.

It won't be any more intelligible than the previous number, but at least it'll be sufficiently well performed to stave off brickbats and stir up a bit of applause.

Hurriganes are apparently Finland's top rock sensation, possibly their *only* rock sensation.

Now they're in England to suss out the real side — and frankly, they're out of their depth.

It's not that they can't play. As rowdy rock trios go they're a lot tighter than most I've seen (but then I usually avoid 'em) and they're individually sharp, particularly the lead guitarist.

They also look acceptable enough for British taste, sporting one pretty boy (lead guitarist), one lanky greaser (bassman) and one cropped-haired hardcase (the drummer, an old lag).

What they don't have is (i) enough English between the three of them to establish any kind of contact with the audience and (ii) a clue as to what Britons want to hear from club/pub bands this season.

Their particular variation on the familiar basic rock moves is too irreverent to appeal to original rock 'n' roll fans, too lightweight for the heavy metal brigade and most certainly not right for new wavers.

Which doesn't leave them a very big potential audience on this side of the Baltic.

So why did I have a good time? Probably because I was drunk, which seems to me to be the best state to be in when confronted by Hurriganes.

Cliff White

Spud ON TOUR

30th Nov Oxford Polytechnic
1st Dec Brunel University, Uxbridge
2nd Dec London School of Economics (Lunchtime)
3rd Dec Leicester University
5th Dec Recording U.T.V. Belfast
6th Dec Queens University, Belfast
7th Dec Huddersfield Polytechnic
9th Dec Marquee Club, London
10th Dec Manchester Polytechnic
13th Dec Windsor Hall, Reading University,

SNTF 742

Spud their new album 'Smoking on the Bog' ...it's rock with Ireland written all the way through it!

Sonet Sonet

Devoto screens his receding hair-line from the camera. *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

Magazine

MANCHESTER

MAGAZINE: two full performances old.

The first, at Rafters, a chilling triumph, in front of a capacity audience, of calculation, performance, and power.

The second, a special *So It Goes* set, no less staggering for such a *young* group, if slightly edgy as a result of tedious hanging around prior to the set.

Magazine, as can be expected, are still a little fragile, despite the strength of their music.

Their audience, there by default, appear bemused, confused, reluctantly curious, fascinated hardly daring to stare straight into frontman Howard Devoto's eyes.

A few half-hearted smartass shots are dealt with. Devoto has control of the band and the audience, but, if we only knew it, perhaps not himself.

His concerts, with Buzzcocks, with Magazine, possess an abstract-aura that's just a little unnerving. In the presence of something special . . .

Devoto's new group are a Rock Group. A 1978 Rock Group, nothing to do with M.O.R., bright lights, smoke, naive illusions/delusions.

Magazine, paradoxically considering the immense magnetism of Devoto, are in a unit-pace, texture, control, plus . . . POWER.

Instruments fight around, revolve around, each other. John McGeoch's thick guitar work, welded and driving with almost desperate solos/licks; Barry Adomson plays some quite awesome bass, twisting and turning, dragging within the songs, lusty and adventurous; Martin Jackson's drums are honest, but, at the moment anyway, the only real hint of a weakness, and Bob Dickinson's careful touch-keyboards give flesh and colour with deceptive simplicity.

Devoto's voice is pained and emphatic. It seems a lot more inflexible than previously, but just as direct, and he's still dealing with the ostensibly small things in life, their absurdity, but within that their importance, their hold.

And there's light at the end of the tunnel. He delivers as if something within is holding him back, like he constantly needs to wrestle with himself to spit out the words. His eyes stare out through carefully applied mascara, over the audience, searching out some distant accuser. The audience are treated almost with contempt.

But they listen, absorbed.

There are some tough songs, which possess immediate sophistication, unlike the short riff nuggets Devoto conceived for his initial rock involvement, Buzzcocks. Plenty of body and constructional health.

Songs build, strip away, surge, they're layered and moulded. They nod to the functions/mechanics of structured Eno, latterday Bowie/Iggy, Disco but roll out with some unique and speculative distinct whole.

Remember, too, that this was their second gig . . .

Devoto, ever alert to impending changes and not a little involved himself in making those changes, is ahead again. Like Stapledons Odd John he can't suck the same piece of sugar for ever.

Paul Morley

IAN DURY WALKS AWAY WITH IT
Ian Dury and
The Blockheads
Dirty Dozen Tour
Dec 4 Greyhound, Croydon
6 Top Rank, Sheffield
8 Edinburgh University
* 9 Salford University
*10 Loughborough University
*11 Eric's, Liverpool
*12 Leeds Polytechnic
*13 Barbarellas, Birmingham
*15 Queensway Hall, Dunstable
*16 Bath Pavilion
*17 Plymouth Polytechnic
* Deke Leonards' Iceberg will be playing
*18 Roundhouse Chalk Farm, London
Deke Leonards' Iceberg and Yachts
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FRESH OYSTER
+ The Hurriganes
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THE LURKERS
+ Wild Youth
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Monday, December 5th 75p
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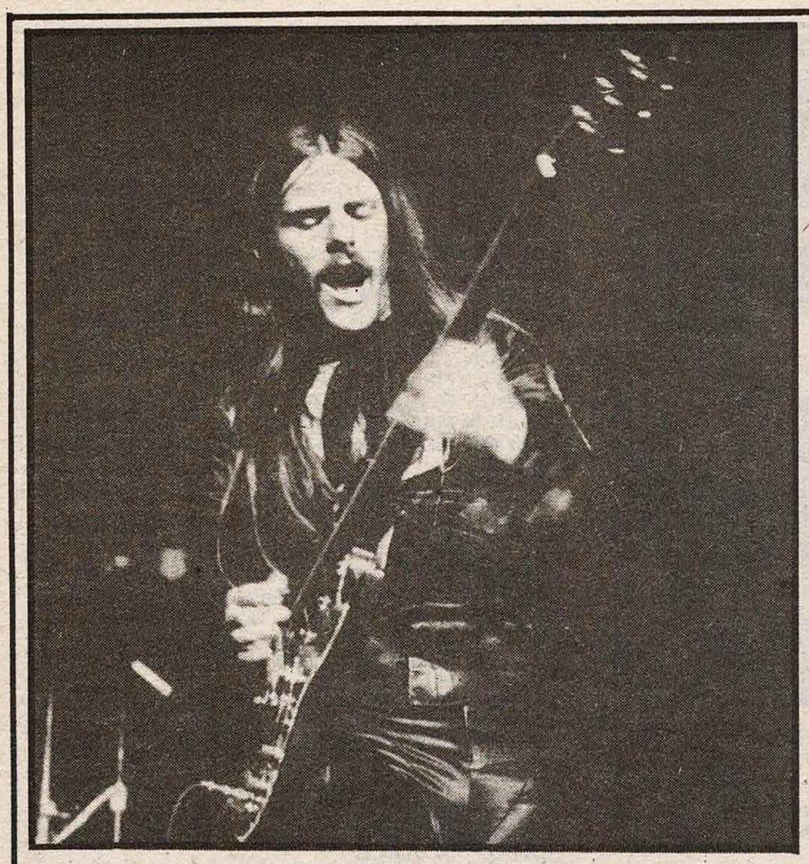

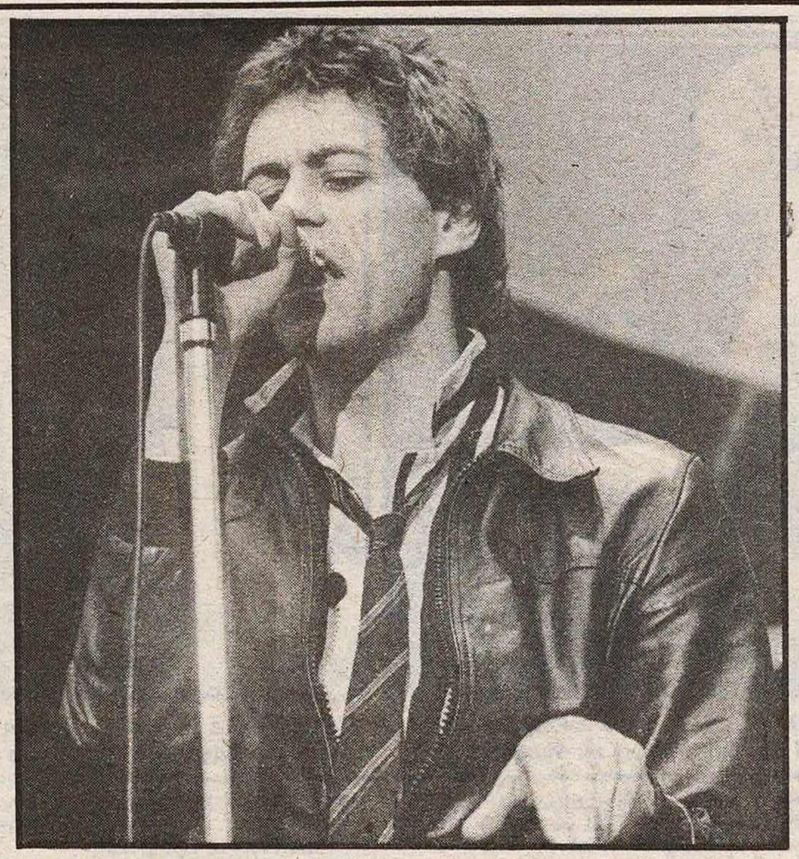

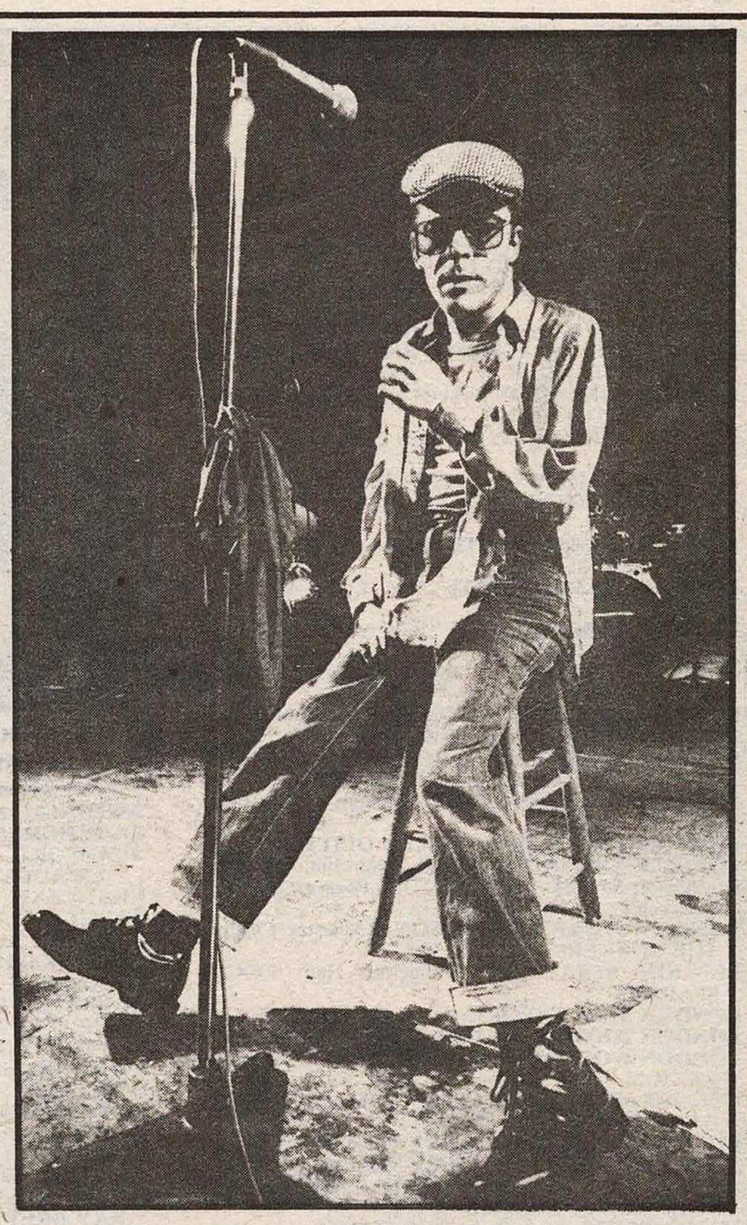

MAHOGANY RUSH begin their short four-date tour in Manchester on Friday. Above: Frank Marino.

BOOMTOWN RATS open a major concert tour in Cambridge on Friday. Above right: singer Bob Geldof.

IAN DURY (far right) and the Blockheads start their own headlining tour in Croydon on Sunday.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
ASHFORD Wye College: MECHANICAL HORSET-ROUGH
BEDWORTH Othello's: STAGE FRIGHT
BELFAST Northern Ireland Polytechnic: SWIFT
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Lodestar: STRIDER
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: STATUS QUO
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: PANAMA
BRISTOL Crockers: SNAKEBITE
BRISTOL Granary: AMAZORBLADES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: SAM APPLE PIE
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: THE WURZELS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Warwick University: MUD
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: INSTANT SUNSHINE/PETER CHRISTIE
DERBY Assembly Rooms: DAVID ESSEX
DUNSTABLE Queensway Civic Hall: THE ENID
EDINBURGH Coolege of Art: SPLIT ENZ
EDINBURGH Polytechnic: 90°/INCLUSIVE
EXETER Groucho's: THE BRAKES
FALKIRK Maniqui: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/THE JOLT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SKUNKS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GROUNDHOGS
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: KNIFE—EDGE
LEEDS Grand Theatre: ALAN PRICE
LEEDS University: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: URIAH HEEP
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LIVERPOOL Netherton Park Hotel: QUAD
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: ALEX WELSH/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/BRUCE TURNER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES' SWEET F.A.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOTORHEAD/THE WINDERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE BRAINS TRUST
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE 'O' BAND/CHARTREUSE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE TICKETS/BAZOOKA JOE
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: ALTERNATIVE TV/THE MYSTERONS
LONDON EALING Technical Collaege: KRAKATOA
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE HURRIGANES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHN OTWAY BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON Marquee Club: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON N.1 Jolly Farmers: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/MEAL TICKET
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SAMSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: CLIFF RICHARD
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: MIKE HARDING
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: XTC/BLITZKRIEG BOP
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Arts Centre RADIO STARS/THE TOADS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: 999
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel'; PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: BURLESQUE/GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Northend Oasis Club: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: HORSLIPS/ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
POYNTON Folk Centre: MIKE MARAN
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/EATER
SHEFFIELD Spring Vale Hotel: FLYING LESSONS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE STUKAS
SWANSEA Nutz Club: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
TAUNTON Cellar Club: TRASH
THAME Rycotewood College: WILDER
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS/SPUD
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: CADO BELLE
WELLINGTON Town House: WILKO JOHNSON
WESTERN FAVELL Ling's Forum Theatre: THE BANDOGGS
WOKING Centre Halls: RIBS/OUT PATIENTS

Friday

ABERTILLERY Metropole Theatre: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
BELFAST Pound Club: SWIFT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WILKO JOHNSON
BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH Mercat Cross: RAW DEAL
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM West Hill College: BULLETS
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: CADO BELLE
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle: DAWNWEAVER
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: THE JAM
BRADFORD Star Hotel: COCKY
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: STATUS QUO
BRIGHTON Sussex University: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
BURTON 76 Club: RADIO STARS
CAMBRIDGE Architects College: THE BRAINS. TRUST
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: RUBY JOE
COVENTRY College: THE DARTS
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MOTORHEAD / JOHN OTWAY BAND
CROYDON Swan & Sugar Loaf: THE DYAKS / WOODY / THE SPLINTERS
DERBY Kings Hall: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
DUNDEE University: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
DURHAM Bede £ St. Hild College: MUSCLES
EDINBURGH University: THE ADVERTS
FAREHAM Technical College: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: NAZARETH
GLASGOW Kings Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
GLOUCESTER College of Education: GRAND HOTEL
HAMILTON Dell College: THE JOLT
HARROGATE P.G.'S Club: FABULOUS POODLES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: BOOTLEGGER
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Grand Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGH Central Library: REDBRASS
LINCOLN College of Technology: STRIDER
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GREG KIHN
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: THIS HEAT / ACME QUARTET
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROKOTTO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ / FISCHER Z
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE PIRATES / THE ONLY ONES
LONDON CHELSEA Art College: LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PANTIES / PAINTED LADY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CAHRGE / THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BAZOOKA JOE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: URIAH HEEP
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: VERDEN ALLEN'S 7th
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHARLIE DORES FRESH OYSTER BAND/HURRIGANES
LONDON Marquee Club: FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmith's College: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON N.1 Jlooy Farmerse: LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON North East Polytechnic: KRAKATOA / BOUNCER
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ALAN PRICE
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: SHAKIN' STEVENS' SUNSETS
LONDON Royal College of Art: 999 / MERGER /ART ATTACKS
LONDON School of Economics (lunchtime): SPUD
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: RUBY JAMES & LOVE BANDIT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON W14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LONDON W.C.2 The Centre: CRAFTYHALF
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MAHOGANY RUSH / LONE STAR
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: MIKE HARDING
MANCHESTER RAFTERS Club: RICO / MERGER
MARGATE High Cliff: AFTER THE FIRE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE STUKAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall— SPLIT ENZ
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: THE ENID / STEVE BROWN BAND
NEWCASTLE Henderson Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION
NORTHAMPTON Guildhall: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM Albany Hotel: WITCHFYNDE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: TATUM
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: BULLET
OXFORD Polytechnic: RACING CARS
OXFORD St. Catharine's College: AMAZORBLADES
PENZANCE The Garden: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
RUGBY Lanchester Polytechnic: HOOKER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: BRITISH LIONS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
SHEFFIELD University: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
SKEGNESS Sands Showbar: STARDUST
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CLIFF RICHARD
SOUTHPORT Queen's Hotel: NIC JONES / PETE & CHRIS COE / TONY ROSE
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: STAGE FRIGHT
STOKE North Staffs. Polytechnic: XTC
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD New Cross: MERLIN
TONBRIDGE Hadlow college: WILDER
UXBRIDGE Brunal University: BLACK SLATE
WATFORD College: MECHANICAL HORSET-ROUGH
WATFORD Herts College of Higher Education: MUNGO JERRY
WATFORD Red Lion: DESPERATE STRAITS
WEYBRIDGE Brooklands College: J.J. JAMESON
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: ORPHAN
WIGAN Casino: THE HURRICANES
WIMBORNE Allendale Centre: RUSTY BLADE / BIFFO & THE BEARS
WINCHESTER College of Art: STEEL PULSE / SCREENS / INCREDIBLE CHRISTOPHER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE SAINTS

Saturday

ASKERN Spa Centre: MERLIN
BARRY St Alfan's Club: JENNY DARREN
BEDFORD College of Education: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WILKO JOHNSON
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Handsworth The Rialto: BLACK SLATE
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: ROBIN HALL & JIMMIE MacGREGOR
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BIRMINGHAM Playtime Night Spot: RAW DEAL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STARSTRUCK
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKPOOL Opera House: CLIFF RICHARD
BOLTON Institute of Technology: KRAKATOA / FRANCHISE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: 999
BRIMINGTON Tavern: WITCHFYNDE
BRISTOL Brunel College: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
BRISTOL Granary: ROSES
BRISTOL University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MIKE HARDING
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: THE BRAINS TRUST
CARDIFF New Theatre: ALVIN STARDUST
CARLISLE Flopps: THE STUKAS
COLCHESTER Essex University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR / J. J. JAMESON
COVENTRY New Theatre: NAZARETH
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: 5000 VOLTS
CUMBERNAULD Kildrum Cottage Theatres; HOT VULTURES
DARTFORD College of Education: SHANGHAI / AUTOMATICS
DERBY Royal Assembly Hall: THE SPINNERS
EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: PANAMA
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MUD
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SHOWADDYWADDY
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: DEAF SCHOOL
GUILDFORD Surrey University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: REDBRASS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIS
ILFORD Barons Club: SOUNDS COUNTRY
ILKLEY College: IDLE JACK BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: URIAH HEEP
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
LEICESTER University: CADO BELLE / SPUD
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: PRISM
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: THE McCARTHY FAMILY / THE BOYLES

GIG GUIDE ENTRIES: HOLIDAY DEADLINES

Dué to protracted holiday arrangements for Christmas and New Year, Gig Guides for that period are being prepared in advance. If you have entries for insertion in these columns, please note the following deadlines.

Gigs for the period DECEMBER 22 to JANUARY 4:
Closing date — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

Gigs for the period JANUARY 5 to JANUARY 11:
Closing date — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21

Please send your entries as soon as possible to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

NINA SIMONE returns after a ten-year absence for a one-off London concert on Sunday.

JOAN BAEZ is back in Britain for a brief tour, starting in Edinburgh on Sunday.

LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: STATE EXPRESS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROCK featuring CHRIS STAINTON / MIKE PATTO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON CHELSEA College: THE PIRATES / SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
LONDON City University: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE/TRADER
LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock Centre: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: EDGE BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: WRIST ACTION
LONDON HACKNEY All Nations Club: STEEL PULSE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MAHOGANY RUSH / LONE STAR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
LONDON HARROW Rd. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HIGHGATE The Wellington: CHARGE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: XTC
LONDON N1 Jolly Farmers: HOTLINE
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: STEPPIN OUT
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: MISTER SISTER
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GARY GLITTER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OZO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LURKERS / DOLL
LONDON STRATFORD Municipal Hall: COCK SPARRER
LONDON STRATFORD Rex Cinema: MERGER
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: PENETRATION
LOUGHBOROUGH University: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
LUTON Library Theatre: FLAKY PASTRY
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STATUS QUO
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Suite: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE DARTS
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: SCREENS
MANCHESTER University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MARGATE High Cliff: SLOWBONE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
MILTON KEYNES White Hart: LEFT HAND DRIVE
MINEHEAD Cloud Club: BULLET
NEWCASTLE University: THE ADVERTS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND / JAGUAR
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
NOTTINGHAM Katie's: RADIO STARS
NOTTINGHAM Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: THE BANDOGGS
OXFORD Westminster College: THE MOVIES
RETFORD Eaton Hall College: MUNGO JERRY
RETFORD Porterhouse: STARDUST
RUGBY Granada Club: STAGE FRIGHT
SALFORD University: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Club: RADIO EARTH
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES / THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE HURRIGANES
SOUTHAMPTON Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SOUTHAMPTON University: BETHNAL
ST ALBANS City Hall: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid Herts College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: EAZIE
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: WARREN HARRY
WIGAN Casino: BRISTOL LIONS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE JAM
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH

Sunday

ALVA Glen Hotel: THE JOLT
AYLESBURY Kings Head: LYDIA DUSTBIN
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BATLEY Variety Club: TOMMY HUNT
BEDFORD Nite Spot: THE REAL THING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
BRADSHAW The Tavern: JUNE TABOR
BRIGHTON Alhambra: EDGE BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: THE JAM
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE MOVIES / BAZOOKA JOE
COVENTRY Belgrade Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
COVENTRY The Willenhall: RENO
CROYDON Greyhound: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
DORCHESTER The Tavern: BULLET
DURHAM Claypath Big Jug: HOT VULTURES
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: JOAN BAEZ
GRAVESEND Woodville Halls: WILKO JOHNSON
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: HILLSIDERS / ANN & RAY BRETT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Grand Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
LEICESTER Harmarket Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LIVERPOOL Eric's: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: BILL BOAZMAN
LONDON Cambridge Theatre: SPITERI / SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MISTER SISTER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GENERATION X / THE SAINTS / THE LUKERS / THE VALVES
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ROGER McGOUGH / BOB PEGG
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: NINA SIMONE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: THE 'O' BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: CONTEMPT
LONDON HARROW RD. Winsor Castle: MATUMBI
LONDON HOUNSLOW The Warren: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PENETRATION / MILK
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Marquee Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: NAZARETH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LANDSCAPE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: MERLIN
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STATUS QUO
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DAVID ESSEX
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: JENNY DARREN
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE DRONES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
PORTSMOUTN Centre Hotel: FIVE HAND REEL
POYNTON Folk Centre: JEREMY TAYLOR / MARTIN & GRAHAM
PRESTWICH Catholic Club: WHITFIRE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WILTS COWNTY COUNSIL / MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: BRITISH LIONS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE ADVERTS
STAFFORD Top of the World: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: BOB WILLIAMSON
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE INK SPOTS
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: THE WURZELS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: THE STUKAS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: EAZIE
YORK Grob & Ducat: KNIFE-EDGE

Monday

BATH Pavilion: WILKO JOHNSON
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: STRIFE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STARDUST
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Erdington Red Lion: RAW DEAL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's: BRITISH LIONS / REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
BOSTON Folk Club: RAGMANS TRUMPET
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE JAM
BRIGHTON Dome: URIAH HEEP
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: STAMPS
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: JIMMY LAWTON & STRANGE BLEND
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: MUNGO JERRY
DEWSBURY Pickwicks Club: STEEL PULSE / THE JERKS
DEWSBURY Turks Head: KNIFE-EDGE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: WAYNE COUNTY'S ELECTRIC CHAIRS / ALTERNATIVE TV
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
ESTON James Finnigan Hall: THE BANDOGGS
EXETER University: MUD
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JOAN BAEZ
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: EAZIE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LEICESTER University: THE MOVIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GREG KIHN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE STUKAS / AMAZORBLADES
LONDON City University: MERGER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL / CHASER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: DEAD FINGERS TALK / NEBULA / MISTER SISTER / THE CADETS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: LES BARKER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WIRE / BETHNAL
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JO-ANN KELLY / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND / GARENT WATKINS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: WIZZ JONES
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MONOTONES
LONDON W14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STATUS QUO
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden DOCTORS OF MADNESS
SHEFFIELD University: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: WHITEFIRE
UXBRIDGE Unit One: TAIL FEATHER
YEOVIL Duke of York: BULLET

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: THE JOLT
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: JOHN OTWAY BAND
BELFAST Queen's University: SPUD
BIRMINGHAM Cedar Club: RAW DEAL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BRIGHTON Alhambra: WILDLIFE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE DYAKS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: URIAH HEEP
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
CHELTENHAM Tramps: SOUL DIRECTION
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: STARDUST
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CADO BELLE
EDINBURGH Odeon: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
EDINBURGH University: THE BANDOGGS
GLASGOW Platform: SWIFT
HERTFORD Castle Hall: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: STEEL PULSE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE DARTS
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: WAYNE COUNTY'S ELECTRIC CHAIRS / ALTERNATIVE TV
LEEDS Polytechnic: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LEICESTER University: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS / ASTRA / THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BEES MAKE HONEY / EDGE BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ADVERTISING / THE LURKERS
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE TUBES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON KILBURN National Club: ANDY IRVINE / SEAMUS CREAGH & JACKIE DALY
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: MISTER SISTER
LONDON North Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD Troubador: SEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROOGALATOR / PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON PADDINGTON Wester Counties: CHARGE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TONIGHT
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: BERNIE TORME
LONDON WOOLWICH Transhed: GRAND HOTEL / LUCY
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STATUS QUO
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
READING University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY / SPRIGUNS / SUPERCHARGE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
STEVENAGE Grampian Hotel: KENNY BALL BAND
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: FRESHLY LAYED BAND
WISBECH Queen's School: BETH
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS

Wednesday

BATH Academy of Art: THE DEPRESSIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: MAHOGANY RUSH / LONE STAR
BRIGHTON Resource Centre: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE JAM
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
BRISTOL Hippodrome: DAVID ESSEX
BRISTOL Victoria Rooms: FIVE HAND REEL
BURY Blazes Club: WHITEFIRE
COLNE Municipal Hall: THE SPINNERS
EDINBURGH Platform: SWIFT
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
GT. YARMOUTH Stars & Garters: RUBY JOE
GUILDFORD Merristwood College: WILDER
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: SPUD
KEELE University: AUTOMATICS
KETTERING Freewheeler: SINGING POSTMAN
LEEDS Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
LECIESTER Scamps: VENOM
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BETHNAL / TONIGHT
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BOWLES BROS. BAND / LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON FOREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel: THIEF
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE TUBES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: MATCHLESS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MEAL TICKET
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: TOKYO ROSE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Pegasus: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: REDBRASS
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE LURKERS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
NEWPORT (Mon.) Stowaway Club: SPOLIT ENZ
OXFORD Corn Dolly: THE BRAINS TRUST
SHEFFIELD City Hall: MIKE HARDING
SLOUGH Thames Hall: THE WURZELS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
SOUTHAMPTON University: STEEL PULSE
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE
ST IVES (Hunts) Corn Excahnge: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
SWANSEA Top Rank: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: CADO BELLE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: NO DICE

ROCK ON THE BOX

MAGAZINE, the band fronted by **Howard Devoto**, make their TV debut in Granada's "So It Goes" on Sunday (screened in London on Saturday). Also appearing are **John Cooper Clarke** and the **Dave Edmunds Band** featuring **Elvis Costello** and **Nick Lowe** in the line-up.

On BBC-2, **Nazareth** are showcased in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (stereo link with Radio 1 on Saturday), and Berserkley artist **Greg Kihn** and **Cafe Jacques** are in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (Tuesday). ITV's **"Rock Follies '77"** comes to an end on Tuesday (who said R.I.P.?).

DUKE OF LANCASTER
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Friday December 2nd
PEKOE ORANGE
Saturday December 3rd
MOTHERS RUIN
Sunday December 4th
ZIB BAND
Tuesday December 5th
YOUNG DEATH

SPOOKY LADY
Temple Mills Lane, Hackney, E.15
Wednesday November 30th 70p before 11pm. £1 after 11pm
STAA MARX
Thursday December 1st 70p before 11pm. £1 after 11pm.
ROCK ISLAND LINE
Friday December 2nd £1.00.
HOLLYWOOD
Saturday December 3rd £1.00
GOOD STUFF
Wednesday December 7th 70p before 11pm. £1 after 11pm.
NEW WAVE NIGHT
Thursday December 8th 70p before 11pm. £1 after 11pm.
LITTLE ACRE
Licensed Bar 8.30pm — 2am

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
FRI/SAT - 23/24 DECEMBER - at 7·30
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EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
THE ONLY ONES
THE STUKAS
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' SANTA CLAUS'
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+ HEAD OVER HEELS
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Sat. 3rd Dec. (Adm 65p)
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Sun. 4th Dec. (Adm 65p)
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What happened when Leonard Cohen met Phil Spector?

...the DEATH OF A LADIES' MAN

"And the teaming of The Tycoon Of Teen and The Doyen Of Doom has proved to be a masterful collaboration. This album really is the fruition of both artists being the right people, in the right place at precisely the right time."

"It's the empathy that exists between both artists that has proved to be of prime importance in the unqualified success of this often forboding experience."

"There's no conflict of interests. It's the sheer quality of the melody lines that gives Cohen's poetry the kind of kaleidoscopic backdrop that his previous albums often lacked."

"This is an album of great maturity that has succeeded because a great deal of time and talent have gone into its making. From performance right through to production, there are no weak links."

Roy Carr,
New Musical Express.

Leonard Cohen, a poet, singer, songwriter of considerable achievement, and already a cult figure in contemporary circles.

Phil Spector, a living legend in popular music.

Two people representing entirely different worlds.

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In Leonard Cohen's 'Death Of A Ladies' Man' all the songs are newly penned and co-written with Phil Spector, who also produces.

It is a brilliant new album with the full Spector sound and Cohen's undeniable presence.

A rare mix that defies classification.

Leonard Cohen New Album 'Death Of A Ladies' Man'

Produced by Phil Spector

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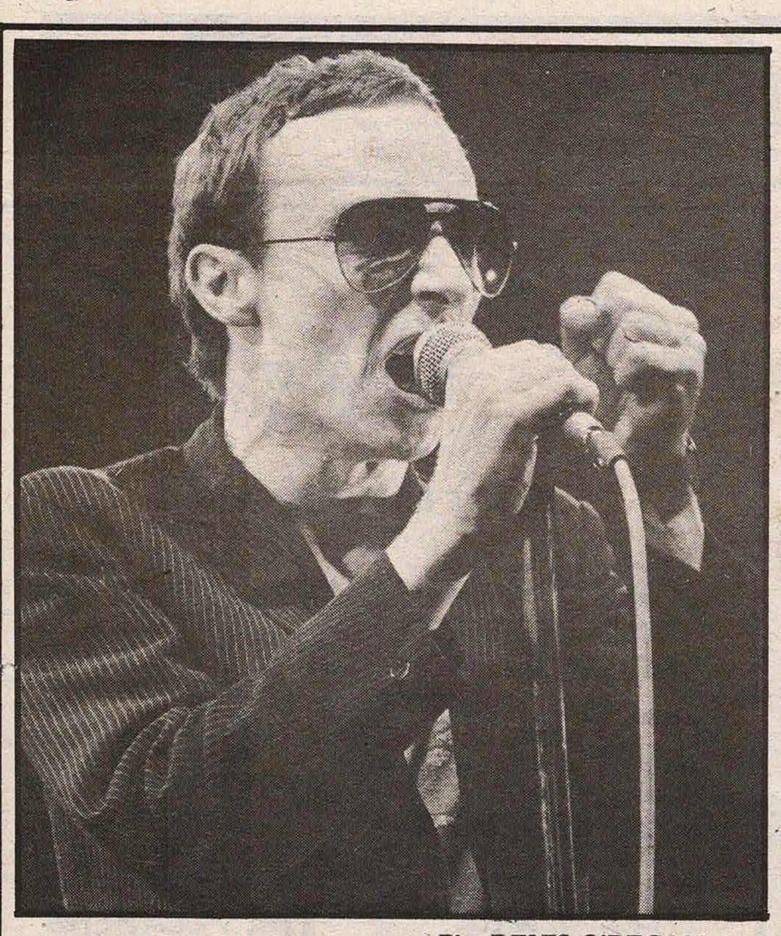


Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Just another week at the Rainbow until . . .

Parker shakes the house down

Graham Parker & The Rumour

RAINBOW

IF IT'S soul music you're after, then look no further than Graham Parker And The Rumour.

On Saturday night at The Rainbow, G. P. And The Rumour took the more than willing audience through 90 minutes of late '70s R&B with the kind of effortless momentum normally associated with McDonald Douglas.

Talk about poke. It's been a long time since I've seen a band able to thrust their collective foot down and hold it there throughout an entire show, and it's not really a question of speed, more a matter of control.

From the opening "Heat Treatment", the band (for this they surely are) swinging with all the panache of a Fred Astaire dance routine, The Rumour didn't make one false move, continually giving Parker the right kind of support.

Something of his on-stage movements, his authority, his tightness, is reflected in the band who, through the course of the show, pull off some extremely skilful musical stunts, while remaining marvellously economic.

Solos are short and pithy, adding, of course, to the urban rawness of Parker's voice which, in truth, defies genuine comparisons.

Despite his slight stature and street clothes (it's been said that Parker's the only punk who doesn't wear safety pins, but there is more mod than punk in Parker, visually and musically), G.P.'s stage presence is an imposing one.

That he has respect for his audience is obvious, as is the fact that they respect him.

His material isn't stunningly original, but it captures the essence of R&B, and still manages to be bang up to date. His current set takes songs from all three studio albums.

There are too many highlights to mention, but a word for "Heat In Harlem" is called for.

It's easily the most ambitious song Parker has so far written and despite its length remains rivetting throughout.

That Parker can sing a soul ballad, as well as something like the breakneck rock 'n' roll of "New York Shuffle", is demonstrated by his passionate work-out of "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down", written and first recorded by Ann Peebles.

At a time when "real" people are at a premium in rock, Graham Parker is one of the most real.

If you've only hitherto heard him on record, grab yourself the first possible opportunity to see him live, for it is as performer that he really excels.

On stage with The Rumour there are few artistes, black or white, working in a contemporary R&B setting, who could outdo him.

Steve Clarke

Blondie

RAINBOW

BLONDE HAIR, red tights, tight dress, skin white . . . every transvestite, sad sex film star and bewildered waitress must want to look like Debbie Blondie . . . babydoll, doll-baby, disposable darling.

After seeing them be nothing more than brilliant (both nights!) when they supported Television at the Hammersmith Odeon, I was a pigeon for Blondie — but even the acest amusement arcade loses its allure when the one-arm bandits need oiling.

Simply, the girl from Son Of Sam's City stayed mainly stationary, incorporating all the attractions and frailties of her gender, the perfect victim.

When stoned by a barrage of wolf whistles, Debbie edged coyly into "I Didn't Have The Nerve To Say No", looking like sex crucified.

I thought of the authority that Joan Jett had wielded over an auditorium of howling boylets a few nights earlier, and decided that double Jett's years in America had eroded Blondie's dignity, as illustrated in her compliance with Chrysalis's current advert gracing the glossies (a picture of Debbie and the line, "Wouldn't you like to rip her to shreds?")

If you do, go straight for her throat, dear . . .

I know the sound was bad, but Debbie seemed bored and lacklustre besides, not her usual beautiful little-little-little black dress self. Instead she flaunted a crass black and red ensemble — great marching colours, but no combination to cavort in.

All the old stuff (including the sublime-time "Kung Fu Girls", with its silent-movie organ segment, so ideal for Debbie's homicidal geisha stances) and even newer, duller songs such as "Contact In Red Square" and "I Am Always Touched By Your Presents, Dear" — plus "Denise", which is Debbie's third condescension to the dyke market ("Kung Fu Girls" and "Rifle Range" being the others). Patti Smith was never this blatant (bless her.)

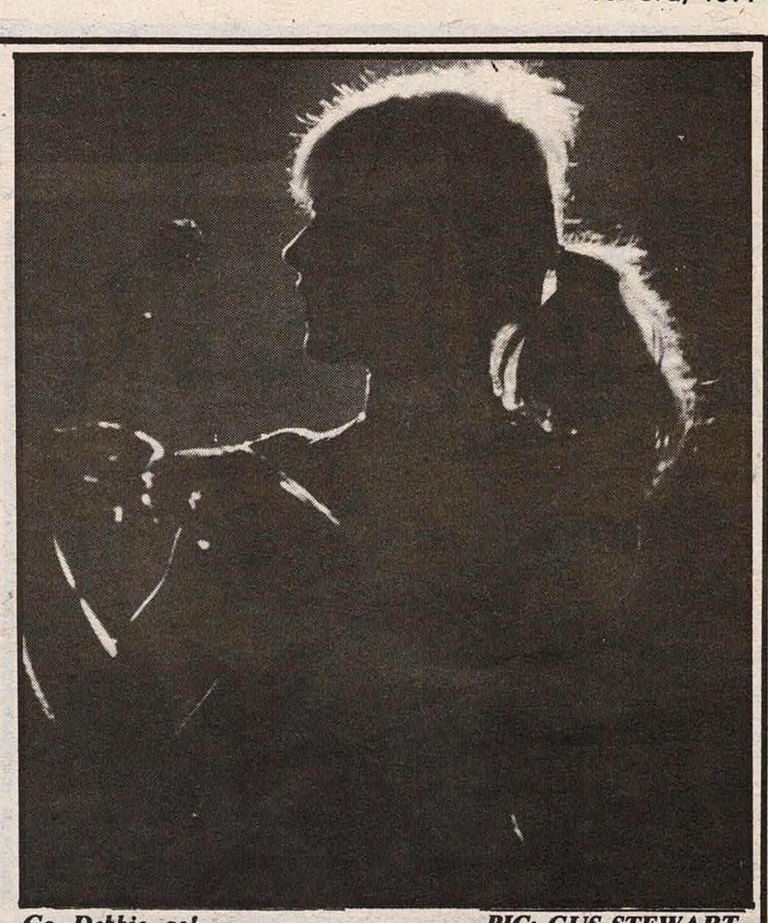
Never mind the maraccas, where's the dancing? Go Debbie go! But her silent physical threat was never exercised, and Debbie crystallized herself as the supreme inanimate object . . . numb, dumb, photogenic in the extreme.

Then I thought of oh, how she danced at Hammersmith — not so much poetry in motion as a fly in amber. For all her greatness, her dancing was a full revolution of poses rather than a fluid movement; clockwork camera dancing, designed to look good in print rather than to delight the mugs in the mezzanine.

Attitude dancing; a collection of stances rather than an action (in common with other American band such as Television, The Ramones, The Talking Heads), action being a positive move and therefore uncool.

Debbie Blondie has made a great album and given great shows, but let it be said that she will always be much more of a Jayne Mansfield than a Marilyn Monroe.

Julie Burchill



Go, Debbie, go! *PIC: GUS STEWART*

Gregg and Cher

RAINBOW

IF THIS IS some birdbrained idea of a quick clean-up these stars of stage, record and *Modern Screen* have failed lamentably. The Snitch and his dear heart scored only minimal ticket sales in Glasgow and Birmingham.

Here, at the Rainbow, though, they've done a little better: something like three-quarters full, though you can bet your last Confederate bill a good portion of 'em are only here to study the kitsch curiosity possibilities this bizarre cultural phenomenon presents.

It's what you expected, of course — a tedious near-disco band of LA session musicians providing back-up and knocking out a number before Gregg wanders onstage.

With his organically shampooed hair, buckskin pants and white shirt Gregory is the complete *Playboy* picture of the New South American rock star.

"I wanna do an ol' Allman Brothers song." Gregg grunts. Oh God, no. I was expecting "I Got You, Babe". Cher's not even onstage yet. Will I get out alive? These numbers sometimes last weeks.

Yes, he's into that awful groan, leaning histrionically all over his keyboards. In fact, with that ludicrous lower-lip hair and full face framed by his blond tresses The Snitch resembles nothing but a well-groomed sealion.

However, there are moments, of this number that are quite astoundingly good. I'm amazed.

Don't worry, though, just as I'm beginning to focus on why the Allmans were so huge a little light relief is provided over by the shores of Lake Gitchigumee stage left.

Yes, it's Cher joining in on the chorus lines in best Marlboro County chic: check (sorry, plaid) shirt over a black cut-open vest underneath, with black pants tucked into her boots. Very lowkey, though. The whole thing reeks of some Hollywood concept of Going For Credibility.

Ah, and together they're at the mike, singing so tenderly "You've Really Got A Hold On Me", which is, incidentally, an excellent choice of song.

And I'm astounded! Cher is really rockin' out, making foxy little body shifts about the mike stand.

It's alright, though, those moments of enjoyment were, as you may have suspected, utter aberrations.

"The way me 'n' Gregg have been we didn't think we were going to make it out of America." quips Cher, just to remind us it's still only showbiz.

And from one good choice of song to one really lousy one — "Love The One You're With" on which the woosome twosome duet together like two little songbirds at the same mike.

Cher, in fact, actually has a really good voice.

The audience is letting out Rebel Yells, which I find very suspect.

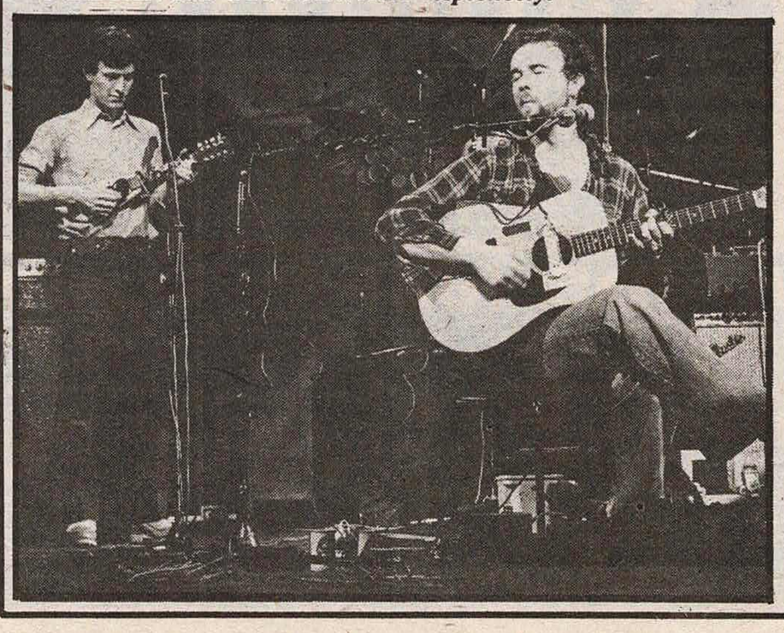
"Whipping Post." one of them hollers out. " 'Whipping Post' it is," responds Gregg. Interestingly enough this number gets the same kind of reverent applause you'd hear at, say, a Little Feat concert.

It's incredibly tedious.

Then there's a bit more, including (gulp!) "Midnight Rider" and Otis's "I Can't Turn You Loose" (I'd rather hear Geno Washington doing it), and they return for an encore with "Love Me". Ah, it's just like *Crossroads*.

Chris Salewicz

FAMOUS couples in Finsbury Park. (Above) Gregg and Cher Allman, and (below) Steve Winwood and John Martyn — the review of the latter appears on page 49. Pics by DENIS O'REGAN and GUS STEWART respectively.



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Tuesday, 6th
TRAMSHED London S.E.18
Wednesday, 7th
PEGASUS, Stoke Newington

MID-HERTS COLLEGE
Welwyn Garden City
Saturday December 3rd
BERNIE TORME
+ TWILLY
Bar Disco
Admission 85p

EAZIE
Dec. 2nd: The Sheldon, SOLIHULL
Dec. 3rd: Coach & Horses, WEST BROMWICH
Dec. 4th: The Lafayette, WOLVERHAMPTON

RAMONES
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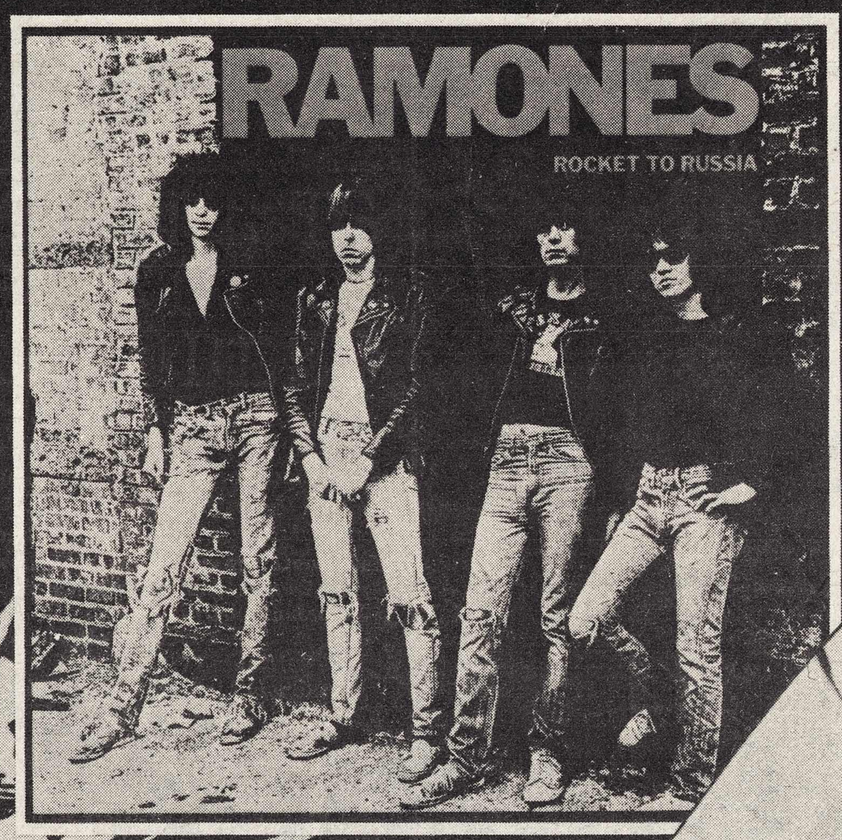
Album 9103 255 Cassette 7222 109



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23rd Dec – Corn Exchange, CAMBRIDGE
28th Dec – Top Rank, BIRMINGHAM
30th Dec – Friars, AYLESBURY
31st Dec – Rainbow, LONDON

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The Martin Catharsis of Steeleye Span

Steeleye Span

DUBLIN

THE DAY I flew into Dublin, President Carter's mother flew out. "Something to do wid improving relations" said the taxi driver.

He didn't seem impressed. But as Spike Milligan once said, it takes something like that to get the Pope off the front page in Ireland.

Perhaps not such headline grabbing news, but the reason why I was there (Woodward and Bernstein having laryngitis) was the fact that Steeleye Span were playing a short Irish tour.

The gist of this jaunt was to cast a critical eye over Steeleye Mk IV, with Bob Johnson and Pete Knight over the hills and far away, and folk world stalwarts Martin Carthy — for the second time — and John Kirkpatrick bringing Steeleye up to strength.

If the truth were known, I've usually preferred Fairport Convention. In the past theirs has struck me as being a more honest approach and a less flash, more endearing style.

So it was with considerable apprehension that I sat down to lend an ear to the latest Steeleye opus, "Storm Force Ten", and it was with growing dismay that I listened to the eight songs. There just didn't seem to be the necessary impetus and the band sounded like they were re-treading old grapes to produce a familiar if unexciting vintage. The recording sounded flat and listless, and Kirkpatrick's accordion was well down in the mix.

DUBLIN STADIUM is a great bleak barn of a place, usually a venue for boxing bouts.

"Terrible place", recalled Tim Hart. "Linament soup and blood on the walls". Status Quo had, predictably, sold out two nights earlier in the week, but Slim Whitman had trouble getting a third of the 2,000 seats filled.

It was cold enough to freeze the beads off a rosary, bassist Rick Kemp had to wear gloves for the sound-track (no cheap cracks).

The dressing room boasted a curious document "The More Common Forms of Forbidden Practices in Boxing", which had various members of the band wondering how they could incorporate the movements into their stage act, looking as it did, like some Catholic dogma on birth control.

It was while the support act, an amiable if unmemorable Irish duo, **The Establishment,** were warming up the 1700 or so punters, that I took the opportunity to chat to Martin Carthy and Tim Hart.

They agreed that perhaps the new album was a bit rushed, but felt that the new material was sounding better the more it got played in on stage, and that Kirkpatrick's accordion was more distinctive live.

And so to the gig. Any misapprehension I may have had about the new material soon disappeared as Steeleye blazed through an impressive set, drawing on old favourites and displaying the possibilities the band can now draw on.

The permutations are virtually endless, electric and acoustic guitars, strong five-part harmonies, Jew's harp, concertina, accordion, oboe and dulcimer, plus the solid rhythm section of Pegrum and Rick Kemp's soaring bass.

They opened with a song from way back, "False Knight Of The Road", with Kirkpatrick perched on a rostrum to the left of the stage, Tim Hart in a stunning white creation next to him, roar of applause, enter Maddy Prior stage centre and Martin Carthy to her right.

Straight into "Awake, Awake" from the new album and however mannered it may have sounded on record, on stage it positively bounds into life, displaying Steeleye's intricate and rich harmonies.

In John Kirkpatrick they've not only gained an accomplished musician but an able singer and someone whose strong traditional influence is already proving beneficial.

THE CHOICE of material was instinctively right virtually all the way through — a cathartic "Black Freighter", a rousing "Cam Ye O'er Frae France", and a beautiful "Boar's Head Carol" (the new single, out in time for Christmas and this year's "Gaudete"!).

They had everyone up and bopping to a stirring "Atholl Highlanders" and "Blue Bonnets", Kirkpatrick's solo Morris. A new song "The Maid And The Palmer" should sound fine on a future album and plenty more for your money's worth.

The finale of "Seventeen Come Sunday" had Maddy careering up and down the aisles and the audience in the palm of her hand, no mean juggling feat.

The few duff notes for me came during Carthy's "Treadmill Song", which never really went anywhere, but took its time getting there, and "The Victory", albeit a rousing naval narrative, but one which could have benefitted from judicious trimming.

The encore came in the formidable shape of "Rave On", from the timeless pen of one B. Holly, poet of the parish, which sounded great accapella. (Aficionados will recall that the band recorded the song in this manner way back in '71.)

From where I was sitting the set sounded fine, but it wasn't to the band's satisfaction.

Maddy was particularly pissed off by hecklers crying out for "All Around My Hat" (and that's one song this current line-up will never perform) and one section of the audience who kept chattering through all the songs.

"It only takes half a dozen people to make or ruin a gig" she said afterwards, but Carthy thought it had a lot to do with the fact that the reaction in Derry and Belfast had been *so* good, anywhere after there would have been an anti-climax.

On their current form Steeleye are primed for great things, with the past no longer acting as a magnet, but instead as a base for future experiments.

There are bound to be a few failures (I still can't find it in my heart to wax enthusiastic about "Storm Force Ten"), but if they can keep together and choose future material with care then this brand of Steeleye have the potential to be the best yet.

They've got a few tricks up their sleeve for the Hammersmith Odeon gig on December 17, but not the manna from heaven mazooma wise of last year. That sort of showbiz razzamatazz seems a long way behind them now.

Despite an 11 hour wait at Dublin because of the Aer Lingus strike — at least the bar was open — it was well worth it.

See for yourselves when they come your way.

Patrick Humphries

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's Xmas Party will be held at Oxford Street's 100 Club, with the Rotters Club Band Inc. which includes Elton Dean, Bernie Holland, Dave Stewart, Pip Pyle, John Halsey, Clive Griffiths and Groucho, The Brothers of Invention with Derek Wadsworth, Don Weller, Geoff Castle, and the Dick Morrissey Band.

The Dave McRae Quartet are at the Star & Garter, Putney, on 3rd December. The John Patrick Quartet weighs in at 7 Dials on 1st December, and the Kathy Stobart Quintet & Marion Williams are at The Phoenix on 7th December.

The Great Jazz Solos package will be at Southport Arts Centre on 2nd, Ingleborough Community Centre, Ingleton on 3rd, Leeds Jazz Club, Astoria Centre on 4th, and London's 7 Dials on 8th. Axel, with Gordon Beck and Tony Coe, wind up their tour at Brighton's Gardner Centre on 30th November.

The Stan Tracey Quartet are touring the North, with gigs at Preston Polytechnic Arts Centre on 10th December, Chester's Arts Centre on 9th, Bretton Hall College of Education, Wakefield, on 12th, Crystals, The Precinct, Bury on 13th, and The Sands Club, Cleethorpes, on 14th. George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers is at Huddersfield Town Hall on 2nd, Wild Bill Davidson at the Great Harwood Sporting Club on 8th, followed by Peanuts Hucke on 22nd.

The now well-established The Cobblestones, 440 Streatham High Road, has jazz every Wednesday night with Don Weller and Alan Jackson resident, and guests like Henry Lowther on 30th November.

Atlantic's "That's Jazz" series of re-issues have just put out another five: Duke Ellington's "New Orleans Suite", the Young Tuxedo Brass Band's "Sounds Of The New Orleans Street", Les McCann and Eddie Harris' "Swiss Movement", Miroslav Vitous' "Mountain In The Clouds" and the MJQ's "More From The Last Concert".

Brian Case

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L.A., L.A. — WHAT'S GOING ON THERE THEN?

Welcome To L.A. (AA)

Directed by Alan Rudolph
Starring Keith Carradine
(Lagoon)

ROBERT ALTMAN is a dangerous model, half great, half shambling, his use of sound and dialogue so radical that half the time it gets away from him. At his best, he creates an open-ended environment resonant with possibilities for the audience; at his worst, a confusion of overlapping veils.

McCabe & Mrs Miller unfolded its theme on the peripheries of action and plot, and one's appreciation of Altman's orchestration was the final piece in the jigsaw. *The Long Goodbye*, on the other hand, switched focus between theme and plot like a man trying every lever to stop a runaway train.

All of which has a great deal of bearing on Alan Rudolph's first film, *Welcome To L.A.* Altman's assistant director on three films and co-author on another, his debut is very much in the footsteps of the demi-maestro, who did in fact produce.

Rudolph is well-served by a cast of Altman veterans — Sally Kellerman, Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Sissy Spacek and Geraldine Chaplin. The story centres on Carradine, the prodigal son of a millionaire, who returns to L.A. to supervise an album of his compositions. Opaque to the point of evaporation, he finds himself hauled into the horizontal by most of the female cast who know enough to find a blank screen the ideal love object.

The adorable Lauren Hutton — for whom I am saving myself — photographs corners, puts out for Mr. Carradine's father, Denver Pyle (last seen blown out of his boots in *The Left Handed Gun* — things are looking up, Denver!) and eats her heart out for Junior. Hold the phone . . .

The technique used to unfold this conventional rubber of musical mattresses is so indirect and insouciant that it takes a while to realize that the bittersweet *La Ronde*, the portentous *Theorem* and the affectionately-mocking *Smiles Of A Summer Night* have been there before. Richard Baskin's music is uniformly lugubrious: "You want to get saved, but there's nothin' there worth saving."

The camera tracks about in an unravelled sort of way, catching a lot of wallpaper going about its unknowable business, and the odd fleeting gesture. For quirky corner-of-the-lense stuff, my vote goes to another newcomer, Alfred Sole, who directed *Communion*. *(Hear, hear! — Ed.)*.

Altogether tough luck on the new cinema, The Screen On The Hill, Haverstock Hill, which is breaking this boring bottle across its bows. A well-designed independent, it deserves better.

Then again, *Welcome To L.A.* might find its audience, at that: "Still into The Meaninglessness Of Nothinglessness?" asked a punter in the lobby.

"Not arf, Arfur," I replied before realizing he was talking to his date, off to the side.

Brian Case

■ *continues page 63.*

The Amsterdam Kill (AA)

Directed by Robert Clouse
Starring Robert Mitchum
(EMI)

THE ONLY major Old Guard Hollywood actor never to have been nominated for an Oscar (never mind winning one), Robert Mitchum has blundered his way through more bad movies than Troy Donahue, George Maharis and Tab Hunter put together.

Unlike those panty-waists, however, Mitchum has genuine acting ability, it's just that more often than not he chooses to hide it behind those famous hooded peepers. If he'd open them a bit wider more often, he might realise that what passes for the script of *The Amsterdam Kill* would better grace the bottom of a cat litter tray.

"Hello, is this Mr. Quinlan, the former US narcotics agent?" pipes the disembodied voice on the other end of Mitchum's phone, a risible example of the crassest, laziest form of exposition rarely dared used outside of *Crossroads* and other amateur dramatic societies.

No amount of fancy overhead camera angles can disguise the fact that *The Amsterdam Kill* is a clumsily directed, lousily scripted and poorly acted waste of celluloid (though Mitchum almost pulls off one drunken soliloquy).

Despite the depiction of violent mayhem in the international drug trade as gratuitous as the constant use throughout of irksome sub-headings, the film's been awarded an AA certificate — because in this squalid world of weasle-eyed Chinese junk dealers, women don't exist.

The Bruce Lee flick on the same bill, one of those *Fist* or *Fury* things, isn't up to much either.

Monty Smith

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SILVER SCREEN

Voyage Of The Damned (A)

Directed by Stuart Rosenburg
Starring Faye Dunaway
(Rank)

NO, THIS isn't a record of The Damned's first American tour, but it still turns out to be a big stiff.

The story, a true one, is about the plight of 937 Jews leaving Germany for Cuba during the last days of the pre-WW2 exodus. The plot is simple, fleshed out with the personal dramas and dilemmas of the people caught up in what was, primarily, a Nazi propaganda exercise.

These people, passengers on the S.S. St. Louis, go slowly crazy as they realise their lives are being toyed with, the ship's captain wages an inner war between his humanitarian beliefs and his obligation to duty, and various sub plots touch on the behind-the-scenes machinations.

But, nobody seems sure whether they're playing it straight in tension-packed entertainment, or building a psychological drama. Despite its two-hours-plus length, the characterisation is like a series of concurrent sketches, battling for importance against each other and the plot. The result is that nobody wins.

The attempt at portraying the Cuban side of the affair centres on corrupt officialdom telling everybody to try to understand the Cuban mentality. The character of the hapless Jews and their Nazi tormentors are even more incomplete.

Essentially the interest fixes on petty detail labouring towards a thin climax, and the setting — the brothel, for example, looks cardboard and clean, like James Bond might walk in next — are as unconvincing as the characters.

This relegates all the weight to the story, which, it happens, isn't particularly exciting anyway.

Paul Rambali

Slapshot (X)

Directed by George Roy Hill
Starring Paul Newman
(CIC)

DENOUNCED IN various quarters as sexist, *Slapshot* is an abrasively amusing movie, thoroughly immoral, totally indigenous and brilliantly written — by, surprise! surprise!, a woman.

Nancy Dowd's cuss-strewn script gives Paul Newman (as the cynical con-man coach of a third-rate hockey team) his meatiest part since *Sometimes A Great Notion*. By means of crude psychology and sly provocation, Newman exhorts his bunch of losers to all manner of mayhem on the ice, turning them into the dirtiest, most successful team in the NHL. And the three semi-retarded, bi-focalled Hanson brothers, drafterd into the team for their murderously violent play, are, in the words of one of their colleagues, "a fucking disgrace".

From behind all the tough talk, though, and the basic humour (idiot PR schemes devised by the manager, accurate pastiches of junk TV shows, mass mooning from the team bus) emerges an acidly observed portrait of a desperate fringe zone. Like one of the lonely wives says: "You can just screw so much and drink so much."

Sharply directed and deftly cut (by Dede Allen, Arthur Penn's editor), *Slapshot* pulls no punches as it delivers its vicious laughs amidst unpleasantly recognisable facets of life in a run-down industrial town.

A smashing, tough little film, with the nerve to refrain from making character judgments, unlike its myopic detractors.

Monty Smith

PAUL NEWMAN bad-mouths it to the boys.

The Invaders

Directed by Nick May
(National Film School)

WE'RE ALL too rarely treated to accurate and entertaining documentaries about the state of play down in the counter-culture, so *The Invaders* (shown last Wednesday at the London Film Festival) should be unreservedly welcomed.

It covers six months in the fraught life of a funk-rock band; but whereas previous films on aspects of contemporary music have generally (if inevitably) focussed on the fortunes of people who were to some degree successful, here it is apparent that this band's chances of making it are something less than zero.

However, the film is more than merely a closely observed disintegrating bunch of unimaginative musicians; it is an epitaph for a sub-culture. The people here are the redundant, dispirited debris of the hippie generation. Some remain vividly in the memory. The band's guitarist and most formidable personality, Steve (a quintessential representative of alternative society) is a superb raconteur, while the film gives a generous length of rope to the band's manager who responds by hanging himself several times over; at one point he utters the immortal line, "I've been a social secretary at University, and I know what this business is all about."

It's strange perhaps that such an erstwhile familiar lifestyle can now be viewed with nostalgia, but the film clearly reveals not only that the way of life is outmoded, but also that its accompanying ideology is thoroughly bankrupt; the vibes turned sour a long time ago.

Probably the *cinema-verite* works so powerfully because the director, Nick May, was actually living is the same Stoke Newington squat as the protagonists, and so his presence was in no way intrusive. Once when the camera is noticed, he quickly deflates rising inhibitions by saying blithely, "Don't worry — no one will ever see this film anyway."

That would no doubt have been true, since this is a small-budget project of the National Film School and is almost wilfully uncommercial in conventional terms. It is shot in grainy — i.e. cheap — black-and-white, and offers the viewers no comfortable aids, often using deliberately disjointing techniques, as well as sloganeering captions in the style of punk fanzines.

However, in the final analysis this film — to use the parlance of the very mentality which it knocks on the head — tells it like it is, and will be seen (probably at venues like the Islington Screen) for that reason.

Hitherto an unrepentant old-waver, I find *The Invaders* the most persuasive argument yet for punk rock; old hippies everywhere will feel the same.

Bob Woffinden

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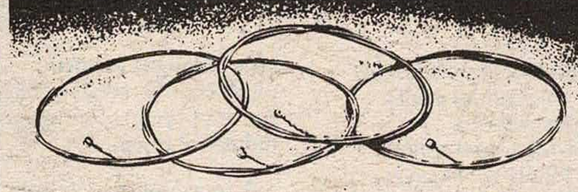

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Family allowance increase for folkies

WHAT ARE Terry and Gay Woods doing nowadays? It's been a fair while since their last album — are they still with Polydor? — **PHIL YOUNG, Battersea, London SW11.**

● **It seems that the Woods are not going to be over-active during the next few months due to the fact that Gay is likely to be receiving an increase in her family allowance sometime next March. However, the duo recently laid down some basic tracks for a forthcoming album, using a rhythm section comprised of Phil Palmer (guitar), Pat Donaldson (bass) and Jim Russell (drums), while producer Sandy Robertson states that Kate McGarrigle also worked on the sessions, both playing and adding vocal back-ups. The new album is scheduled for release in Ireland on the Bothy Band's own Mulligan label during February '78, while release in Britain, on an as yet undisclosed label, should follow around the same time.**

SOMETIME back, you listed *"16"* magazine as being the address to which Ramones' fan mail should be sent. But this is incorrect — all such mail should be addressed to The Ramones' Fan Club, P.O. Box 269, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y.11011, U.S.A. All queries will be answered and personal letters passed on. This is a well organised club with newsletters, etc., so if you could let your readers know about it, we'd be most appreciative. — **MICHAEL TRESE, President. Ramones Fan Club.**

● **Aw, we knew the location of the correct pad all along — it's just that we didn't wanna upset any Ramones freaks by being too positive about things. Minimalism rules y'know.**

I'VE FORMED a band with a few of my mates and we've recorded some tracks which are roughly in new wave/R & B style. We'd like to send some demo tapes to a record company and I was wondering which one you'd recommend? —**NIK SLIK, Hull, N. Humberside.**

● **Most of the majors are usually up to their necks in demos, half of which probably don't get a fair hearing, so I guess I'd contact labels like Stiff or Chiswick, who are always receptive to new acts, or, better still, try Pacific Records — an offshoot of the giant American Gem company which recently sponsored the star-studded "Inter-Galactic Touring Band" album — who tell me that they're shortly to commence their own label in this country and are anxious to hear from as many bands as possible. The address to contact is: Pacific Records, 51 Islip Street, London NW5 2DL.**

I KNOW all about the more popular soundtrack releases recorded by composer John Williams — i.e. "Jaws", "Towering Inferno", "Star Wars", "Earthquake" etc. — but could you tell me his scores to "Fitzwilly Strikes Back" (1967), "The Reivers" (1969), "Posiedon Adventure" (1972)., "The Cowboys" (1972), "The Paper Chase" (1973), "The Eiger Sanction" (1975), "The Sentinel" (1976) and "Black Sunday" (1977) are available on album? — **STEVE BATTLEY, New Malden, Surrey.**

● **"Fitzwilly" was released on UA.5173, "The Reivers" on Columbia OS-3510 and "The Eiger Sanction" on MCA 2088, these all being U.S. catalogue numbers. But there are certainly plenty of other Williams items around, including the soundtracks to "How To Steal A Million" (20th Fox S-4183) and "Valley Of The Dolls" (20th Fox S-4196), Williams having been a major name in celluloid city since the early '60s, when he provided musical backdrops to such movies as "The Secret Ways" (1961) and "Diamond Head" (1962).**

I RECENTLY found "That's The Way It's Got To Be", a 1965 Decca single by The Poets — and it's a damn good disc. Could you print a complete discography of the band's recorded works and perhaps tell me something about its members? — **B. GATES, London W4.**

● **The Poets were *the* group up in Haggis-land during the mid-'60s. Andrew Oldham, then manager of the Stones, thought so highly of this Glasgow-based outfit that he signed them up and produced their first three singles for Decca, these being "Now We're Thru"/"There Are Some" (F11995 — 1964), "That's The Way It's Got To Be"/"I'll Cry At The Moon" (F12074 — 1965), "I Am So Blue"/"I Love Her Still" (F12195 — 1965). In 1966, the band switched to Oldham's Immediate and cut two further singles, "Call Again"/"Some Things I Can't Forget", another Oldham production, and "Baby Don't You Do It"/"I'll Come Home", on which the producer was Paul Raven (Gary Glitter). This is where most Poets discographies usually terminate but the diligent Cliff Gater has pointed out that Decca released one further item by the band in the Summer of '67, this being "Wooden Spoon", a Moeller-Woolfson song, backed by "In Your Tower", by Mulvey and Watson, the disc receiving the catalogue number F12569.**

The original line-up for The Poets was George Gallagher (vocals), Hume Paton (lead guitar), Tony Myles (rhythm guitar), John Dawson (bass) and Alan Weir (drums) but this proved ever-changing after 1965 and subsequent versions of the band included Timmy Donald, High Nicholson and Ian McMillan, who later surfaced as Blue.

ON THE album "A Bunch Of Stiffs", there is an uncredited version of "Back To Schooldays". My guess is that it features Graham Parker, Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe — but could you provide the *real* low-down on this mystery item? — **IAN BATT, Gravesend, Kent.**

● **The uncredited track on the Stiff compilation is by none other than our old mates, Graham Parker and The Rumour. It was one of the original demo tapes cut at the Hope And Anchor in London and later played on Charlie Gillett's *Honky-Tonk* show, where it was heard by a Phonogram exec who subsequently wooed the lads with a contract and a welcome cheque. However, "Schooldays" was not the first Rumour demo that Gillett aired, that honour resting with "Between Me And You", an item which now forms part of the band's "Howling Wind" album (Vertigo 6360 129).**

CAN YOU tell me if it's at all possible to obtain an album titled "Harmonia — De Luxe", which was released on the Brain label several years ago? I have contacted several shops, who all say that the disc is no longer available. Can you help? — **STEPHEN JACK, Heston, Hounslow, Middx.**

● **According to the latest edition of the Brain catalogue, "Harmonia — De Luxe" is still available, the catalogue number of the album being 1073. All Brain material, which emanates from Germany and includes releases by Tangerine Dream, Guru Guru, Klaus Schulze, Jane Neu, Grobschnitt, can be purchased through any British record shop. All dealers have to do is order from Brain's British distributor, CRD Ltd., Lyon Way, Rockware Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, — which in your case, is just down the road apiece.**

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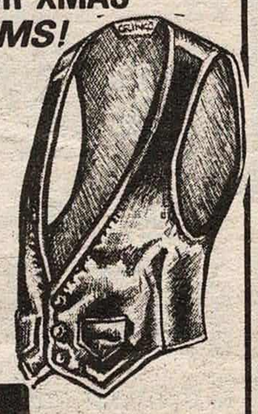

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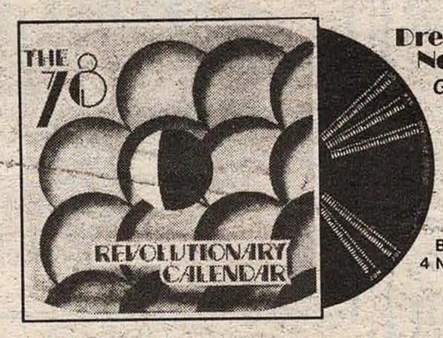

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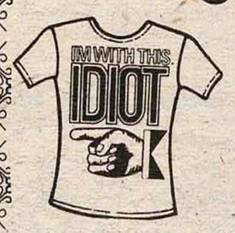

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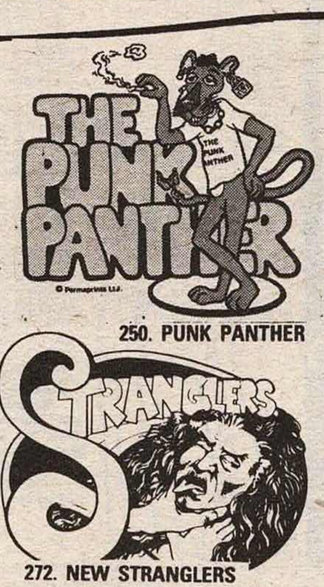

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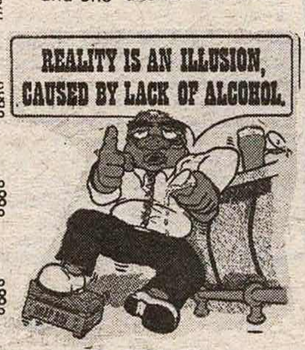
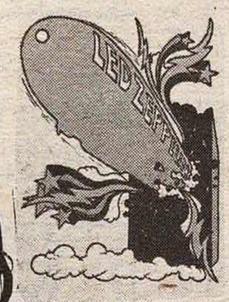


232. REALITY

134. GENESIS



508. LED ZEPPELIN

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

148. LED ZEP

181. JUST PASSIN

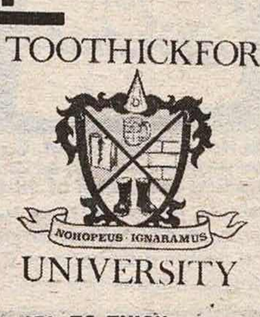
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

240 LYNYRD

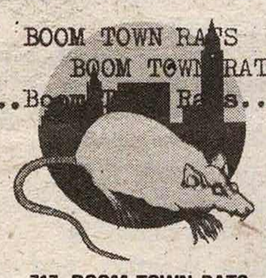
714 LORD OF RINGS

731. YES

677. SUPERSIGN



703. STRANGLERS

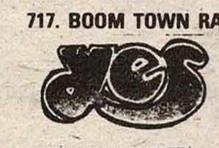


717. BOOM TOWN RATS

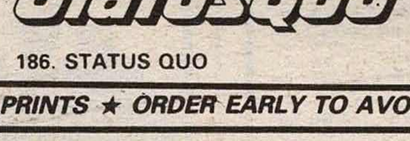
507 FLOYD

587 BUSTIN OUT

169. EAGLE



720. YES (GLITTER)



186. STATUS QUO

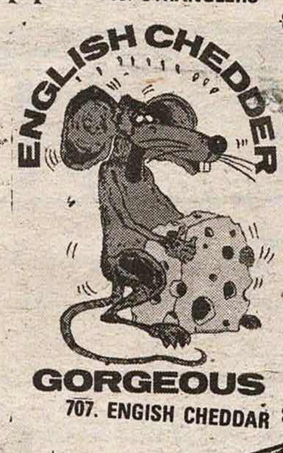
730. GITANES

125. VULTURES

583 GROPING HAND

251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

682. HAWKWIND



707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

★ *MORE GOODIES FROM PERMAPRINTS* ★ *ORDER EARLY TO AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH*

NEW FULL COLOUR STAR WARS DESIGNS FROM THE STATES — AVAILABLE ON ALL GARMENTS

735. SKYWALKER

736. SOLO

737. COLLAGE

WHEN ORDERING ANY OF THESE THREE DESIGNS PLEASE ADD AN EXTRA 40p PER SHIRT — THIS IS DUE TO IMPORT/ROYALTY CHARGES

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All Permaprints T-Shirt designs are now available on wildly colourful pennants. Highest quality felt material 17" x 13".

FELT CALENDARS only 95p each (or £1.80 any 2) + 20p P&P. When ordering state which design(s) required.

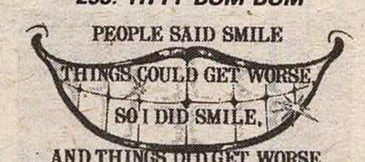
274. GIANT FACE DESIGN

Available on all shirts except hooded sweats

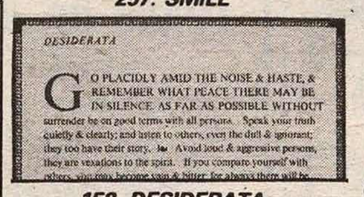
Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

253. TITTY BUM BUM



257. SMILE

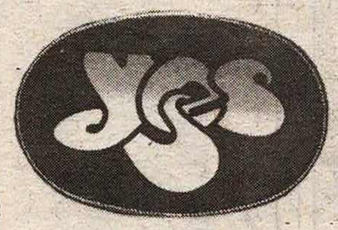

DESIDERATA
GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with

158. DESIDERATA
(complete poem)

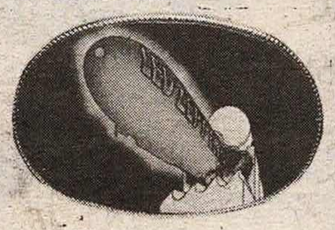
721 QUEEN (GLITTER)

733. SKATEBOARD

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS — DIRECT FROM THE STATES
ROCK STAR-BELT BUCKLES
Full colour designs, super high gloss crystal enamel on polished heavy antique brass buckles, which are adjustable to all standard width belts.



B1 YES



B2 LED ZEPPELIN

B3 QUEEN

B4 EAGLES
also available
B10 SANTANA
B11 JETHRO TULL
B12 BAD COMPANY

Buckle Size 3½×2½"

B9 JEFFERSON STARSHIP

All buckles are of the highest quality. Full refund given if not completely satisfied
ONLY £3.30 each
+ 20p P&P.

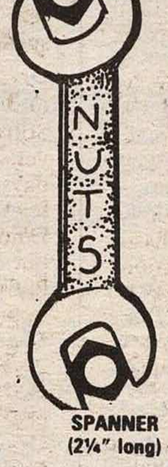
B5 E.L.O.

B6 BOWIE

B8 HENDRIX

★ STOP PRESS ★
All buckles are now available complete with highest quality 1½" leather belt for an extra £2.25p

XMAS BARGAINS
★ *NOW AVAILABLE* ★
HEAVY METAL PENDANTS
Top Quality Gilt Finish

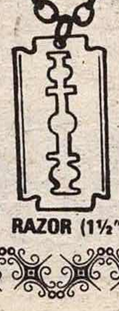


SPANNER (2¼" long)

ELVIS (1¼")

each pendant complete with 25" chain

DAGGER (1½")



RAZOR (1½")

SKATEBOARD (1½")

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Postage included

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Wrangler Lee Levi's

1. WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT.
Original western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim. Sizes 32 34 36 38 42 44 46. **PRICE £12.95.**

2. LEVI'S HOODED SWEATSHIRT
Zip-thru style. Top Quality, made in USA. Colours Navy, Lt Blue, Lt Grey & Black. Sizes Sm(34-36) Med(38-40) Lge(42-44) State 2nd choice. **PRICE £10.75**

3. LEVI'S ZIPPER SWEATSHIRT
Made in USA. Top Quality. Sizes Sm (34-36) M (36-38) Lge (40-42). Colours Lt. Blue, Lt Grey, Dk Grey, Black & Pillar Box Red (State 2nd choice). **PRICE £8.99.**

7. LEVI'S WESTERN JEAN
Original Western-style 14oz heavy indigo denim flare, washed and preshrunk. Sizes 26 27 28 29 30 32 34 36 38 40. Inside leg 35 or 36 **PRICE £13.50.**

8. LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
Flattering baggy style. 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 34 36 38. Inside leg 36. **PRICE £13.99.**

9. WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Original western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim flare, washed and pre-shrunk. Sizes 28 30 32 34 36. Inside leg 34" & 36". **PRICE £12.99.**

10. LEE WESTERN JEAN
Original Western style. 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26 flare, washed and pre-shrunk Sizes 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 34 36. Inside leg 36. **PRICE £12.50.**

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Slipover style. Made in USA. Top Quality. Colours Red, Navy, Mid Blue, Bottle Green. Sizes Sm (34-36) M (38-40). Lge (42-44) State 2nd choice of colour. **PRICE £9.75.**

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7oz washed and pre-shrunk indigo denim with copper press studs. Sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16 & 17. **PRICE £11.50.**

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£8.00 The Set

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*2. For the truly musical person a highly detailed **Solid Silver** Saxophone. On a nice silver chain and 1½ inches high.*

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14 oz Pre-shrunk Back Pocket Bag All Sizes 26"-34" 36" Inside Leg **Unwashed Only £10.95. Washed only £11.95**

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Levi's

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Levi 17" Straight Needlecords Western style with rivetted pockets. Colours: Grey, Navy, Sage Green, Dk Brown. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34". Inside leg: 34" only. Please state 2nd choice of colour..... **£12.50**

Denim Jacket in 14oz Denim (original style). Chest sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46". Prewashed if required..... **£14.95**

Levi Denim Shirt with brass popper buttons, prewashed. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17"..... **£10.95**

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WRANGLER

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Denim Shirt Western styled with pearl popper buttons. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17"..... **£9.95**

Denim Jackets in 14oz Denim. Sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" 50" Chest **£13.95**

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Wrangler Long Lumber Jacket in Navy/Red check with simulated Navy fur lining, button thru' style. Sizes: S M L XL. Recommended price £21.00. Our price..... **£19.95**

Wrangler waist length Lumber Jacket in Brown/Green check with simulated Brown Fur lining, zip thru' style. Sizes: 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Recommended price: £18.95. Our price..... **£15.95**

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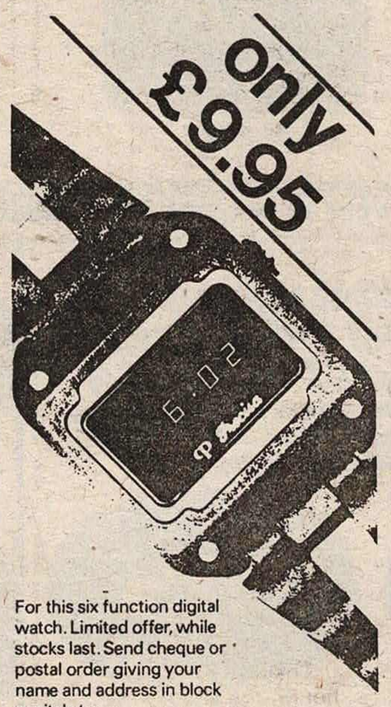

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¾" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold ear hook... £8.50
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or how the original Shrink-to-Fit jean was born - & all that jazz

The original Shrink-to-Fit blue jeans Levi's

Original Levi's are made shrink-to-fit because in the beginning they were made of tenting that shrank. So REMEMBER add 2" to your waist and leg measurement... 'cause the more you wash them, the more they wear you.

Sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" Leg 34" 36" 38"
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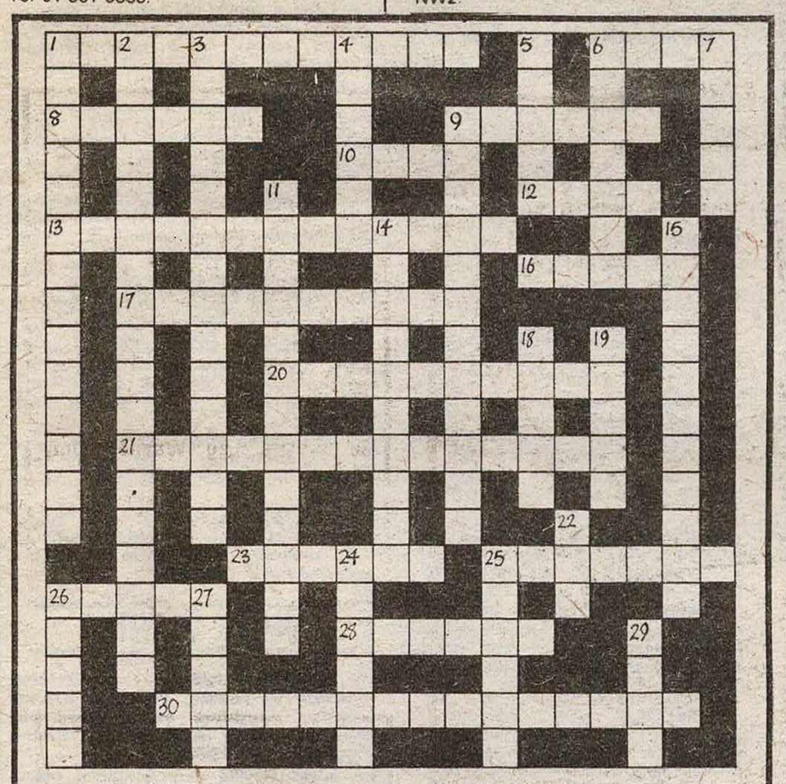

ACROSS
1 Cut the original "Police and Thieves" covered by The Clash. (6, 6)
6 Emaciated like truncated Elizabeth! *(Clever, huh?)*
8 Short-arsed Little Feat.
9 See 15.
10 Stars'n'Bars troubadour in Eileen's hit picks?
12 Slightly more than a Knighthood. *(Bloody good this — Ed)* for America's premier Punk label!
13 Elton John Top Ten hit from 1972. (9, 4)
16 Slightly drippy Stones ballad, went to No. 5 in '73.
17 Started out as the Pistols' lead singer. (5, 5)
20 David's lady. (5, 5)
21 The Fab Four's first No. 1 smash. (6, 6, 2)
23 See 29.
25 The Motor City's finest (along with The MC5, natch).
26 Reversing into tomorrow, dumping music on the people, etc, etc.
28 London's premier punk niterie.
30 Blonde lib at the BBC!
(You made it luv — how's the weather in Brighton?) (4, 11)

DOWN
1 Joint lung voice. (anag. 5, 9)
2 Oo'd 'ave 'ad Ian Dury dahn as an underwear fetishist? (3, 5, 3, 7)
3 1 down's current shot for the top. (4, 5, 5)
4 Stone in "Da Doo Ron Ron," Nietzche's version!
5 The Sha Na Na of 1977?
6 See 24.
7 See 25 down.
9 They've just lost their lead singer — he tuned in his crucifix and said he'd had enough. (5, 7)
11 Director/producer of *"Thoopersonic"*. (4, 9)
14 The other half of "Rough Mix" with PL Townshend. (6, 4)
15 and 9 across. The Barracuda Bassist. (4, 7, 6)
18 Chinnichap's monster pop creation, bit quiet of late.
19 Detroit rocker in maternity, or else geriatric ward!
22 A.k.a. 'Easy Listening'. (1, 1, 1)
24 and 6 down It was Roxy's shot for the disco crowd. (4, 2, 3, 4)
25 and 7 Decorative front-liner on "Rumours".
26 Ron or Russell, but not both of 'em.
27 As in *Blank*, or *Uncle*.
29 and 23 Bobby Hafield was his other half in the Righteous Brothers.

ACROSS: 1 "Street Survivors"; 6 Elton John; 7 Nick (Lowe); 9 Howard Kaylan; 11 The Shadows; 12 (Little) Feat; 13 Shel (Talmy); 15 Richman; 17 (Miss) Piggy; 19 "Go Now"; 24 (Steve) Marriott; 25 Allen (Klein); 26 Jonathan (Richman); 28 (Pete) York; 30 Brothers; 31 Pete (York). **DOWN:** 1 "She's Not There"; 2 Ritchie Blackmore; 3 Taj Mahal; 4 Vanilla Fudge; 5 Racing Cars; 8 Fats Domino; 10 Doobie (Brothers); 14 Jimmy (Osterberg); 16 "Night Moves"; 18 Klein; 20 "New Wave"; 21 Weather (Report); 22 Talmy; 23 Blondie; 27 Lowe; 29 Rat (Scabies).

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POWERFUL DRUMMER wanted to join dual guitarists and ace bass in no nonsense rock band. No pro's. Geoff, Epsom 23378.

BASSIST AND drummer urgently required for forming new wave influenced band in 1978, we're almost ready are you? 01 979 0092 / 609 2606.

BASSIST / VOCALIST required now! for reactivation of psychedelic outfit. Own gear, no ties (transport?) outrageous personality. Phone Mike 01-286 7247.

GUITARIST NEEDED for ambitious new wave band. Possibility of gigs in near future. Phone Tony, 01-262 4699 Ext 8 or 01-673 4241 after 6.

RHYTHM GUITARIST to join energetic r & b Rods, Quo type band. Equipment essential, vocals an asset. Working immediately. Ring Mick 01-876 8604.

GUITARIST / VOCALIST and writer to join drummer and bassist for demo-tapes then gigs / recording. 01-542 3939 evenings.

INEXPERIENCED BASS player 18-21 wanted for just formed new wavish band. Teddington, Ashford areas. Phone Geoff 01-977 0705 or Andy 69 57214.

VOCALISTS WANTED

MALE VOCALIST (18-22) commercial rock. Must have P.A. Must be able to sing for gigs and regular rehearsals. 01 989 8723.

MALE OR FEMALE vocalists form new group with girl singer. No time-wasters. Phone 248 7421.

SINGER FOR young Blues / Dominoes type band. Phone Dave — 639 9436 after 6.

PROFESSIONAL POSEUR required. Original voice, good image and personality. Own gear essential — transport asset. No punks. Bitch Nicol 228 1364 6 pm +

ROCK AND roll vocalist needed for insane band. Must be dynamite with dedication. John, 01-669 6724.

SINGER WANTED for new wave pop group. Style, image important. Forget safety pins, 'phone Steve 01-622 4657 / evenings.

VIVACIOUS VOCALIST wanted to earn their rent in Kent! (based Dover) new band into everything. Ring Phil, Dover 201904, daytime.

VOCALIST REQUIRED for band, rhythm guitar preferably, p.a. an asset. Any interested callers welcome. Ring Braintree 0376-25558.

SINGER WANTED, must be prepared to tackle Motown Coasters, Kilburns songs to complete practising bands line up. Phone Chris 01-485 0681.

STEVIE WELLGRIM seeks vocalist for his band, into Sex Pistols, Black & White Minstrels etc. Lotsa work available. 14 Thames Street, Weybridge, Surrey.

WORK WANTED

I WOULD like to sing with the Syd Lawrence Orchestra. I have a Vaughan / Monro styled singing voice — fairly strong. A Partridge, 107 Greet Street, Old Town, Eastbourne, Sussex.

LEAD GUITARIST wishes to form or join good raunchy rock band. Excellent gear. Maidenhead 32926.

18 TODAY continuing story of guitarist Brett see previous issues. Have 4-tracking own material plus voice if well lubricated. Much thanks NME. Luton 67314.

LEAD GUITAR seeks group in Surrey. Into spacey noises and effects and many other things. Tel: Guildford 68319.

VOCALIST / GUITARIST needs tight, working New Wave band — Boomtowns, Motors, R n B. Shit hot semi pros!!! Leave your number (please) — Noel 546 4890.

MODERN ROCKER! guitarist writes, anarchy, sings, punk, transport, fun enthusiasm. Own gear, reggae. Young image, copies nobody. Steve — Romford 65815.

COLOURED GUITARIST with blues jazz feel seeks working band with rhythm. Dick 761 3341 after Mid-day or Leila 242 0565 — 10 am to 4 pm.

LIVELY GUITARIST clean style with class seeks Jazz / rock / blues band with feeling and taste. Pro / semi-pro. John 930 2313 ext 222.

BASSIST (19) FENDER / HH / Transport seeks working band. Pete — 254 Broadway, SW19.

GUITARIST, VOCALIST, tight, new wave, wants working band. Into Motors, Rods, Seger. Phone: Day 01-397 5100 ext 1156. Night 01-546 4890.

GUY GUITARIST, accoustic / electric, plays saxaphone, oboe, piano too, seeks pro. offers from good bands with management / contract. Colin 01-691 6004.

POWER MAD lead guitarist to join South London rock band, doing own material. Keith 01-656 9765 after 6 pm.

GUITARIST WISHES to join band to play R&b, blues and good new wave. Dave, 01-422 4908.

FLUE/SAX player with strong vocals seeks pro-minded / working band. Phone Denis Primett, Haywards Heath 52523.

ROCK DRUMMER (17) seeks group, Woking — Weybridge area. Into Zeppelin, Purple, Stones, Quo. Great potential, no pro's. Chris, Byfleet 52101.

SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE must want the most devastating harmonica player in the World (blues, r'n'b, rock, country) to record or gig. 01-794 2184.

TENOR, SOPRANO sax, likes blowing freely, seeks band wanting to enjoy themselves and produce new music. Phone Dave, Deal 3446 anytime.

SYNTHESIST INTO psychedelic technology seeks to join / form band. No bread heads please. Richard "Thamby" Armstrong, 92 Hindes Road, Harrow, Middx.

LEAD GUITARIST, influence Hank, Bread. Seeks band, musicians. No time wasters. Croydon, Sth London. 01-684 1682, flat Z, after 6 pm.

DRUMMER SEEKS band. Willing to work hard. Own Grestch kit. K. Pope, 46 Prince Charles Avenue, Sittingbourne, Kent.

TENOR SAX player, mucho versatile seeks band (piss-artists preferred) who enjoy playing. Can also sing, write, drive. Kit. Farnborough 51092.

GUITARIST WITH ability and ambition, own transport and excellent gear seeks enthusiastic rock band. No punks, Martin, Walton-on-Thames 24338.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITARIST FOR very high energy rock band (Reading area), must be keen. Transport, vocals, money, are assets. Vocalist with P.A. also needed. Ring Steve, Kidmore End 2217 evenings.

HELP GET Bath moving with new wave group. Interested? Contact Tim, 3 Bladud Buildings (Broad St/George St junction), Bath.

BASSIST AND vocalist wanted, age 15-17 for newly formed group. Own equipment necessary, into Quo, Beatles. Phone Salisbury 27701. Ask for Rob.

GUY WANTS to join punk band as vocalist. Write: 20 Highland View, Kingstone, Hereford. Some experieince in punk music.

ROCK BAND require dedicated lead guitarist and also vocalist (16-19). Gigs available next year. Phone Steve, Kettering 83209.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST/FRONTMAN for Stafford Punk band with contract. John — Stafford 42741.

YOUNG VOCALIST required for rock band. Gear and transport preferable. Enthusiasm important. Solihull 705 6888 ext. 8634.

WORK WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST with own van seeks Purple, Lizzy, Sabbath type band. No time wasters. Phone Litchfield 56496 anytime.

EX-LITTLE ACRE Sax player seeks semi-pro band. Into all types of music. New Wave, Rock, Funk, Jazz. Phone George 021-773 2571.

LEAD, SLIDE guitarist. Good gear — original material into Beefheart, Can, N.W. weirdness, seeks work. Neil, North Marston 292 (Bucks).

DEDICATED ACOUSTIC guitarist trying to form band into everything with quality. No wine-taster, ooops, I mean time-wasters, Pete, Rugby 890504.

YOU NEED me in you band. Good looking punk. Sings, writes, plays rhythm guitar. Phone after six. Peter 021-550 0677.

BASSIST 18 seeks amateur jazz rock band. Derby area. Phone Derby 44407 after 7 pm.

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST/vocalist seeks work as either with original band willing to move for right number. Pro-outlook. Pete, Rugby 890504.

DRUMMER VOCALIST wanted for non-pro rock group. 15-19 years old. Phone or call, Michael Colman, 18 Osgodby Lane, Scarborough, N. Yorks. Scarborough 582230.

I WANT the Distractions bass player Pip Nicholls. Urgent, contact Max Johnson, 24 Winton Road, Bowdon, Cheshire. 228 6171 ext. 2105.

SINGER TO join / form band. Interest Dolls, Television, Alice, Tubes etc. 400 watt P.A., requires band in Burnley area. Chris, evenings 7-8 86-6612 (Colne, Lancs.

STICKY TOAST want drummer and bassist (must be loonies) average age 15-17 with place to practice. Durham 61733, Paul, evenings.

BORED TEENAGERS wanted for punk, new wave band. Ring Rochdale 43421 after six and ask for John. Rock band considered.

THE SHOCK!!! (girl punk band) need lead guitarist! Enthusiasm rather than experience. No time wasters. Gigs waiting. Julie, Bolton 653877.

DRUMMER AND bassist with gear seek musicians and vocalist to form band, own gear essential. Into Camel, Tull, Isotope. Chris, Bradford 95-77077.

REGGAE AND new wave guitarist wants real people for band. No Clones needed, only individualists need apply to Iain, 224 Sale Road, Northern Moor, Manchester.

SINGER WANTS to join / form band. Interests, Tubes, Dolls, Television, Split Enz. Chris, 86-6612, Burnley, Pendic area.

KEYBOARDS LEAD rhythm bassist, composer, lyricist requires anyone talented into Excy-music. e.g. Queen. Contact Freddie or Kev, 58 Turner Avenue, South Shields. 563707.

LEAD GUITARIST, bassist, keyboard, wanted to form new rock funk band. Vocals and good equipment preferable. Phone Keith 061-439 5718.

AMATEURS WANTED to form group between 16-20 with own gear. Ring Maggie, Bradford 611581.

BASSIST, RHYTHM and vocalist wanted to form band aged around sixteen. Must be ambitious and prepared to work hard. Clive Knowles 051-733 3068.

DRUMS AND guitarist wanted to form group with bassist and guitarist into Mott, new wave etc. Bradford 684443, Heck 409910.

DRUMMER, BASS / vocalist guitarist needed to form loud H.M. band (Kiss, Cooper). Neil Smith, 40 Sherwood Avenue, Askern, Doncaster, S. Yorks.

THE MAGGOTS badly need an untalented drummer with a useless kit. Morons only please. Trev — phone Horsforth, Leeds 581055.

THE YOUTH needs bassist, must be good. 100w amp. ready and waiting. Roy Kirkham 683169 after 6 pm.

FAST ENERGETIC drummer and bassist required to form band into Rods, Stones etc. Enthusiasm more important than experience. Preston 47182.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

VERY YOUNG enthusiastic Punk drummer needed for starting band, Pontypridd area. Experience not required, but must have drums. Paul, Pontypridd 405701.

GOOD EXTROVERT vocalist and guitarist wanted to create punk band. We'll take the U.K. by storm. Phone Brian, Cardiff 568094.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ZAPPA/TUBES/new wave, anything, type band (six piece), require eccentric, keen vocalist/front man. Phone Hugh, 5—6 pm, Holyhead 3160.

WORK WANTED

BASS GUITARIST, amateur into Pistols and N.Y.D., seeks others to form band, own gear and transport. Phone Robert, Newport 876339.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITARIST: JAZZ, Classical, rock, seeks musicians for rehearsal and work Edinburgh area. Styles include Giltrap, Jansch, Reinhardt jazz. Phone 556 5074.

TASTELESS INCOMPETENT guitarist seeks similar bass and drums to form punk type group locally. Phone Greenock 0475 20831 anytime.

BOWIE STYLE vocalist seeks similar style band, no experience, good looking guy. Andy, 58 Fintry Crescent, Dundee, Scotland.

LEAD GUITARIST "old wave" with good equipment available, seeks band, musicians into spacey, funky jazz rock? Phone Rory, Eyemouth 50234.

I AM a genius but I can't do it alone, sorry. Drummer and bassist required to form newer wave band. Graham Henderson, 48a George St, Perth, Scotland.

DRUMMER AND bassist required by guitarist/vocalist, with own songs. Newer wave, lots of work available. Sex no object. Graham Henderson, 48a George Street, Perth.

DRUMMER WANTED for Edinburgh based band playing mainly rock music. Experience not necessary. Gigs waiting. Phone Ian 031-229 7512.

VOCALISTS WANTED

POWERFUL VOCALIST wanted for working, pro-minded rock band, willing to travel, work available. Phone Andy, Corpach 225 after 4.30 pm (nr. Fort-William).

VOCALIST WANTED for new wave band, no hippies or boring old farts please. Ring Cardiff 734218 and ask for Geoff.

FREDDIE MERCURY type singer looking for band. Also into John Miles. No amateurs please. John Morrison, 4 Kirklee Road, Glasgow.

WORK WANTED

ROADIE/DRIVER electrician wants to roadie. Previous experience, anything considered, but would prefer rock group. Phone John — Ayr 83428.

NEW TOWN neurotic guitar player wants to join dedicated Punk band. Tommy, 16 Minto Cres. Glenrothes, Fife.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

LEAD OR bass guitarist required urgently for rock band, into Van Morrison, Lizzy, Roxy, Firefall, Doobies. Phone Barry, Belfast 659888.

FEMALE KEYBOARDIST and female vocalist required for rock band into 'F' Mac, Van Morrison, Boz Scaggs, Lizzy. Phone Keith, Belfast 54446.

BASS, LEAD guitarist with personality and expression for young jazz rock group into French red wine. Music self-composed. Phone Rod, Belfast 649959.

NEW WAVE vocalist, a cross between Rotten/Bowie on stage. Are you the right band? 140 Cedarwood Road, Ballymun, Dublin.

WORK WANTED

HEY YOU! drummer into punk / Rats / Feelgoods etc. wants to join band now. Some experience. Phone Eric, Dublin 908334.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

PROGRESSIVE DRUMMER and lead guitarist wanted to complete original rock-funk reggae group, own equipment. Transport an advantage. Phone Sam or Cecil 01-672 5721 anytime.

MIDLANDS

VOCALISTS WANTED

CORNWALL/LOOE vocalist needed for young fast new wave band. We have P.A., some experience but not essential for singer. Polperro 685.

VOCALIST FRONT-man lyricist for non-conformist new wave band. Own gear preferable, no cliches. Phone Tom, Bristol 26743.

PLANT TYPE singer wanted for heavy group. Age 16-18½, into Zeppelin, Purple, etc. Own P.A. and wheels. No pro's. Dave Roger, 15 Elm Terrace, Westfield, Bath, Avon.

HEY NUBILES, think you could sing for experienced new wave band? If so, phone Shaun, Plymouth 62302 after 6 pm. Girls only.

GOOD FRONT man, 20+ for melodic rock outfit re-forming after split. Fast learner. Own P.A. by Christmas latest. 0749 72913.

VOCALIST WANTED to join rock-/blues band. Own material, rehearsing to go semi-pro. Ring Phil — Newbury 49147 after 6 pm.

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASS/DRUMS for rock band, Leicester/Loughborough area. Equipment essential. Phone and talk after 7 pm. Quorn 42535. Ask for Rob.

SPIZZ '77 requires Drummer willing to thrash his/her guts out. Local Punks only. Gigs and recording await. Phone 56 7733.

BASSIST AND drummer wanted for forming new wave band. No time wasters. Own gear essential. Phone Trevor, 021-308 5599.

KEYBOARDS, BASS and frontman wanted for writing, performing and recording own material. Not punk. Tasty, heavy lines. Phone Neal, Wolverhampton 734443.

WOULD PHIL (guitar) please ring crappy Chris urgently as now have pro-minded drummer. Leicester 412024.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

MORRIS and The Minors require drummer into happy live sounds. Experience not essential. Ring Norwich 57031 or 45815 after 6 pm.

ABLE GUITARIST wanted for punk-/new wave band, Saffron Walden area phone Jason, Saffron Walden 23737 at night.

WORK WANTED

PRO DRUMMER with contacts in Europe wants to join punk or R & B band. Write: Jack Hazebroek, 15 West Earlham Centre, Norwich, Norfolk.

BASS GUITARIST seeks semi-pro work. Into Stones, Lizzy, Kinks, Lindisfarne, Feelgoods. Will play any type of rock. Equipment, no transport. Bury St Edmunds 64937 after 6 pm.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER & SINGER wanted for original Tyneside Punk Band. Own gear essential. Recording deal within 12 months. 6 Lynwood Terrace, Newcastle 4.

INTO PERVERTED scenes of debauchery? Play bass or drums? Then join the Stoats for a fab time. John, Leeds 648375.

JOIN US!!!! Drummer and bass needed to form band with female vocalist and male guitarist, new New Wave! Phone 0388 2856.

DRUMMER REQUIRED by three-inexperienced limited ability musicians into New Wave; R&B; Free; Liverpool area. Telephone Phil 051-426 1023.

HEY YOU!!!! Guitarist of limited ability seeks other musicians (17-22) to form band — into Stones, Nugent, etc. Phone Brian 662537.

SEMI/PRO bassist / keyboards men into New Seekers, Smokie, Dana, must be accomplished to suit my talent. No time wasters. Hemsworth 613840, Rob.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST wanted for Oldham based band. Ring Mark 061-624 1315.

HAIRY, RUNCORN based band seek vocalist aged 16-22. Please get in touch, we're desperate. Phone Chris or Nick, Runcorn 74222.

YOUNG MORONIC enthusiastic vocalist! (16-18). Instruments an asset. No geniuses. Punk, funk, rock originals. Kev or Alan, Liverpool 220 1659/228 1014.

SHEFFIELD PUNKS are desperate for vocalist. No experience necessary but plenty of enthusiasm. Gigs soon. Phone Martin — Sheffield 333224.

WORK WANTED

LEAD GUITARIST seeks band — Manchester area preferably. Sale/Altrincham. 17-20 years, Floyd/Anything except Punk. Ring Byron 061 980 7764.

INEXPERIENCED BASS player seeks punk band locally or near York. Aged 18. Jenny Ampleforth, 254 The Rectory, Gilling East, York.

NEW WAVE powerful/fast lead and rhythm guitarist seeks place in new wave band. No time wasters. 051-546 3558.

LEAD GUITARIST wants band. Into Hendrix, Hillage, Yes, Be-Bop etc and writing own material. Very good, only just 18. Steve Kennet, Royston 3992.

HAIRY BANDWAGGONING rhythm guitarist must join/form shocking new wave band. Supreme bein'. P. Smith, 113 Neville Walk, Sulgrave, Washington, Tyne & Wear.

NEWCASTLE BLOKE wants to join "new wave" band as vocalist, guitarist or writer. Enthusiastic, energetic. No cretins. Phone Richard 812720.

FEMAL RHYTHM guitarist wants to join or form group. Most styles considered. Sick of timewasters expecting other people's styles. Merseyside area, (I have transport) 051-608 9561 Jan.

BORED PUNK student, (girl) wants to form band, no good, no experience, but we'll try. 16 Belvoir Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester 19.

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET. LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

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- ☐ MIDLANDS
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- ☐ NORTH
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- ☐ WALES
- ☐ IRELAND
- ☐ OTHER

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ADDRESS

9

Hi there slopsuckers...

Wake up Alan and let's have lots more Led Zep, E.L.O, E.L.P, E.E.C, P.V.C, Joe Piano Henderson, T.U.C, D.O.T, Max Bygraves, Dan Dare, Biffo the Bear, Henry the Eighth, any old get...
Lead us not into 1978 and deliver us from the future, big Al.
It's Saturday afternoon & time for the Alan Fre★★★n bag.
Illustration: RAY LOWRY.

I'VE BEEN getting really pissed off with the NME recently. You make snide comments in Paper Bag to the effect that people weren't supposed to follow London trends, bands blindly, yet what coverage do non-London bands get? Sweet all.

Apart from the occasional pretentious Morley bit (which probably does more harm than good) and the few favoured NYC bands your coverage is not good enough.

Couple of weeks ago there was a letter from a guy saying he thought the NW scene was dead and full of dross.

Probably true, but this is all the more reason why *YOU* the *NME*, the people in the position to put the word around, should make damn sure that you point the people firmly in the direction of the good bands around.

Tony Stewart's bit on the Stranglers — what a fine bit of negative positivism. Takes up nearly half a page to tell us that the Strangers are now a load of hypocritical crap — he's right (I was there and I know), but did he give one single solitary mention to The Dictators? You've guessed it. Nope, the one positive thing about the whole evening, they were great and would have gone down a storm at the Marquee (and the review of their headlining gig? Equally non-existent).

The Rezillos did an absolutely magic gig at the Nashville recently, they're one of the most exciting bands around now and the only thing that told us they were even in town a sentence in *Teazers*.

Exactly the same with The Buzzcocks. They've had relatively more press (mainly in the aforementioned Morley pieces) but when the time comes to shuffle Nick Kent along to the Marquee to give them a creditable write-up, what happens? They've been to the Marquee twice recently, been great both times and had not a scrap of publicity.

'New Wave' will die on its feet, and the good things about it will die too, unless we do something positive about it. So, for Christ's sake, pull your fingers out and get along to a Burlesque gig at the weekend and tell us what John Cooper-Clarke is like and send someone to see the Buzzcocks at Roundhouse.

R. SOLES, Surbiton, Surrey.

Thanks for the kick up the arse. The *NME* rubs its collective rear and promises to do better. Incidentally, while we're on the subject of The Buzzcocks, howdja like this week's cover story, then, bub? — N.S.

THIS OUGHT to have been written before, but now is as good a time as any. Firstly, the amazing machinations of the Bizniz. The activities of Virgin Records with especial regard to the Pistols (who don't need all of this hype, surely?) seem very dubious, but every incident is bound to be good publicity, isn't it, chaps? Not content with the newspaper articles, they make adverts out of them. All that happens is that we'll never get to see them. The insurance companies will see to that.

I don't think that I can remember so many methods used to get as much money as possible out of us with the minimum of product. When we want a record they delete it (hi, Stiff!) and if it's really valuable like "Anarchy", why, we have to pay £1.50! And how many will shell out £2.50 for the French import that *NME* reported last week? Thank God that we haven't been faced with the possibility of two Pistols LPs, one with the singles and one without. That would have been some collectability, eh?

And wasn't it fun to read that Virgin have managed to lay hands on many copies of Dury's now-deleted "Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll" single and are giving them away with each copy of his LP? Us poor sods who missed their opportunity to get the ruddy thing first time off and who don't live near one of their stores have to suffer, as always. But a good gimmick to shift a few more units.

But if the advertising boys are working overtime, then the people who determine record prices are fighting hard to keep up. It's one thing to weakly cry at the large companies making fun of us, but what about doing something about the prices we *pay* for them to make fun of us? It is not enough to wittily mutter "whatever happened to the vinyl shortage?" and point to the plethora of live doubles, coloured vinyl, 12" 45s and free singles. We ought to know exactly where all our money goes to.

We are now a hair's-breadth away from the FOUR QUID RECORD.

The next price increase will see to that. I've just paid £3.95 for a copy of "Who's Next", and if I had been sober at the time I wouldn't have. How much does it cost to make a record these days? How is it that it is common to find shops willing to make some sort of reduction of the r.r.p., often in the order of £1? We don't even get very good quality records for our money. If it wasn't for their colour you'd be lucky to tell them apart from their paper liners, they're so thin.

It's all very well dancing about in the streets over the new excitement in and concerning our music (always assuming that the urban district council haven't hired the sub-S.A.S. men currently posing as "security" blokes at almost every gathering); however, we should also be raising a fist or suchlike before we find that we can afford neither the records nor the gigs.

MARK RICHARDSON, Horsham, Sussex.

I'd just like to butt into Jah Spence's Bag to say that I agree with you, Mark. These days, record companies seem at least as willing to delete as to issue, but in defence of Stiff, the Alexander St mob work out of a glorified shoebox cunningly disguised as an office, and — lacking the space, manpower and facilities of the majors — aren't able to administrate a large back catalogue the way — say — CBS can. I admit that the deletion of Dury's single is unforgivable, though. In general, corporations will exploit the people until the people refuse to be exploited further, dig? Vote with your money, son. — C.S.M.

No letters about Blondie this week.

IT'S REALLY sickening to see all the London elitists who only last year were campaigning for the punk martyrs now jumping off (what they see as) the sinking ship, like rats.

I ask either Parsons or Burchill (or any other of those London creeps for that matter) to look at the rock scene today and compare it to last year's or even 1973's; there are currently more bands playing. Maybe it's naive of me to presume that that's what rock 'n' roll was all about — playing live, not posing or being seen at the right parties, but gigging.

Who cares if 10% of a lot of bands is better than 10% of a few? The good bands will rise above the rest as people like the Adverts, Tom Robinson, X-Ray Spex and a few others have done in the last four months.

Maybe all the London crowd don't like to admit that they're elitist (not hip to be anti-proletarian is it, Tony?) but it sure as hell seems that way.

They're trying to re-vamp the good old fashioned spirit of apathy that Britain is famous for, well sorry, kiddies, it's not your party any more. Cry if you want to.

STEVE TRACEY, Derry, Northern Ireland.

They're talking about us! — J.B.

IT SEEMS to me that Tony Parsons is right in seeing Punk Rock as on the skids, due to numerous third and fourth-rate bands being allowed to make records which are cliched, derivative and musically incompetent, rather than remaining in the clubs and pubs.

However, someone is presumably buying these records. The managers and business-men who have supposedly corrupted and diluted Punk can only sign on bands and release their records — the fees these bands receive are made possible by the record purchasers, who presumably think of themselves as punks, or at least punk-rock fans. All of which tends to suggest that the epitaph for punk rock should read: "They loved not wisely but too well".

CHRIS EVA, Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Yeah, that's true. But it's also the artist's responsibility not to go for the easy bandwagon-jumping option. — N.S.

OI WAZ DERE! (The Clash, Bournemouth, Nov 9th). Some facts.

1). Our local paper talked about "1,000 leather and chain clad punk rockers" — what they meant was about 50 dressed-up punks and most of the rest were schoolkids and students (like me) and blue jeans were dominant (could've been a Quo gig even).
2). "Trail of havoc" — only about 12 seats were up-rooted out of 1,700 or so. I saw it happen as I was sitting next to it all.
3). The only scuffle I saw was a heavy but enthusiastic pogoist landing once too often on someone's feet and a quick punch soon stopped that.
4). There were only half a dozen or so police outside, and they were keeping a low profile.
5). As for other punk bands down here — the previous week The Stranglers played for the 3rd time to more (1,200+) in a smaller place (the Village) — albeit no seats — and not a bit of trouble. The Boomtown Rats also played; The Jam and The Damned are due too — and where did Blondie debut? Down here of course. Not to mention trouble-free Feelgood and Graham Parker gigs.
6). May I say the Clash were musically great but couldn't hear the lyrics. Richard Hell and Co were tremendous but the first band were crap.

Nuf sed.

PAUL McLAUGHLIN, Bournemouth, Dorset.

Just to keep the record straight. — N.S.

I'D LIKE to clarify an issue that was raised in Ian MacDonald's article about me in last week's edition of the *NME*. In that interview Ian quoted me accurately as saying the following about the June 1, 1974, concerts with John Cale, Nico and Kevin Ayers:

"I think it was made to seem more important than it really was. There wasn't really much else happening, and, since there are a lot of people who are professionally committed to discovering novelty, this was seized upon and blown up beyond its real significance."

I would like to make clear my feelings about the event. What I said was not intended to give the impression that the project was either uninteresting or unimportant — it was quite the contrary. I wanted to make it clear however, that it was not quite worthy of the kind of hyperbole that it received at the time — as being the 'rock collaboration of the decade' and 'the most important musical event of the year'. It was a good project proceeding from good intentions and with good results. No more and no less. I apologise if I seemed to betray the trust of those others involved by my apparent dismissal of it.

BRIAN ENO

Something bothering you, Bri? — N.S.

IS IT too late to say that I thought Julie Parsons was brilliant as the *NME* reporter in the *Rock Follies of '77* extravaganza? Had it not been for the "beautiful girls" I would definitely have cried on someone's shoulder.

PINKY, Kidbrook, SE3.

Sorry, but it ain't Julie. — N.S.
They're obsessed with us! — J.B.

"YES AND so anyway on the seventh day, He created pogo." — Page 39 of Dylan's *Tarantula*.

Eat your heart out, Sid Vicious.

EVER-ALERT DYLANOLOGIST, Shirley, Southampton.

Divine inspiration, obviously. — N.S.

CAN ANY of you hazard a reason for the vast differences in the size of Bowie's pupils? I mean — the left one is huge, while the right one is a pin prick.

A FREAK, Lostwithiel, Cornwall.

When our Dave was a nipper down Brixton he had a scrap with some kid what stuck one on 'im and his mince pies stuck like that din't they? — HAROLD STEPTOE.

WHY CARNABY Street? Why pick on us up here? I can't think of words to express my anger so I'll just stick my tongue out.

DES D. MONA, Scotby, Carlisle.

Well, the tourists have got to stop somewhere. — N.S.

"THE TROUBLE with being too modern is that one is apt to become old fashioned too soon." — Oscar Wilde.

THE MAGIC RAT, Chippenham, Wilts.

How true ma-an. — HIDEOUS BILL.

OF ALL the bloody letters I've written to you, and now you go and publish this one.

A DISGUSTED WRITER, Acton.

P.S. I'm sorry, but I never apologise.

Yeah, pity we had to give you this answer. — N.S.

Rotten Bagger:

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How t'hype a one-off humour magazine

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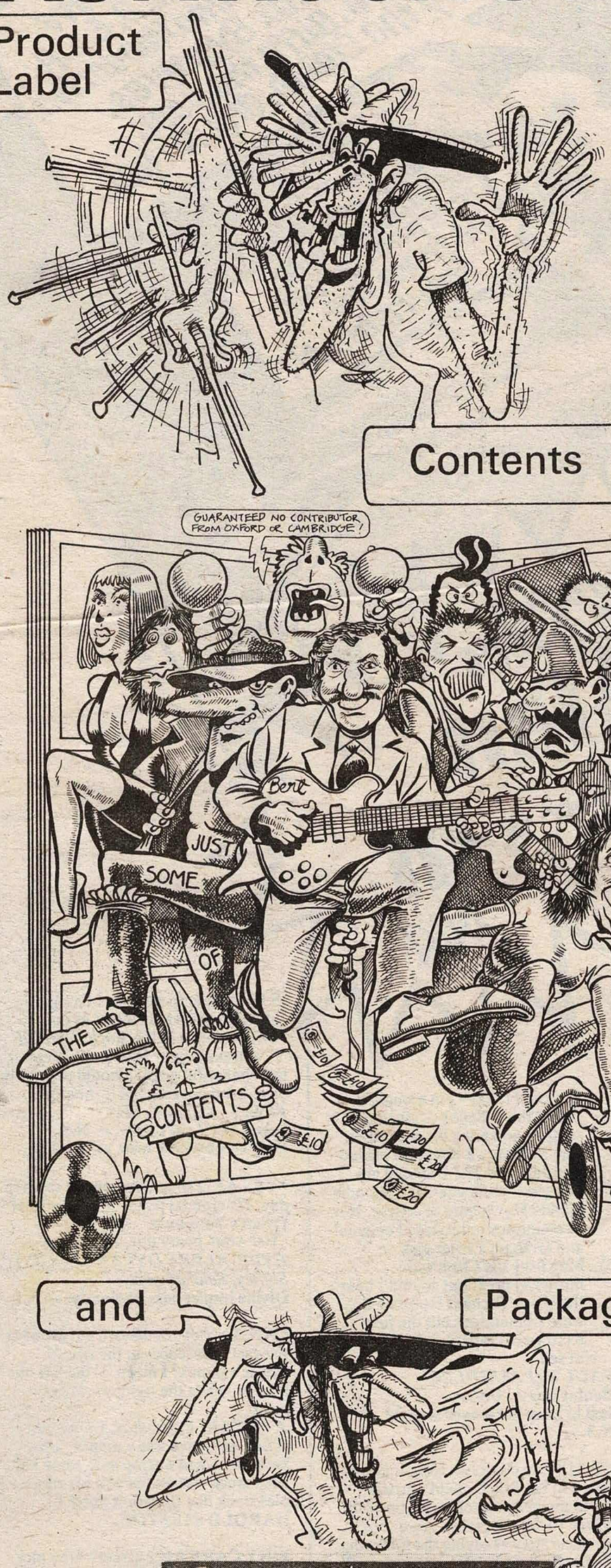

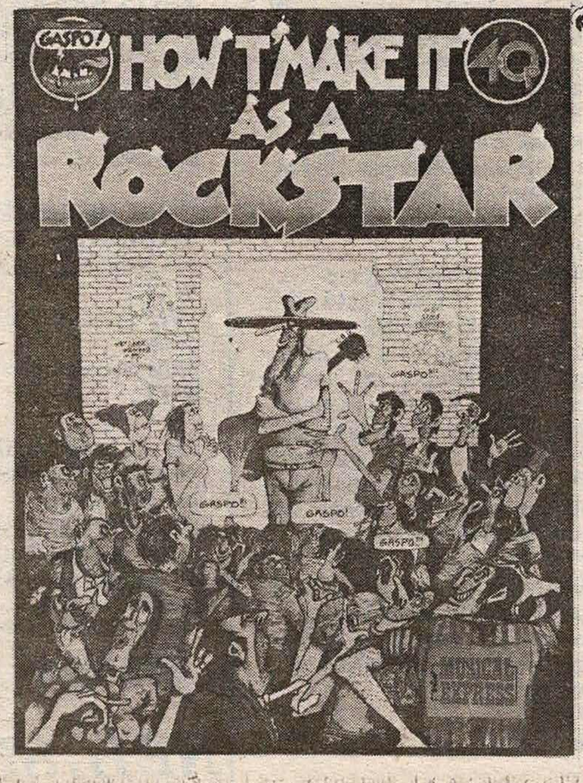

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TEAZERS

NOTHING HAPPENED this week. Honest, nothing. Klaatu barada niktu. The week stood still.

· *T-Zers* almost gave up and went home but, instead, went for a few jars with Modest **Bob Geldof,** he of the **Boomtown Rats** what reviews this week's singles (see page 24). Bob's mighty bored with the 'Are - they - punks - or - aren't - they' schtick and just wants to make good rock'n'roll. *(Keep trying, Bob. — Ed.)*

Even if it means K-Tel pick up on "Looking After Number One" and put it on their next package with Disco, Dreck and **David Soul** (which is what they're done) . . .

Oh, well, all God's chillun got problems. 'Specially if you're called **J. Rotten.** Finsbury Park's favourite son is being presented as one of the "Successes Of The Year" in the Xmas ish of well-known fanzine *Vogue* (as in 15 bob an issue and glossy pages) . . .

Still, at least the people trying to flog his records got off (see page 7), albeit very reluctantly by an apoplectic magistrate. And just in case we didn't make the point clearly enough in larse week's *T-zer's,* **Nick Rochford** (the man wrongfully accused of putting out the **Pistols** bootleg) was completely exonorated of having anything whatsoever to do wiv the charge . . .

Incidentally, in his affidavit for that particular court case, *T-zers* hear that **'Talcy' Malcy McLaren** claims to have knocked down some £250,000 in **Pistols'** profits. A quarter million for the streets, maaaaan . . .

Talking of the streets, maaaaan *(Oh, stop it! — Ed.),* **Clashette Mick Jones** checked out of Bournemoth's three-star Majestic Hotel on discovering there was no TV in his room and instead booked himself into the five-star Carlton. So he didn't miss **Demis Roussos** on the *Basil Brush Show* after all . . .

Ah, the trials and tribulations of being an ex-rock'n'roll star. **Rat** ("Don't call me Rat, my name's **Chris Miller") Scabies** can hardly keep a straight face as he postulates on the future of **The Dimmed. "The Adverts** are bigger than **The Damned** now," reckons reckless Rat. "All the praise that the new Damned album has got is for *my* songwriting. In Manchester, they played in front of 200 people! **The Dead Boys** are supporting them and they're going crazy! They can't understand why so few people are coming to the gigs." Rat Scabies is 22. His hobbies include inviting Modest **Bob Geldof** round to his dad's house for afternoon tea (cucumber sandwiches a speciality), flogging skateboards and appearing on stage with whoever'll let him near a drum kit. The Dims, unsurprisingly, wouldn't even have him in their dressing room last week, but he managed to join the **Tyla Gang** onstage at London's Hope and Anchor on Sunday . . .

As for **The Dead Boys,** jovial young **Stiv Bators** caused a few heart flutters in the Sire camp on their arrival in Britain. "Where's your passport and permit, Stiv?" asked a record company person as the DBs wandered through customs. "Over there," says Stiv, blankly, "In my stash bag . . ."

Anyway, **The Doomed** ain't the only band who can't fill the Albert Hall. Word is that US bands like **Blondie** and **The Runaways** do themselves a disservice by angling to play London's Rainbow and Hammersmith Odeon, seeing as how they seem to have problems filling 'em. Best bet for aspiring London visitors remains The Roundhouse . . .

Raped's blond singer SEAN PURCELL (right) bumps into BILLY IDOL at The Roxy. "I thought he was Cliff Richard trying to impersonate me," says Sean. Bill? He don't care.

It is true that fearless investigative journal, *News Of The World,* is holding some compromising photos of a certain eminent New Wavette for use in a forthcoming expose of punk'n'porn? Well, that's what they call it . . .

The very wonderful *National Lampoon* magazine being sued in the States by the League Against Blasphemy in Media (LABIM?), a Catholic lay group. *T-zers* prefers Catholic beat groups, but that's by the by. The amazing thing is that in its ten years of publication, *Lampoon* has been sued a mere 20 times, losing only twice. It had to apologise to **Liza Minnelli** over suggestions about her mother, and to Volswagen for a parody ad which claimed **Teddy Kennedy** should've driven a VW at Chappaquiddick . . .

Which reminds us to remind you about the very wonderful Lone Groover *How T'Make It As A Rock Star,* special which is at your local newsagent now. Another new magazine, due to hit the stands around April next year, is *Lips,* edited by **Joy Farren** and aimed at women who like rock'n' roll and doing it in bed. It'll be full of scandel for and from groupies, a sort of *Cosmopolitan* glossy for women who like to get laid a lot, with or without the stereo on . . .

US new wavettes **The Miamis** kicked off CBGB's 'cos one of them wrote an article for NY's *Soho News* on the sex'n'drugs'n'rock'n'roll proclivities of club patrons . . .

Still in Noo Yoik, the **Feelgoods** faced a hostile crowd when supporting **Gentle Giant,** while **Bowie, Allen Ginsberg** and **Kiss' Gene Simmons** went to see **Eddie and The Hot Rods** at Max's Kansas City . . .

Ladies in distress: After her two "cry-for-help"suicide bids, **Linda Lewis** has moved in with **Mike Batt** and his wife to combat her loneliness while husband **Jim Cregan** fulfils his duties as guitarist for **Rich Rod.**

And **Gloria Jones,** still on crutches and with the wire barely out of her broken jaw after the **Bolan** death crash, is currently being considered, rather callously thinks *T-zers,* for a drunken driving charge . .

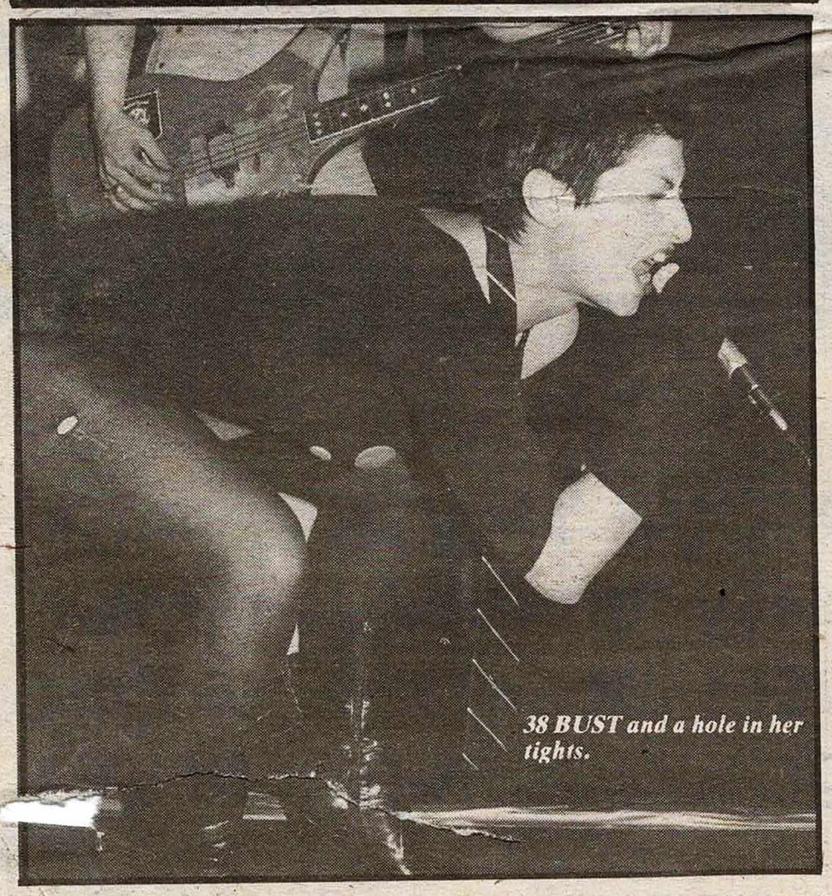
Another **Ms Jones, Grace** of the magnetic stature and

All these and more were in evidence at last week's Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge Ladies night. Unfortunately, the male chauvinist pigs what wrote these captions weren't. Everyone else got their 20p's worth.

Pix by BOB HALL

A PAINTED LADY poses with new model Fender Strat, old wave hairstyle and medium wave armpits.

DICK ENVY — in to leatherware, hand tattoos and growing a penis over Christmas.



38 BUST and a hole in her tights.

shaved head, is being considered for the alien crew member's role in the forthcoming *Star Trek* TV series, as a replacement for **Leonard Nimoy's** pointy ears . . .

Reggae roots superdread **Doctor Alimantado,** appearing on Radio London's *Reggae Time,* dedicated a spin of his "Born For A Purpose" to **Jah Rotten** in thanks for plugs the **Pistols** had given him in the past. The record — the Doc's first UK release — has already become a cult on import and will be reviewed in **Neil Spencer's** belated Rockers Time . . .

The good Doctor A also revealed that he'll be starring in the *Born For A Purpose* film to be made by **Don Letts** (whose cheapo punk effort *NME* reviewed a while back) and has already canned a role in *Rockers,* a movie also starring **Burning Spear** and**Dirty Harry . . .**
Good to see ye olde originale **Sex Pistols** on *So It Goes,* the programme that makes*Old Grunge Woozle Tit* live up to its name. Presenter **Tony Wilson** Also cops *T-Zers* smart-arse one-liner award this week for his remark when introducing punkers **London:** "If **Sadat** can get into Jerusalem, you can get into **London . . ."**

And good ol' *NME* copped some prime time TV last Thursday (well, it was after midnight actually) when *What The Papers Say,* with presenter **Anne Nightingale** doing a pretty fair round-up of the music press, maintained its reputation of being one of television's funniest programmes . . .

By all accounts, **Richard Hell** so depressed at the experience of being a rock star that he's determined to jack it in to pursue a career in movies. One, two, three — *Aaaahhh* .

Cap'n Beefheart finally made it to these shores, a week late, and joins the elite list of people who categorically refuse to talk to *NME:* **Don Van Vliet,** Meet **Lou Reed, Ian Anderson, Paul McCartney** and **Margaret Thatcher . . .**

But congrats to madcap Mancunian cartoonist **Ray Lowry** on finally making good and getting a cartoon in the *Sunday Times* colour supp (as part of their feature on *Punch* magazine). The **Bill Tidy** joke was good, too . . .

At the request of surviving group members, **Lynyrd Skynyrd's** "Street Survivors" U.S. album cover is to be changed . . .

On the town: While **Tom Robinson** jammed at **Fallen Angel's** debut gig at London's Brecknock, some guy stripped naked down to the chuddie nuddies at **Neo's** Speakeasy bash. (Thinks: He must've been at the wrong gig) . . .And on a tour of London niteries last week, **Keith Moon** turned up at The Vortex in a Rolls, having driven there from the Marquee (which, of course, is but a gob's distance away). "This is style," he told the queueing punkers before shoving his way boisterously into the club. "Is he in a good mood tonight," inquired one punter, nervously fingering his safety pins . . .

On Broadway: **Bowie** not impressed with the Dracula play, but he deigned to do the emcee honours for **Devos** debut at Max's Kansas City . . .

Bob and **Sara Dylan** given a stiff ticking off in court when, during their custody-of-the-children hearing (deferred to next week), the judge admonished them for "tearing apart your children in front of their eyes . . ."

Joey Ramone hospitalised in New York Saturday with secon d degree burns to his face, neck and upper chest after a teapot full of scalding water exploded in his mooey. At a New Jersey gig that night, **Da Boise** got three encores. What a trooper! And he's still undergoing out patient treatment . . .

Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves hit London's Rainbow on December 17, when they open for **Yachts** and **The Boomtown Rats.** "We'll kill 'em!" vows Blast, adding that his real fans will be going along to Stoke Newington's Rochester Castle for the Heatwaves' upcoming Sunday residency this month. "We'll kill them, too," says Mr Furnace . . .

NME's **Phil McNeill** delighted with his **Pleasers** Hack Award (a nifty little package featuring all the accoutrements of the trade, including a big fat cigar), a gift for Phil's hatchet job on **The Pleasers'** recent Rochester Castle gig . . .

Stoodio noos: **Nick Lowe** producing **The Rezillos; Larry Wallis** ditto **Wreckless Eric;** and **Chris Thomas** will be twiddling the knobs when **Phillip Rambow** enters the studio this weekend with **Mick Ronson.** The Man of Hull, by the way, wasn't playing guitar with Rambow in London the past week 'cos he was in Da Big Apple sorting out Roy Carr-type affairs . . .

Gee, and we thought they was fibbing about not being allowed to play. But, no, a report in Aberdeen's *Press And Journal* details a council meeting on **The Sex Pistols'** application to play that fair city's Music Hall during their proposed national tour next year. Labour councillor **Mrs Margaret Williams** claimed the Pistols cut up animals on stage and covered themselves with blood. "Is this something we want to see going on in Aberdeen?" she asked. As the council votes six to four against the Pistols, *T-Zers* asks if this is the sort of bollocks you should be reading . . .

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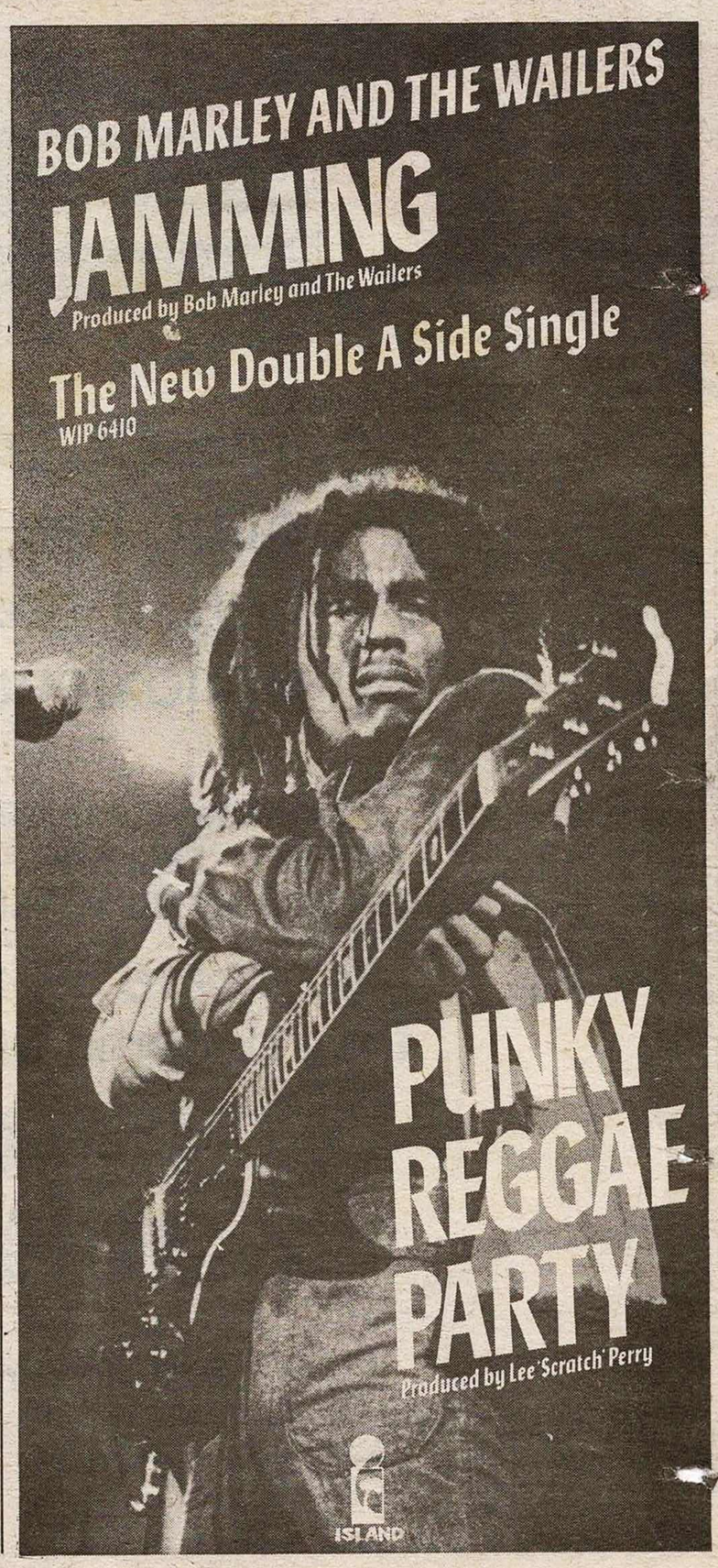

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